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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

In which are combined and consolidated

SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND NATIONAL FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE

Vol XX

April 1908.

No 6



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"I shall not will not accept defeat"
See "A Speckled Bird"

Published at Augusta, Maine

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Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crums of Comfort

Some falls are means the happier to rise.
There is music in all things if men have ears.
The acorn does not become an oak in a day.
It is one thing to see your road, another to cut it.
And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.
—George Withers.

A woman is a rosebud set with little willful thorns.
Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.
When the judgment is weak, the prejudice is strong.
Gifts come from on high in their own peculiar forms.
The year goes wrong and tears grow strong,
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest time,
And that is sure to come. —Lewis J. Bates.

He who is slowest in making promises is surest in keeping them.
Death and love are the two wings which bear men from earth to heaven.
Reason is, as it were, a light to lighten our steps and guide us through the journey of life.
Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse to all inaction.
Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves a broken string
Is set in friendship's crown above.
—O. W. Holmes.

The world owes its progress to the men who are ill at ease. Happy men are not in a hurry to change.
Don't try to raise yourselves above something until you have raised yourselves up to something.
If a man is not rising upward to be an angel, he is sinking downward to be a devil. He cannot stay on middle ground.
The moment of finding a fellow creature is so full of mingled doubt and exultation as the moment of finding an idea.
Not from his head was woman took,
As made, her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;
But fashioned for himself, a bride;
An equal taken from his side.
—Charles Wesley.

A cockle-shell may as soon crowd the great ocean into its narrow shell, as that vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God.
Half the misery of human life might be extinguished if men would alleviate the general curse they lie under by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

A Few Words by the Editor

A little toll and a little rest,
And a little more earned than spent,
Is sure to bring to an honest breast
A blessing of glad content.
And so, though skies may frown or smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Rewards shall greet you after a while
If you just keep working away.

YOU will remember our publisher's heart-to-heart talk with COMFORT's readers which appeared as his "New Year's Call" in our January number, and how he explained that the general advance in the price of everything that goes into the make-up of a paper and particularly the recent sharp rise in the price of paper would probably compel him, much against his wishes, to raise the subscription rate of COMFORT in the near future. He also told you that this largely depended on your cooperation in the matter of promptly renewing your subscriptions and in getting him new subscribers; that if by your kind assistance he could largely increase COMFORT's subscription list this winter and spring he might be able to make an advance in price very small. The subscription price two years or so ago was ten cents a year. For the last two years it has been fifteen cents a year. Certainly this was very moderate considering the merit of the paper, the quality of the reading matter and the wide range and varied interests covered by the original department articles specially written by COMFORT's talented staff of editors and contributors, and the many high-grade serial and short stories which it gives you.

In the February number he announced that the subscription rate would be advanced to twenty cents a year on and after the first day of April 1908, and until that time gave all an opportunity to subscribe or renew at fifteen cents for one year or two years for twenty-five cents.

Mr. Gannett's heart is in his work, and his great life work is the making and upbuilding of COMFORT; the success of COMFORT; not a mere financial success, for there are various ways of accomplishing that, the mere getting of money. Success of COMFORT, as he regards it, is to give the people—the plain every-day people who make up the true strength and spirit of this great republic, on whose common sense Lincoln ever relied, and to whose sterling honesty and sense of righteousness Roosevelt confidently appeals for support in his great fight against the public enemies and for the people's rights,—to give the great people, as I say, a high-class, elevating, instructive and entertaining monthly paper full of true Americanism at the lowest price; to give them the most for their money and to distribute this to the largest possible number each month. The larger the subscription list the more he is able to do for each individual subscriber, the more he can give each of you for your money.

As this present number goes out I have to thank you for the loyal and substantial manner in which you have manifested your appreciation of his efforts by the large number of renewals and new subscriptions which you have sent in since the first of the year.

Our many subscription club raisers have been busy too, and with great success; as much to their own advantage as to ours, with small clubs and with large clubs, and with small effort on their part in spare moments during the dull days of winter and early spring they have earned many of the pretty, useful and valuable club premiums which we are offering, and which cost them nothing.

But our premium catalogue went out last this year, about two months later than usual, and so many of our club raisers complain that the advance in the subscription price on April first does not give them the usual time to complete their canvass for subscribers and have requested another month in which to finish up their work by getting subscribers at the old rates of fifteen cents for one year or twenty-five cents for two years, that our publisher has consented to postpone the date when the advance in price goes into effect to the first day of May.

Now this is one more chance at the old prices; so all seize the opportunity and work with a will, for April is a good month in which to get subscriptions and renewals.

We trust that our readers will not lose sight of the fact that November first, is the twenty-first anniversary of COMFORT's birthday. We want to put COMFORT into two million homes by that date, and we shall be exceedingly grateful if you will help us to make this laudable ambition an accomplished fact. You will remember our rallying cry for 1908 is: "COMFORT in two million homes by November 1st." Do your part by sending in one subscription at least, and you will make possible what we so

earnestly desire to accomplish. Our two million subscribers, will give us ten million readers, for on an average a magazine is read by five people in every home that it enters. From this fact you may readily see the enormous family of readers we have, and how much greater that family will be, by November first, with your help.

We should like to remind our readers that the publisher is giving an invalid rolling chair to every thousand members that monthly join COMFORT's League of Cousins. When you send in your subscription, if you will put in five cents extra and join the League, you will not only reap a great deal of pleasure from being a member of that excellent organization, but you will aid in a good cause, by helping to provide a helpless shut-in with a wheel chair, that will bring sunshine, fresh air, and a sight of God's beautiful earth, to some poor miserable soul, who through the lack of a few dollars is denied these precious gifts of the Creator. We should like to see every subscriber of COMFORT, and every member of our large family, wearing the COMFORT's League of Cousins' button, which gives evidence of the fact that you are a member of our family, and engaged in a noble effort to better the condition of those most forlorn of God's creatures, the helpless, destitute sick.

Everyone should try to do a little sunshine work. This is practical religion, the recognition of man's duty to his weaker and more unfortunate brother. All religions recognize it, Christianity commands it.

With good deeds it is good to have faith, but remember that Saint Paul said, "Faith without works is dead."

By selfishly doing deeds of love and acts of kindness for our neighbors, we are winning the approval of Heaven. Thus we are showing and proving our faith by our works. Come into the League of Cousins then, and help Uncle Charlie in his good work. If all the members of COMFORT's family would join this League, we could supply early every needy invalid in the country with a first-class wheel chair.

Remember our rallying cry "COMFORT to two million homes by November first." Give us your help! Send in your subscription today! Do it now!

The annual report of James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior will be of great interest to our readers, the majority of whom are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and therefore deeply interested in the opening of new lands for settlement. In the report there is a list of these lands, which are greater in area than Delaware and Connecticut combined, and almost as great as the state of New Jersey. These lands are: Colville Reservation, Wash., 1,000,000 acres; Flathead Reservation, Mont., 1,000,000; Yakima Reservation, Wash., 1,145,000; Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., 500,000; Lower Brule Reservation, S. Dak., 55,000; Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Idaho, 310,000; Rosebud Reservation, S. Dak., 835,000; Lemhi Reservation, Idaho, 64,000.

We advise our readers who are dissatisfied with their present location to study these lists, and doubtless they can secure more information by addressing the authorities at Washington.

The lands mentioned above, will not be opened until next year. The Secretary in his report says that there are seventy millions of acres of coal lands in the Western states. Serious frauds have been perpetrated in the acquisition of these lands. The report says the surest way to fight the evils of monopolistic control by private interests, is to retain in the government, the right to control operations under lease regulations.

The report goes on to say: "The snows and waters of the great mountain ranges of the West, contain power enough to turn millions of wheels, to irrigate millions of acres, and furnish water supplies to hundreds of cities. If these waters are permitted to be acquired by private interests, then generations to come will have to pay tribute for the use of water which should be preserved as a public utility, not a private privilege."

Speaking of the oil lands in Indian Territory, the secretary says: "The production has increased much faster than it has been possible for the transportation companies to remove it. At present the daily production exceeds the pipeline capacity by about 85,000 barrels. As long as this condition continues, there is no probability of the increase in the price of crude oil."

The pension roll, at the end of the fiscal year, according to the secretary's report was \$140,870,880. This is nearly five millions more

than in 1906, notwithstanding the decrease in the number of pensioners through death. The increase is due to the pensions granted at the higher rates under the act of February 6th, 1907.

A great many people complain about our immense pension list, but after all it is a blessing in disguise, for it puts an immense amount of money in circulation, and distributes it usually in sections where money is scarce. England is taking up old age pensions. The present Parliament is to discuss them, and we hope that Congress will also take up the matter before long, as some provision for the aged poor is urgently needed. It is an outrage that those who through no fault of their own, owing to lack of funds, should in their declining years be thrust into poorhouses and buried in pauper's graves. It is an absolute impossibility for millions of people, no matter how careful they may be, to make any provision for old age. The cost of living is a third, and in some sections a half higher than it used to be, while wages have only increased from ten to fifteen per cent., and in some cases have not increased at all. As regards the coal lands, and water rights, man cannot live without air, land, water and warmth. We are glad that the authorities are doing their best to conserve the great natural resources of this country. These resources are a national asset and should not be allowed to pass into the hands of monopolistic speculators, but should be carefully preserved for the use of the American people.

James S. Whipple, forest, fish and game protector, in an address before the general session of the New York State Legislature at Albany recently, made a strong appeal for the preservation of the forests in the Empire state.

During his address he said: "The total water supply of our cities depends on the existence of our forests. If fully utilized they would furnish power, and generate electricity to turn the wheels of every manufacturing plant in the state, light every plant, and every house, run every car in the state, and cook all of our food. All this wonderful power will be practically destroyed were we to let all the forests be cut from the Catskills, and the beautiful Adirondacks. The state must acquire at least one million acres more, and then we must plant forests. Everyone who has non-tillable land must plant trees. The state must help, by furnishing the trees at cost or free to all."

Mr. Whipple pointed out that France, Italy, and Germany are spending vast sums in preserving their forests, and urged the legislature to follow Europe in this matter, and take immediate action, as every year of delay adds to the cost.

President Roosevelt has strongly urged a national movement for the preservation of national resources. The Secretary of the Interior in his report also pleads for the nationalization of the forests lands, and water rights, so that they can become the property of the people, and not be appropriated by corporate interests.

Mr. Whipple said that if all trees were cut, property values in the Empire state would drop fifty per cent. What is true of New York state is true of every other state in the union. Our readers should keep this matter in mind, and whenever possible should plant trees, instead of ruthlessly destroying them.

Comfort's Editor.

April Fool's Day

THE origin of April Fool's day, like that of many of our customs, is shrouded in the mystery of remote if not prehistoric antiquity. History gives no certain information as to when, or where, or how it started. Some historians claim that it has come down to us from the Holi festival which for thousands of years the people of India have celebrated on the thirty-first day of March, while others trace it to the ancient Feast of Fools which the Romans held on their New Year's day about the first of April.

The custom of playing tricks and practical jokes on the first day of April has spread over Europe and America. In France the victim of the trick or joke is called "poisson d'avril" which means an April fish, while in Scotland he is called a "gowk" which means a cuckoo. Perhaps this may be the source of our use of the word cuckoo as signifying a person who has been easily fooled.

Does it not seem strange that so silly a custom should have spread around the world and survived the wreck of empire and even the extinction of the ancient civilization in which it had its origin.

Happenings of the Month

A police force is being organized to guard New York City's new aqueduct leading from the Catskills, 108 miles.

Jap n has been compelled to vacate or buy all of the Russian banks throughout Manchuria seized during the war, and consequently has lost prestige with the Chinese.

An up-to-date architect predicts that the house of one large room, a small electric kitchen attached to an enclosed porch for outdoor sleeping has come to stay.

The new scout cruiser Chester on her standardization trial made one mile at the rate of 26.20 knots an hour. Her corrected average speed was about 25 knots an hour.

A newspaper, written and printed by insane persons under the direction of physicians, the first of its kind in Europe or America, is being published at Mauerochlinger, Germany.

The Lincoln Centenary Association has been organized in Chicago with a view of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, 1909.

The first tunnel for passenger traffic under the North or Hudson river was recently opened and New York, after many years of constant effort, has been inseparably joined to the outside world.

The Battleships Fleet arrived at Magdalena Bay, March 12, four days ahead of schedule time. After leaving San Francisco, they will visit Hawaii, Samoa, Australia, and the Philippines, returning by way of the Suez Canal.

Hiram Percy Maxim, son of Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the machine gun, has secured patents for a silent firearm. It is announced that by the use of the device patented the discharge of any firearm, from the smallest pistol to the largest gun, is rendered practically noiseless.

The tenth birthday of the automobile in New York will witness a most remarkable celebration. It will fill the whole week from April 6 to 11 inclusive. There will be parades, races, hill-climbing contests, an "auto dinner" and other features which will make it the most memorable birthday celebration New York ever saw.

The feature of the opening day of the International Congress on the welfare of children

under the auspices of the National Mothers' Congress, was President Roosevelt's address to the delegates who visited the White House. It is worth the attention of everyone and is condensed in these few words: "Mothers Are Best."

An insect has been discovered in India which is one of the most expert mimics in the natural kingdom. It is able to assume the color, and also the form of some flowers at will. Naturalists are of the belief that the tiny creature has been given this faculty for its self-preservation, and thus it is aided in concealing itself from the birds that search for it as a pleasing morsel.

Death in one of its most terrible forms came to 174 school children in the village of Collinwood, Ohio, March 4th, when the school building catching fire from a defective furnace was destroyed in half an hour. One of the nine teachers lost her life in an effort to lead the pupils of her class to safety.

A week later a repetition of the Collinwood horror was possibly averted in Toledo, Ohio, by only a quarter of an hour in the time of the starting of the fire, as the children were on their way to school and playing in the yard. The fire caught from a defective flue. Eight hundred pupils were enrolled in the school.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sp. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicate a repetition.

California Poppy Cushion

THE fancy for owning a multitude of sofa pillows is if anything, on the increase, and at present there is hardly a room in the house which has not had some special form of pillow designed for its use.

This one is very simple and can be made of any small pieces of silk and velvet; it makes a very handsome cushion where just two shades are used, say the deepest shade of orange for the center and light yellow china silk for the petals and dark green baby ribbon or velvet ribbon.

Cut a piece of white muslin fifteen inches square for the foundation, then take a pencil and ruler and draw lines two inches apart across each side of the square, making fifty-four small squares, make your lines plain so as to keep the work straight, now cut two inch squares of the velvet and sew down on the lines inside the pencil marks. Cut circles of silk two and three fourths inches in diameter, double over half and gather across the edge, this makes the petals, now sew one on each corner of the velvet, letting it go half way up each side of the square so one petal will just meet the other. This completes one square. Continue the same way till your lining is all covered. Then take baby ribbon and sew each way across the pillow to cover all the rough edges.

The edge of the cushion may be finished with a ruffle of China silk or any way desired.

FLORA M. TAYLOR.

Chemisette in Irish Crochet

In doing this work each motif is made separately and finished, then they are arranged and joined by chains of single crochet. To make the

Shamrock

begin with a loop of four strands of heavy cotton and work over with s. c., work two more leaflets in the same manner.

2nd row.—Sl. st. over 4 s. c. of last row, then ch. 3, sl. 1, s. c. in next and repeat till nearly around. Now begin again with ch. 3 in 5th. s. c. of last row, and repeat as before. Work around the other loop the same way. The other two shamrocks (near large rose in center) are made the same way, only omitting the ch. 3 around them.

For the stem, turn the four strands of padding and fasten between first and last leaflets just made and work over with s. c. Have the stem about an inch long.

The Rose

Make a loop of padding about the size of a quarter and fill with s. c. as before. Then make five small loops and fasten in the large. The other petals are as follows: Ch. 3, sl. 1, s. c. in next. Repeat once or twice. Turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, fasten with a s. c. in ch. 3 of last row and repeat. Make the other petals the same way and fasten together at the sides as you make them and make a row of s. c. around them.

The Rose-Leaf

Make a ch. as long as leaf is desired. Ch. 3, sl. 1, fasten in next, repeat till you have four loops of ch. 3. Turn.

2nd row.—Sl. st. to center of ch. 3 of last row, ch. 3, s. c. in center of ch. 3 of last row. Repeat. Now make another row in the same



CHEMISETTE IN IRISH CROCHET.

way (always making it one loop smaller at the ends). This is half of leaf, make other side the same and finish with a row of s. c. around leaf.

Roll-stitch Wheel

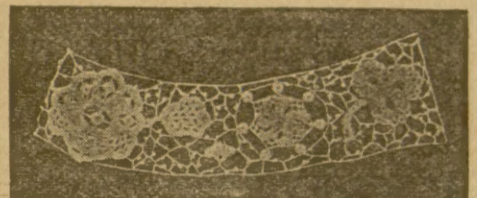
Ch. 4 and fasten in ring. Ch. 15, d. c. in 7th. st. of ch., ch. 1, sl. 1, d. c. in next *. Repeat from * once. Now make 10 r. sts. over 20 under ch. 15, and fasten in small ring.

2nd spoke.—Ch. 7, a d. c. between 4th and 5th roll of last row, ch. 1, sl. 2 r. st., d. c. between 7th and 8th, sl. 2 r. sts., d. c. on top of last r. st. Turn and repeat till there are eight spokes.

Hairpin Lace Wheel

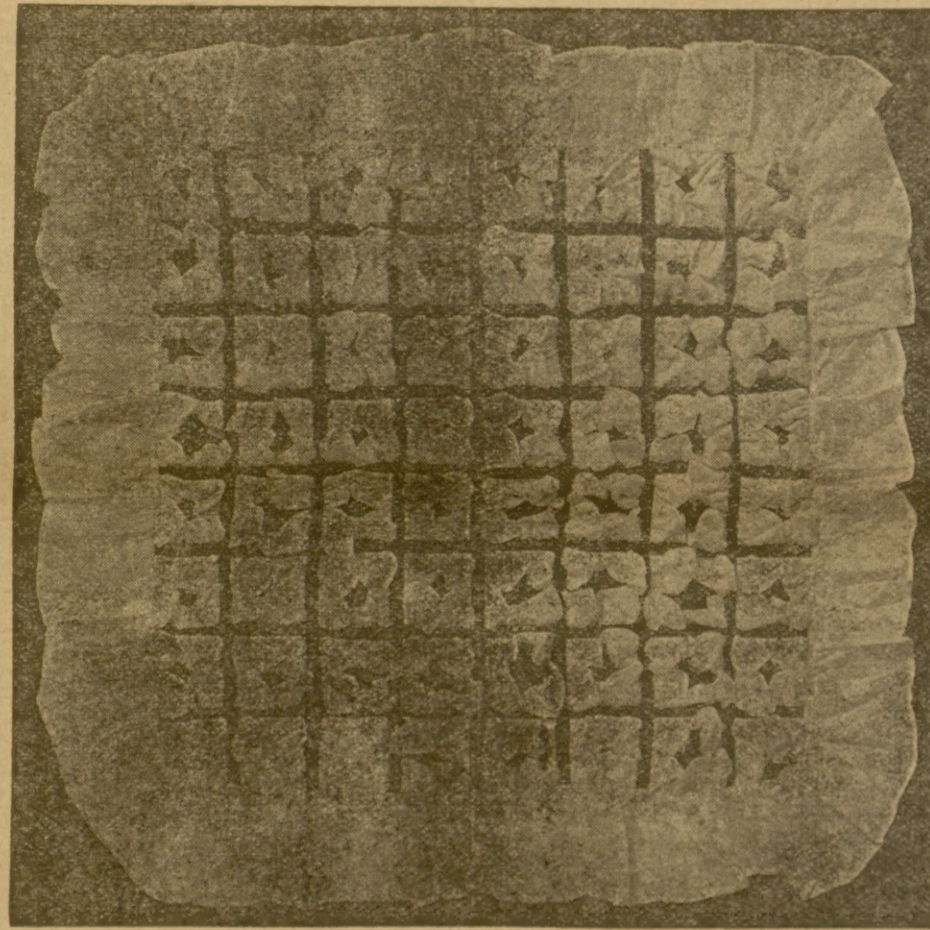
Make a piece of hairpin braid (about sixty loops on each side) and join. Cut the thread and fasten the end.

1st row.—S. c. in each loop until around. 2nd row.—Ch. 4, sl. 1, s. c. in next. Repeat till round. Now make another row just the same. The patterns in collar are made the same as in the chemisette only a little smaller.



HALF OF COLLAR.

The roses, leaves and shamrocks are made with silco, the roll-stitch wheel, the hairpin lace wheel and the filling are made of No. 70 thread. The little rings can be bought cheaper than made. When all are finished, arrange the patterns on a piece of cambric (dark color,



CALIFORNIA POPPY CUSHION.

as it shows the work off better) and makes the filling in easier.

In joining the motifs, one to three picots on each ch. adds much to the beauty of the work. The chemisette may be worn with or without the collar. If worn with it they can be tacked together with needle and fine thread (No. 70).

This work is rather hard to describe, but is very easily done, especially by an experienced crocheter.

MISS ANNIE WAND.

Original Circular Shawl

Material, one and one fourth pounds Columbia Shetland Floss or one pound Keystone Floss.

Chain ten stitches and fasten in a ring. 1st row.—Ch. 4, * 1 d. c. in ring, 1 ch. st., repeat from * seventeen times, join in third st. of ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. between each d. c. of preceding row with 1 ch. st. between each 2 d. c. and in every 2nd. space make a group of 2 d. c. with 1 ch. between instead of 1. Join. This will give nine widening points. Repeat this for twelve rows, always widening in same place; there are 13 d. c. between widening points in last row.

Border

1st row.—Make stitches looser here than in yoke. 5 ch. sts., * sl. 1 sp., 1 d. c. in next 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. same sp., repeat from * all the way round shawl except last sp., here make 1 d. c., 1 ch. st. and join in 4th ch. st., thus using ch. at beginning of row as 1 d. c. in last shell.

2nd row.—5 ch. sts., * 2 d. c. between the 2 d. c. in same sp. of preceding row, 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in same sp., repeat from * all way round shawl, join same as in 1st row of border.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, * 3 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join same as in 1st row.

4th row.—Ch. 5, * 4 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all round shawl, join same as in 1st row.

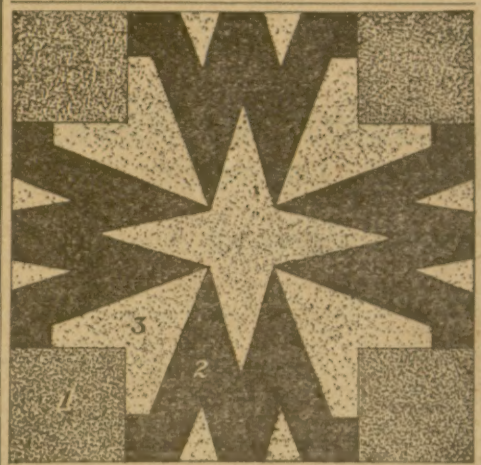
5th row.—Ch. 5, * 5 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join same as in 1st row.

6th row.—5 ch. sts., * 6 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join same as in 1st row.

7th row.—5 ch. sts., * 7 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join same as in 1st row.

in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

8th row.—5 ch. sts., * 8 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.



STAR OF THE NIGHT QUILT SQUARE.

This new design was submitted by Miss Matilda Miller, and makes a very handsome quilt. The squares numbered 1 are of green, the points numbered 2 dark blue, and the star and remaining pieces No. 3 yellow.

in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

9th row.—5 ch. sts., * 9 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

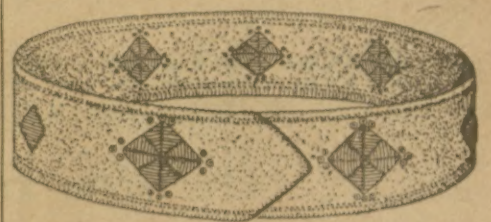
10th row.—5 ch. sts., * 10 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

11th row.—5 ch. sts., * 11 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

12th row.—5 ch. sts., * 12 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

13th row.—5 ch. sts., * 13 d. c., 1 ch. st., 1 d. c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

would be an attractive addition to any white suit. After determining the size required for the belt, the first step is to finish the sides with the edge stitch. This stitch is worked diagonally over the threads of the canvas, over six stitches at a time, then bring the needle up at



A HARDANGER BELT.

a starting point and take two stitches over two cross threads, skip two threads downwards, and take two stitches over two threads opposite to the first two. Work diagonally across over the two down stitches twice, then bring the needle back to the bottom of the first side stitch made, and repeat from the beginning. For this use fine thread. For the large diamond start in the center by making an eyelet hole, work over two stitches all around with fine thread, then with coarse thread, start at



DESIGN FOR BELT.

the eyelet hole, and work over two threads, then three, four, five, six, seven, eight, then across one less each time until two are crossed. Repeat seven times. For the small diamond cross stitch sixteen stitches, then two less each time until only two are crossed.

Diamond Lace

Chain twenty-eight stitches.

1st row.—3 tr. in seventh and eight sts., * ch. 1, sl. 2, 3 tr. in next 2, repeat from * twice, ch. 1, sl. 3, shell of 3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr. in next, sl. 3, shell in last st., ch. 1, turn.

2nd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 1, * 3 tr. in space, ch. 1, repeat from * three times, ch. 4, turn.

3rd row.—3 tr. in first sp., ch. 1, 3 tr. in sp., ch. 1, 3 tr. in sp., ch. 1, shell in shell, ch. 4, s. c. in center of ch. 5, ch. 4, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, * ch. 4, s. c. in center of 4 ch., repeat from * once, shell in shell, * ch. 1, 3 tr. in sp., repeat from * twice, ch. 4, turn.

5th row.—3 tr. in sp., ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 1, shell in shell, * ch. 4, s. c. in center of 4 ch., repeat from * twice, ch. 4, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

6th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 2, * s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 4, repeat from * twice, s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 2, shell in shell, ch. 1, 3 tr. in sp., ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 4, turn.

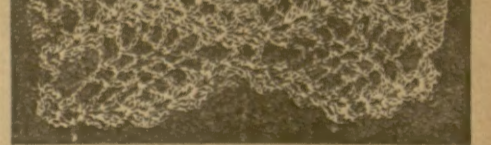
7th row.—3 tr. in sp., ch. 1, 3 tr. in next sp., ch. 1, shell in shell, ch. 2, * s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 4, repeat from * once, s. c., 2 ch., shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

8th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 2, s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 4, s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 2, shell, ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 1, 3 tr., ch. 4, turn.

9th row.—3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., shell, ch. 2, s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 2, shell, ch. 1, turn.

10th row.—Shell in shell, shell in shell, ch. 1, 3 tr., 4 times, ch. 4, turn.

11th row.—3 tr., ch. 1, 4 times, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn. Repeat from second row.



DIAMOND LACE.

9th row.—3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., shell, ch. 2, s. c. in center of 4 ch., ch. 2, shell, ch. 1, turn.

10th row.—Shell in shell, shell in shell, ch. 1, 3 tr., 4 times, ch. 4, turn.

11th row.—3 tr., ch. 1, 4 times, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn. Repeat from second row.

A Tatted Turn-over Collar

This design has to be worked out with two threads. Begin with the shuttle thread and make 2 d. s., 7 p. with 2 d. s. between 2 d. s., and close, tie the thread to make a picot, then cut thread. With the shuttle thread make 3 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., knot 2 on a little wheel of 8



TATTED TURN-OVER COLLAR.

picots, 2 d. s., 1 p., 3 d. s., draw and turn. With 2 threads make 3 d. s., 4 p. with 2 d. s. between, 1 p., 3 d. s., and turn. With a shuttle thread make three d. s., k. 2 p. on the 9th picot of last wheel made, 2 d. s., knot 2 picots on wheel of 8th picot, 2 d. s., 1 p., 3 d. s., close.

c. in sp. of preceding row, repeat from * all way round shawl, join.

Scallop

1st row.—Make a picot scallop as follows: * 1 d. c., 5 ch. sts., join in 1st st. of ch., repeat from * 11 times.

2nd row.—Make scallop same as in first row between those of preceding row and in under, this is done by pulling the scallop of preceding row forward and making 2nd row the same as if there were not any others on the shawl.

MRS. CHAS. W. BOICE.

A Comb Case

This comb case was made by covering a baking powder can with red silk, and over this slipping the top of a black lace stocking.

Either silk, hile, or cotton can be used. Feather stitch down the sides, and around the bottom and top with red silk, and decorate with red ribbon. The ring was made of a piece of hat wire crocheted over with red silk. If the rings used on suspenders are saved they would be found to be the needed size. The necessary articles for making this little case could be found in almost any home, and this is one of the many little things that could be fashioned of material which, and often, is cast aside as useless. Stockings of any color can be used. Such presents cost practically nothing but the time spent in making them, and the gift which has been fashioned by loving hands has an added value—time and thought are given to it and the one who does this gives a part of herself.



COMB CASE.

A Hardanger Belt

A white belt made as follows would be a most appropriate gift for a young girl. This work is very popular at present, and such a belt

Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,

For Her Mother's Sin

A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." Lady Isabel fails to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter Rosamond her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother Raymond Vane becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crippled and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel in the guise of Madame Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she will work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him, never heard his voice. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she, too, should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes he loves her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own. Lady Isabel goes home. She wishes to be alone.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his life to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cambray. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are nasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleigh Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED.)

It was quite true, Pierre Bloushar had resigned his position, and left Ravenswood Court forever. The Countess of Beresford sitting alone in her pearl and silver boudoir, was very glad of that, and a flush mounted her fair old face as she leaned back in the morning sunlight and recalled the rash deed of yesterday.

She had not sought her couch when she returned from the Duchess of Arleigh's ball. She had gone straight to her little oratory, and far into the day she had knelt there, humbled and contrite, and prayed with a passionate pathos, that her sin might be blotted out.

"Heaven forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself," she murmured, as she looked wistfully out on the noble chestnuts that bordered the splendid drive leading up from the great gates of Ravenswood.

"I consented to a cowardly thing—I paid that wretch to disable the yacht that my darling might not seek that terrible girl, and Heaven punished me by leading him straight to her. But I have atoned. I have humbled myself, and this sudden departure of Pierre Bloushar looks like a sign of forgiveness. If he had remained how could I have held up my head, and known that I had sinned—I, Vivienne Beresford—had done a cowardly act, and one of my own servants knew it? Heaven forgive me, it was my first treacherous act, and it shall be my last. The yacht shall be secretly repaired, and Pierre—he said a letter from his parents summoned him instantly to France, and, thank Heaven, I shall see him no more. I will atone for it all—I will be very good to Lionel in atonement for this act of treachery—but I will never forgive her so long as we both shall live. Isabel Carlyle shall never usurp my place at Ravenswood Court—a country solicitor's child shall never reign Countess of Beresford while I—an earl's daughter, an earl's widow—live in the seclusion of a jointure house. She stung me, this upstart girl who has neither birth nor position,—nothing but

her bold gipsy beauty, and her preposterous pride,—she stung a Beresford through the honor of her race, and a Beresford will not, cannot forget that! Had my darling chosen the Countess of Mount Severn, I might have forgiven his madness, although she is not high enough for the Earl of Beresford's bride; I might have known a shadow of happiness, realizing that she was of an ancient race; but a solicitor's daughter—the child of a man who harangues the vulgar herd of a public courtroom—never! Oh, horror! never!"

The fair old face darkened with pride as my lady said this, and closing her hands—all agitter with jewels that had sparkled on the fingers of a hundred earls' daughters—she looked away on the chestnuts and the swelling lawn, and the beautiful mere of Ravenswood where a tragedy was yet to be enacted. And while she sat there nursing her wounded pride, there came a rap on the door, and in answer to her summons, the young earl entered.

"Dreaming alone, mother mine?" he said lightly, throwing himself into a satin divan. "It wants but half an hour of the time, when our guests are to arrive, and I have come to make a proposition. It is stupidly dull at Ravenswood—don't you find it so, sometimes? Her Grace of Arleigh goes up to London in a fortnight to present her proteges at the royal drawing-room, and—and—I say, mother, what is to stop us from going too? I'm going to telegraph Entwick to have the house in readiness, and I—I should like if you would give Miss Carlyle a ball in honor of her presentation to the queen. She will be all the fashion you know, the moment she enters London, and you always liked to be among the leaders in that sort of thing. What do you say now, mother mine? Shall I write Entwick to make preparations for a ball, and will you set the date?"

Madame la Countess arose with a frigid dignity, shook out her blue-black Lyons velvet with a gesture that set her sparkling diamonds flashing shattered rainbows about her regal old figure, and coldly lifted her eyes.

"Are you asking me to give a ball to a country solicitor's daughter, Lord Lionel Beresford?" she said, haughtily. "Are you asking the Countess of Beresford to humble herself to the level of a woman of the soil? Never! never!"

"Oh, come, mother! For Heaven's sake don't be melodramatic!"

"Never—do you hear me, Lord Lionel Beresford? I will never do it," reiterated my lady, indignantly. "I would walk to the block sooner than accept a fate so pitiful as that. Let us understand each other, my lord. Your father was the Earl of Beresford; mine the Earl of Suffolk. Through all my life I have been treated with the respect I command and look for; through all my life I have never been insulted, never been taunted through my spotless ancestry until last night, when this barbarian—this gipsy upstart—this—this low, designing creature—"

"Stop!"

"This wretched girl—"

"Stop! I command you, madam!" (and this time he stood facing her with chalk-white lips and eyes that shot a bluish spark of rage).

"Lady Beresford I owe you a son's duty. I wish to remember always that you are my mother, but even you can go too far. Not a word against Isabel Carlyle, if you wish to finish the day under the roof of this house. How dare you speak against her? Who but God has the right to choose between human clay, titled or untitled? You are the Countess of Beresford, madame; you are my mother, but if you were a man this moment, you would measure your length before me—at my feet!"

"Lord Beresford!"

"I repeat it, madam. Were you a man I would tell you to the earth for those cowardly words," blazed my lord angrily. "Isabel Carlyle is the purest woman I ever met, and it will be an honor to the Earl of Beresford if God would bless me by making her my wife, the mistress of this house."

"It would be a shame!" shrieked my lady, her lips quivering with wrath. "It would be a burning shame, an everlasting dishonor, if that girl wore the name of Beresford and ruled at Ravenswood Court."

"Mother, take care!"

"Nay I will speak—even though you forget your manhood, Lord Lionel Beresford. I will be heard. Would you bring a bride to Ravenswood at whom the finger of scorn would point? Would you have a wife, my lord, for whom in the days to come, even your children might blush? Oh, my lord—my boy—my darling—in the name of Heaven, accept the evidence of your eyes. Isabel Carlyle is not fit to be your wife; she is an arrant flirt—a miserable coquette. Nay, hear me out. Did you not notice it last night in the ballroom? One moment she was devoted to you—the next she was devoted to another. I watched her, Lionel, and my heart did not see the shameness of her flippant fancy. Nay, do not stop me. If we never look into each other's faces again, you shall hear my words, and if you ever dishonor the name of Beresford by offering it to Isabel Carlyle, as surely as we stand here now, my son, in the days to come you will remember my words. Isabel Carlyle will be true to no man. Think of what I have said to you—drive me from Ravenswood Court if you will—I shall at least have foretold you what the world will say, and in the future you will remember it. Give Isabel Carlyle a ball I never will—you may, but I will not countenance it."

"Mother!"

"I will not, Lord Beresford—I swear to you I will not. Your choice is between mother and wife. But once the husband of that solicitor's daughter, and you are no longer a son of mine—no longer a son of mine. I tell you candidly, my lord, I would sooner see you dead and in your coffin than married to this plebeian, and the bitterest sting my life could know—the worst blow my pride could have, would be the knowledge that Isabel Carlyle was the Countess of Beresford, and that an upstart nobody had robbed me of name—of rank—of my son."

My lady's voice quivered and broke down suddenly. In the tempest of her wrath she had heard no other sound than the passionate earnestness of her own voice, and turning with a queenly gesture, she walked to the half-open door.

"It is for you to choose, Lord Lionel Beresford," she said proudly. "But recollect this, my pride would be wrecked—my honor would be murdered, if Isabel Carlyle ever became your wife."

My lord made no reply. White with pent-up passion, he stood and looked at her with blazing eyes, and putting out her hand, my lady flung back the door, glided over the threshold with a queenly tread, and then abruptly, stopped.

Stopped with a little gasp of surprise at the sight of a picture she remembered to the grave.

The Arleigh equipage had arrived, the outer door stood open, and looking straight down the broad staircase that led to the lobby below, my lady's eyes met Isabel Carlyle's flashing with burning rage.

Those angry words had reached her ears, and even in that moment, she shrank from the terrible thought that flashed across her brain, for that way madness lay. But oh, the pity of it! The dark thought came again, wilder, madder, more terrible than before, but this time there was no shrinking from it—this time there was no putting it from her in horror and fright. The tempter spoke—she listened and was lost.

She closed her eyes with a dull, suffocating sensation, and walked into the reception-room, with a firm, steady step as the footman mounted the stairs with the two little scraps of perfumed cards, and Lord Beresford and his thrice wretched mother, coming down a moment later, found her as gay and bright as yesterday—so gay and bright that Lady Beresford persuaded herself that her bitter words were not overheard, and was inclined to be a trifle gracious.

Luncheon was announced, an adjournment was made to the pretty dining-room, with its walls of tiled porcelain, and its red roses and Parisian curtains, and Lady Beresford, looking coldly on the smiling vivacious girl whose brilliant sallies of wit, and whose tinkling laughter, made her the life of the little party, never dreamed that a bitter battle was raging in her proud young heart—a battle whose issue was fated to bring ruin and sorrow and degradation to three of that little party chatting over the crystal and silver in the sunshiny, August afternoon.

CHAPTER XII.

A DARK TEMPTATION.

There are few lovelier places in all England than Ravenswood Court. The grand mansion, rising with turret on tier and tower over balcony, stood on a little knoll in the center of the lawn, whose fountains dashed and statues shone in beds of brilliant bloom, where long lines of vases bordered the lawn and the gravelled walks, and trailed their tropical splendor on the velvety smoothness of the grass. Further back there were woods where the ax had never rung since the earldom was granted to the first Lord Beresford, and down in a hollow, to the left, where a walk, shaded with giant oaks, led to a sort of valley, where bright-hued peacocks strutted and bellied deer browsed, lay the chief glory of Ravenswood—the mere.

It was a beautiful sheet of water, dotted with floating leaves and tangled lilies, where flocks of white swans glided in and out, and little gilded pleasure boats flapped their awnings and their silken pennants in the odorous breeze; the sloping banks, all bedded with tropical flowers and vividly brilliant geraniums, that seemed woven into a carpet of Oriental richness, broken only by a rustic arbor or a trellised walk that flamed with mated roses.

It was to the mere that Lord Beresford led Isabel after the grand picture gallery, the noble salons, and the magnificent library was visited, and his mother, watching the tall, stately figure gliding along in her arm, could not but admit that no fairer lady had graced the halls of Ravenswood, and no fairer face hung amid the treasures of art in the picture-gallery than this country solicitor's daughter, who trod the earth a queen of beauty and a princess of pride.

Isabel had chosen a dress of heliotrope crape with a dainty stripe of purple satin running through it. She wore no ornaments save great bunches of velvety pansies—purple and golden—and soft ruchings of cream lace at her throat and wrists. A broad hat with plumes of heliotrope and purple, and a fairy cluster of gold-eyed pansies shaded her beautiful olive face, her rich dark hair fell about her in shining cascades, and down the left side of her dress pansies in purple and gold fell in a blossoming wilderness of looped ribbon and cascades of crape and lace.

It was a dainty, poetical dress, and she had chosen to wear it because it displayed her rich, tropical beauty to its best, and even my lord's most fastidious mother could not but acknowledge that from the top of her little purple boot, to the top of her haughty, dark head, the country solicitor's daughter was absolute perfection.

Lady Rosamond did not accompany my lord and Isabel. It suited her best that they should be thrown together until the glamour of love had fallen over them, and then—well, my lady's plans were well laid, and then it was her hour of triumph.

She pleaded headache as an excuse for not visiting the mere, and Lady Beresford, who could not be other than courteous (no matter how frigidly) to Isabel while she was a hostess, was very glad of an excuse to withdraw from her presence and share an hour of rest with Lady Rosamond on the long, shaded, marble-tiled terrace that skirted the lower story of the mansion.

"You will like the mere, Miss Carlyle," predicted Lord Beresford, as she strolled along through the long shadows of the low-hanging sun. "It is the chief glory of Ravenswood, and we Beresfords are very proud of it—there is not the match in all England today."

"You Beresfords are proud of everything," I think," murmured Isabel, with just the faintest shadow of bitterness in her voice. "You know what Claude Melnotte says, my lord: 'By pride, even angels have fallen,' and I can imagine nothing sadder than a lofty pride falling suddenly to the dust."

"It would kill me, I think, were I forced to humble mine," admitted my lord, frankly. "My mother talks with olden chivalry of walking the block sooner than know the taint of dishonor. I never say it, but I would sooner die, Miss Carlyle, than have one breath tarnish my honor, one arrow strike at my name. I never did a dishonorable act in my life, and though a blemish to a name that has never known one, and I either of these ties, I would haul my heart and life against them, and never look on their faces again. Pride may be sinful, Miss Carlyle,—some call it so—but family pride is the essence of my life."

"Pride is not sinful, Lord Beresford, save where it is unjust," flashed Isabel, her soul rising in rebellion as she recollected the words of that proud old mother. "With me, pride takes from your nearest relative in horror, and shut your heart and life against him, if he tarnished your honor, I should not."

"No? What then, Miss Carlyle?"

They were strolling down the Oak Walk, and a lance of sunlight, piercing the leaves struck that picture Lionel, Lord Beresford, always liked to remember.

"It would simply kill me, my lord," answered Isabel, gravely. "I think—nay, I am quite sure—if any shame fell on my race, if any shadow darkened my life so that I could not feel my honor as spotless as the highest in the land, in that moment I should drop down dead. I could not survive dishonor—shame would kill me."

And in the days to come when life was all but worthless, how often did that grave speech take the form of a passionate prayer.

Just now, the wish to die was the furthestest from her heart; just now she was feeling that her pride was as just as my Lord Beresford's own, and once again that dark thought came back to her.

She paused abruptly and laid her soft hand on my lord's arm.

"There is a jointure house attached to Ravenswood, is there not, Lord Beresford?" she asked with a strange sort of solemnity.

"Yes," he answered; "Crown Leighton—a pretty spot two miles from the Court."

"And if you married, my lord—no matter whom, a bone-boller's daughter if you saw fit—your mother would be obliged to leave Ravenswood Court and retire to the seclusion of the jointure house, would she not?"

"Yes; even though I married my cook," his lordship answered, laughingly. "She would be Countess of Beresford, and my mother would be dethroned. Ravenswood Court will be my wife's home; my mother has a small income, and she would be obliged to live on that and retire to

Crown Leighton, as a hundred dowager Lady Beresfords have done before her."

"And your mother loves Ravenswood, does she not, my lord?"

"My mother loves Ravenswood—oh, yes. She would scarcely be a Beresford if she did not."

Isabel spoke no more. Her wide, dark eyes studied the earth as they strolled along and the terrible thought came back again.

"Avenge yourself!" it said to her. "Keep your promise and pay scorn for scorn. Humble this proud old mother. Rob her of her position and reign the Lady of Ravenswood in her stead. It would be a noble revenge."

The temptation was a dark one and darkly it was harvested.

"Here is the mere, Miss Carlyle," interrupted my lord, breaking in on this dangerous train of thought. "Look up and tell me if you do not think it grand."

They had passed down the Oak Walk and stood by the brink of the waters, and Isabel, lifting her eyes to view this pretty scene, felt a chill go through her and a vague sickness touch her throbbing heart.

"Are you ill?" breathlessly exclaimed my lord, seeing the chalky pallor that swept across her beautiful face and left it as colorless as snow. "Good heavens! how white you are. Isabel—Miss Carlyle, what is it?"

She tried to laugh but only a low gurgling sound escaped her dry lips.

"I—I'm afraid I don't like the mere, Lord Beresford," she said faintly. "It is very foolish, but I seem to see faces mocking me in the water. Please let me return, my lord. Were I superstitious, I should call this a presentiment."

"A presentiment? Of what?"

"I—I don't know—of evil—of wrong—of injury done to me on this very spot," she answered faintly. "Smile if you will, but I shall never want to look on the mere of Ravenswood again. If I ever do, will you recollect what I say to you, my lord?"

Would he recollect it? Would he ever forget it—ever forget her as she stood there, her beautiful face uplifted, her beautiful eyes wide and solemn with the presence of pain, and her sweet young voice faint and sick as she added:

"Lord Beresford, something will happen—I feel it, I know it—I shall not be happy if I ever look on the mere of Ravenswood again."

And when that sun-set hour was a faint memory of a far-off painful past, Lionel, Lord Beresford, never liked to recall the Ravenswood mere.

CHAPTER XIII.

"LOVE TOOK UP THE GLASS OF TIME."

The brilliant August day that was to stand out forever in Isabel Carlyle's life came to a close at last, and in the faint glimmer of dying dusk, the Arleigh equipage rolled up to the broad terrace of Ravenswood Court to convey the young ladies back to the Towers.

Lady Rosamond had made fine progress with Madame la Comtesse, and the regal old lady condescended to escort her to the carriage door, while my lord lingered on the terrace in the faint light of the young moonrise and held Isabel's hand.

"I may hope to see you at the garden party tomorrow, then?" he asked, with his heart shining out of his eyes, and Isabel made a smiling reply.

"You may hope to see me there, and at the flower show the next day, and in London afterward, if you care to," she said, sweetly. "We are to be presented at court early in September, and I should be pleased if you cared to call while we are in town."

"If I cared? Oh, Miss Carlyle—Isabel, I—"

"The carriage is waiting, my lord," interrupted Isabel, softly. "Adieu, and many thanks. I shall always like to remember this day."

And flashing him a sweet smile, she tripped down the stairs and entered the carriage, leaving him standing there in the delirium of a wild, sweet, rapturous dream as the carriage drove away in the faint sheen of starlight and went down the road to Arleigh Towers.

Mr. Carlyle had arrived—they had found that out when they reached their destination, and Isabel was childishly happy as she sprang into his arms.

"Well, puss, and what do we think of the world of society?" he laughed, pinching her beautiful cheek. "Does it meet my little lassie's hopes?"

"Oh, papa, it exceeds them," flashed Isabel. "I never knew what it was to live until now, and—and I am so happy—so happy. I shall always love this day."

"For what, dear?"

"I—I don't know—only I feel so happy I could sing for joy, and—and—oh, papa, the world never seemed so lovely to me before. My very heart is throbbing and my nerves tingle with joy."

"A bad symptom—that reads like love."

"Like love, papa?" repeated Isabel, her face growing grave and her eyes growing solemn. "I have seen no one but Lord Beresford, and—and I never thought—I never dreamed—Oh, papa, does love come like that? Does it make the whole world bright and beautiful and all the air with incense? That is how nature seems to me today."

"And you have only known Lord Beresford for twenty-four hours! Take care! I must see and know this young man. The symptoms are decidedly like love, my little sunbeam, and you must look into your heart before we go to London."

"And do you really believe that is the way love begins? Do you, papa? Please tell me, I—I never thought about loving Lord Beresford. I—I don't want to love him, papa, and I never thought—Oh, papa, I wish you hadn't put that thought in my mind. I only looked on him as a friend—a noble gentleman—who—who was handsome and nicer than anyone I ever knew, and—please don't talk of love papa. I don't want to love Lord Beresford, I only want to—Never mind; when do we go to London?"

It was such a rambling, disjointed speech, that Mr. Carlyle laughed.

"Upon my word, you rush from subject to subject with steam power," he answered, lightly. "When do you go to London? Why, as previously arranged, in a fortnight. I leave at daybreak. I only came up to get Rosamond's signature to some papers I have relative to the purchase of a mansion in Belgravia, and I join you again in the city. But your Lord Beresford—what of him?"

Isabel colored vividly.

"Don't speak of him, papa," she said, as she turned to run to her room. "I am only sorry you put that thought in my mind. Lord Beresford and love I do not care to connect, I want to forget that and I will."

Would she? She had waked to a knowledge of her own heart, and henceforth, the happiness of my lord's presence would never go unnamed. On the morrow she met him at the garden party, the next day at the flower show, and the next at the kettle-drum; but fight as she might against it, she began to realize that life with Lord Lionel Beresford was a golden dream, and life without him—blank.

"I never wanted to love him. I only cared to strike his mother's pride," she stormed as she sat alone in her chamber after the kettle-drum was over, and looked wistfully up at the August moon shining like a globe of frozen pearl in the purple, star-studded sky. "She wounded me. Still—I—I could repay her if I married him. She said it would be the death-blow to her pride if I became Countess of Beresford, and I could drive her from her home, I could humble her to the dust by one little word. But no! I—I'll stick to my first resolve; I'll reject him with scorn, and I—I won't love him—I won't! He is nothing to me—less than nothing—and when I meet him tomorrow, I will avoid him. I will accept the attentions of other gentlemen. I won't be conquered by Lady Beresford's son."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have been furnished free. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the editor will be glad to send the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

How many of you have made new resolutions this year? Perhaps some think that it is rather "old-fashioned" to make resolutions or that it is childish. But to really be right, we have to become "as little children" in many ways. I often think that if we would start the year by not only making resolutions but by writing them down in a book; then every month or oftener, taking that book and reading over those resolves—thus bringing them fresh to our minds and reminding us anew of our wish to do right and overcome the mistakes made in the past it would help us.

I want all who will to remember one of "the Lord's poor," Mrs. Zoe Andrews, Elamville, R. D. 1, Alabama. She is a widow with two dear little girls, and will appreciate anything, especially quilt pieces, or any little token, I know. We are told that he "who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," so let us each try to help someone else. I think the January number of COMFORT is fine. Think what we lucky subscribers get, twelve whole magazines for what one is worth. Let each one try and increase the subscription list all we can, so that this year will be a record breaker in the history of COMFORT. Three cheers for COMFORT's editor who makes it possible for us to enjoy so many pleasures.

MRS. PRUDENCE MORAST, 1609 Tracy St., Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a constant reader of COMFORT for years, that is whenever my strength will admit me reading, as I am one of the shut-in sisters. I see so many interesting letters from sisters and cousins that I feel like replying to all, but I cannot do so, as there are so many, it would take a whole page to express my sentiments, so I will be content to say a few words to one and all in the same breath.

I want to ask the sisters if ever there was another paper so dear and well named as our dear old COMFORT? Not to my mind there isn't. Here we can exchange sympathies, experiences and useful hints of all kinds. And there was never a paper where we poor shut-ins received so much sympathy and had the privileges as in this dear paper. The sisters who enjoy good health do not have any idea what a life of pain is to those that have to endure it. But when we read God's word, where he says, "Those he loves he chasteneth," it gives us courage to endure to the end our lot.

I am about five feet, four inches tall, thirty-six years old, have brown eyes, medium fair complexion, have auburn hair. I have been married over eighteen years, have two boys, aged seventeen and twelve years. I often wish I had been blessed with a daughter. I have had to make girls out of my boys (as I tell them) when our housekeeper goes away or we are out of one for a little time. I worry because I can be no help to my husband and children.

How many of the sisters love to read Uncle Charlie's comic replies? I often hurt myself laughing at them. He gives us some good rubs on our educational qualities. One would need to hunt up their dictionary when writing to him. But nevertheless he is all right, and a good old uncle. I tell you, I enjoyed the call of our kind and obliging COMFORT publisher, Mr. W. H. Gannett, that we had in our January paper. I just felt like writing him a letter and telling him how much I appreciated his efforts in making COMFORT what it is (the best paper for the money in the world) but felt rather timid to write to such an important person, though he expressed a desire to hear personally from one and all.

Now I must try to send in a little mite of usefulness to the sisters.

If any of the sisters are pestered with ants of any kind and will gather spearmint and place some of the leaves and branches in the cupboards and pantries where they infest, they will disappear as if by magic, but you must keep it replaced by fresh as soon as it gets old, as it loses its odor and is no longer useful.

I see many letters referring to Gertrude's letter. I will beg to say to her, if your husband seems to truly love you, and is good and kind to you, strive with all your heart to love him in return. You could surely respect him at least, if he is so kind and loving to you. I know it is very hard to love or respect a man that is cross and brutal to the wife. And though a couple may think they love one another before they are married, how many seem to find out differently after they are married for a few years? Our divorce courts can answer that question better than I. But too many young people (and a few old ones too) mistake friendship or passion for love, so when they awake to the realization of the true state of the facts, they find they were very much deluded. The only way I can see for such cases is to make the best of your bargain, try to make the stony paths smooth as possible, trying to please the other party as best you can, that is all anyone could do. But there are some men, and women too,

who just stubbornly refuse to be pleased, no matter how much is done to please them, for such I do not blame anyone for not loving or even respecting.

If any of the invalids are troubled by taking cold after bathing just put a good-sized pinch of ground mustard in your bath and you will not be nearly so apt to take cold.

Your COMFORT shut-in sister,
MRS. JOY T. WELLS, Vanderbilt, R. D. 27, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have oftentimes thought I would join your band of writers, but constant pain has prevented. Today as I lie here alone in my little country home, a bit blue, I feel I must write or go wild from sheer loneliness. One who has never been confined to a bed of pain can never know the sadness of a shut-in life, the physical pain which I have been forced to endure for fifteen years of invalidism has been hard to bear. The mental pain that has come of late and crushed my heart and left me hopeless and forlorn is hard to endure in the extreme. I am today begging all to remember a poor broken-hearted girl, whose life has been closed in by four walls for fifteen years, with cheery letters. Letters mean much to me. I can't see how I could have lived through these years without the white-winged messengers that have come to cheer and brighten my dreary, suffering life. Like many of you I was once full of hope and enjoyed health, but hard struggles thrust upon me when a child caused a break down, and I have had to suffer, as God only knows, for fifteen years. Every hope is gone, I'm doomed to a life of pain and loneliness. I live in an isolated part of the country, am poor as many are, my aged parents, who are not strong, two small brothers constitute our family. I am thirty years old—just half of my life has been spent in pain. Yet amidst all this I have cause to be thankful for the few blessings God has bestowed upon me and I try hard not to complain and for the sake of those around me be cheerful, though at times the tears flow unbidden, for it's hard to give up all hopes of ease and that which is dear to every young person's heart. I know "some time I'll understand," and by and by in the beautiful home of the soul I can rest forever and be free from all pain and all heart aches.

Now please pardon a "blue" letter; how can the lips sing when the heart and body are sobbing?

I hope to hear from many. A shut-in girl.
MISS ANNIE PEAVY, Peavy, Ala.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am almost afraid to come again after neglecting so long to thank the dear sisters, for the

thank Mrs. Bert Canham, Eagle Harbor, N. Y. for the pretty work bag. Also Mrs. J. H. VanCamp, Clyde, N. Y., for the lovely dolly, and if any who wrote me, ever put in a request for a letter party, I will surely write.

Mrs. Wm. J. Machin's letter in Nov. No., was perfectly lovely, come again. This is my favorite verse:

Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you
Push forward through all like a man
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Your COMFORT sister,
MRS. JENNIE COWDEN, Tiffin, R. D. 4, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

So many valuable suggestions have been given that I feel I have received more than full value. This is a lumber country. We live in the heart of the long-leaf yellow pine district, about fifty miles from the coast. Business is dull here, as lumber has dropped low in price.

Our home has been darkened lately. I had a bright, beautiful boy just eighteen, but God took him to dwell with Him. He had suffered with lung trouble all the year, and we were so confident that he would get well, that his death nearly killed us.

He had a sunny disposition, and lovable ways, and all who knew him loved him. Our loss is irreconcilable, he was always so thoughtful of mamma. Life can never be the same to me for he was dearer than all the world beside. I read one lady's letter saying she could not live without her dear children. I thought so too, but God does not always take us when we want to go.

I am in very poor health, not able to do my housework half the time. I have a little girl of twelve who is a great deal of help to me, also a kind husband and a dear boy of sixteen, only four of us now.

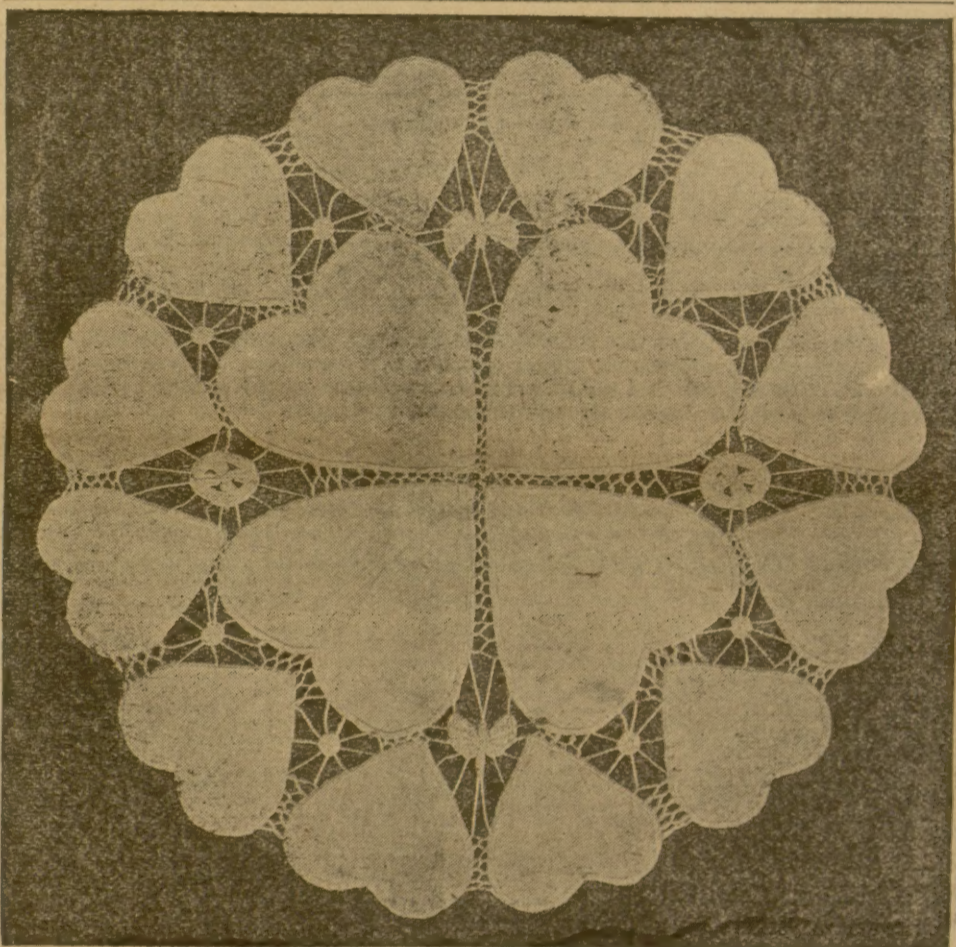
The vacant chair by the fireside, the place at the table where our darling used to sit cause us much pain and many heartaches.

Dear sisters, will you not write to me, and try to cheer my lonely house? This great sorrow seems more than I can bear.

MRS. NETTIE BLANKS, Lumberton, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to write to you today on the subject in which we are all interested, temperance and intemperance. I believe that word, intemperance, brings before the mind's eye more scenes of suffering, poverty and crime than any other word in the English language. The chief bar to the workings of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls



HEART CENTERPIECE.

Material required, small piece of linen and white embroidery silk.

Begin by cutting four hearts measuring four inches through the center and twelve smaller ones measuring two and one half inches through the center. Now, pad, then overcast and buttonhole the edge of each, then baste the hearts in position, as shown in illustration, on stiff paper. Join by fagoting together filling in the open spaces with spider webs, butterflies, circles, or any design. When finished, take out the baste threads, press under a damp cloth and you will have a handsome and effective centerpiece which has been constructed with very little work in comparison with the delicate lace effect produced.

VIRGINIA C. KINGRAY.

many kind letters and pretty little presents, sent me on my birthday, March 22nd, last. My first letter was published in Feb., 1907, in which I requested a letter party on my birthday. But I didn't expect to receive so many letters. They came and kept coming from nearly every state in the Union. A great many wished me to write another letter to COMFORT and tell more about the "Hoo-doo" cane I wrote about in my first letter. There is not much more to explain as one may use their own ideas. I had a quaint old cane (that was my father's) on which I tied odd colors of ribbons in bows and ends, and fastened curious and souvenirs to the ribbons. A friend of mine made a "Hoo-doo" corner, by draping in odd tapestry and covered the little cozy seat beneath to match and then hung up a quaint little mirror and a picture or two, using Oriental pillows, foot-rest, etc.

Did any of the sisters ever make sofa pillows from huck toweling and work them with san-silk? I am quite sure a description appeared in our fancy work department. I make them a different way, which may be new to some of the sisters. I take a square of huck toweling eighteen and one half inches and fold twice (over each way) to find the exact center, then I start from the center, and work down to each four corners, this outlines a star. Then fill in each of the places outlined, with different colored san-silk, or use two colors, and have them join like a four patchwork quilt block, or one solid color is pretty, there are endless ways of arranging them, when one gets used to the work, it is quite swiftly done. I have made eighteen and no two alike, they make lovely presents. I have my souvenir post cards on the wall in a wire rack, arranged diamond shape, some use the racks for photographs, you can get them at any five-and-ten-cent store, they look real picturesque filled with post cards. I want to thank all of those whose names I do not mention for the many kind letters and little remembrances. The letters are all so sincere and true. I regret I cannot correspond and be friends with each and everyone of you. But I cannot, my stamp box isn't ever very crowded. I answered a great many of the letters and to all those who sent souvenirs, I will return the favor as soon as I can. I wish to

of men and women is intoxicating drink. There is nothing more direct, more subtle, more venomous in its far-reaching influence than a snake. Though men and women are destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet there is no cause that affects man, woman, child and home with such a steady power as drink. Men may say to their wives, "It was only a glass, it won't harm me," but so sure as the sun rises and sets so sure will that "one glass" if continued in lead to more, until that terrible thirst for drink will consume body and soul. The various temperance unions all over this land are doing a grand work but still I do not think their influence will reach the cheap grade of saloons that are patronized by the working man. I think it is among the poor people that the saloon does the most injury. Let a man be a hard drinker, and if he has money he will be tolerated, unjust though it may be, for money covers a multitude of sins.

I wish to say to the sisters that if any who wrote me failed to receive an answer it was because their address was not clear. I always endeavor to answer all letters as promptly as possible.

MRS. LILLIAN STOKES, South New Lyne, R. D. 1, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wrote you all last September and you may remember I asked for a letter party October 17th and I received a nice lot of letters. A large number sent stamps for replies but there were so many I couldn't have answered them all in a month so I answered as many as I possibly could spare time for (you know I am a busy soul, myself) and am writing you all now through this dear paper to let you know how much I appreciated your kindly thought of me.

I will give you a sketch of my life as so many of you requested. Not an atom of my existence is a secret. I am an open-hearted, open-faced woman that despises and abhors conceit and deception. My life is an open book to all who care to read it. I was put in school at four years of age. Papa died when I was six. Then we lived with an uncle of mine (his wife had

died a few months before papa) until mamma married my present father. He has made as good a father to sister and me as we could wish for. I spent every winter and many summers in school till I was seventeen. I taught one year, married the dearest man on earth at eighteen and taught another year. Oscar died and left me with baby one and a half years old. I have now gone back to the dear beloved schoolroom and have never enjoyed the work so much as I do this winter and I hope to spend many more winters teaching. I am in a line school between Oketibbeha and Choctaw counties, near the central part of Mississippi, three miles from the little town of Sturgis, six miles from Ackerman and six and one half miles from my baby boy.

I do want this printed for the benefit of the many, many unknown but appreciated friends I have scattered far and near. I wish I could find time to answer everyone of them but have no spare time.

MRS. ALLIE GREENE, Box 23, Ackerman, R. D. 1, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for about fifteen years, if I remember correctly, and I will write a few things that may be of interest to you.

We live in the beautiful Wyoming valley along the Susquehanna river. Our town is about seven miles from the historical Wyoming monument erected in memory of the first settlers who were massacred by the Indians at Forty Fort. We live in the greatest anthracite coal region in Pennsylvania. Our township produces nearly one fourth of the coal shipped in our state. Coal was first found here one hundred years ago, in a side hill now called Coal street at the lower end of the town.

Plymouth was then called Shawnee. I cannot understand why it was ever changed, for I think Shawnee far better, as it is the name of the tribe of Indians that lived here before it was settled by white men.

There are twelve breakers in and around this town, where there are thousands of men and boys employed and nearly every day there is someone injured or killed outright in the mines.

My husband does not work inside the mines at all but he often has to repair some part of the breakers as he is a carpenter.

There are eighteen churches in town. One for every nation on the face of the earth I think, except China, Japan and Turkey. I don't think there are any people here from those countries. There are ten schools in the township, also one hundred and eight saloons and hotels, quite a record for a town of thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty people.

I have been married eight years and have living two bright boys, five and three years old. My first baby was a boy, who died before I could even hold him in my arms. I thought that was very hard but I think it was nothing compared to losing one of my boys now, yet we must ever remember, "The Lord's will be done," and bow our heads and not complain for all things work together for good, though we cannot always see it that way.

I will try to answer all who care to write me. I will also send to anyone who requests it, or to COMFORT, directions for pickled fresh herring.

I wish every success to COMFORT and its many readers.
MRS. SAMUEL VALENTINE, 355 Shawnee Ave., Plymouth, Pa.

SISTERS OF COMFORT CORNER:

Although time flies and we have no assurance of the morrow, still I'm inclosing a two years' subscription to your pleasant and instructive paper. It took me a long time to understand Uncle Charlie, but his work is a great one and the good he does, and inspires for those less fortunate, sterner alone will tell. I possess little of the wealth of the world, as I'm a widow trying to bring up and educate a little son, but if I had money at my command I would be glad to divide with the Lord's needy ones, who finally will inherit in that land where all fare alike.

Mrs. Wilkinson do you realize how fine a department yours is? Besides being very instructive, it is quite entertaining to read descriptions given by sisters of intelligence from all over this mighty and beautiful land of ours. Now don't you see how I've cut myself off from describing anything? Anyway I can tell I reckon that when I went to catch the Christmas turkeys to send away, how furiously big wings came down on my head and hands until just now the latter look much as though I'd been in a fight and I rather think I have. People who have traveled a great deal tell us that this section of North Carolina can't be surpassed anywhere for its beautiful farming lands, level as a floor and easy to cultivate. Some time I will write of the people and customs down this way.

EMMA LEE OLMSTEAD, MAXTON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have taken COMFORT for the past two years and like so many others, greatly enjoy the sisters' corner, and have derived many useful suggestions from it. I was born and reared in North Carolina, but as Miss Lou Anna Bamhardt so beautifully described it in the September number of COMFORT it is quite useless for me to attempt it. I am a young housekeeper twenty-five years of age. I have been married nearly eight years and have three sweet little children. A little girl five years of age and two little boys, twins, two years of age and you cannot think how dear they are. So many people have asked me how I ever managed two babies. No one knows only those who have had the trial, but their dear little presence now repays me for the long sleepless nights I have spent with them. I have a very lonely time now, our neighborhood is thinly settled and my husband is away from home much of the time.

I certainly agree with Miss Anubah Lee about visiting "mother," for where can we find a better one to visit than mother? My dear mother was taken from me when I was seventeen years old and I was left to look after three sisters and one brother, all younger than myself, but I tried to discharge my duty and teach them, as my mother had taught me, and now I have staidly sisters and brother too, who will stand by me to the last, but still I miss mother.

Have any of the sisters tried making a rug this way? Take your old discarded clothes, tear in strips about one inch wide, then braid or plait them, taking three or more to begin with, when one strip gets short sew on another and so on until you have them braided, then take a strong thread and sew them together. You can make your rug round by beginning at the end of plait and sewing round and round or you can make it oblong or oval shape. They are very durable and attractive, too, when bright colors are used. I also make rugs of patchwork using woolen scraps and if any of the sisters have more worn-out or flannel scraps than they can use I would be very grateful, to as many as can send me, for a few. I am going to close my letter now by asking the sisters to give me a letter party on May 14. I will answer as many as possible, and all who feel willing and can send a photograph or some little token of remembrance will be greatly appreciated. Thanking all in advance and wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers. MRS. SADIE V. BARNES, Columbia, N. C.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

After listening to the chats of the home workers I, too, should like to join them. I think our paper, too, best yet and for me to put my name down here with so many talented sisters causes me to feel my insignificance very forcibly, but I can no longer keep silent. I enjoy all of the letters, especially those from E. Tenn., as I was born near Morristown.

I am a young housekeeper twenty-three years of age, five and one half feet tall, weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds, have blue eyes and brown hair. I was married Christmas day, 1906, and of course like all the rest of you have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifflety and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dark boat a gun, the storm-swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twitterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie were when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore, recovering from her fright, is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Fanny presses the invitation, to the disgust of her cousin, Fred Lynmore. Mr. Lynmore promises to give Charlie a place in his store. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Squire Peter. He pays the debt and oasts and refuses to sell his place.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. TIMOTHY TWITTERTON.

MR. Timothy Twitterton returned to New York very much improved in health, and able once more to discharge the arduous duties of his position. The establishment in which he was employed had managed to continue its business during his absence, though how it had contrived to do so was a mystery to him; and he was not quite sure that the concern would not yet collapse as a consequence of the blunders made during the season of his rustication. However, he hoped for the best, for he was really interested in the welfare of the firm; and the only possible complaint he could make against the house was that his salary had not been advanced as rapidly as, in his own opinion, his merit demanded. Certainly, the firm of Vanderment & Lynmore was one of the oldest and most respectable in New York; and in this respect, he could find no fault. Both of the principal partners were millionaires, and this fact gave the house a very distinguished reputation. Though the style of the firm had never been changed, there were three younger men who had an interest in the concern, each of them receiving one sixth of the profits. They had been promoted gradually from the lowest positions in the establishment to the highest, and were then admitted as partners. At the period of which I write these younger men did nearly all the business, the senior partners spending only a few hours a day in their private offices, and in the summer often absenting themselves for a week, or even a month at a time.

The old gentlemen, strange as it may seem, never asked Mr. Twitterton's permission to be away a week, or a month, or even hinted to him that they intended to be absent for a season. I cannot say that Mr. Twitterton objected to their frequent vacations, but he had his doubts in regard to them. He was not quite sure that they did not manage the business for their own interest instead of for the benefit of the whole of the members of the firm. So far as it was possible for him to do so, and still discharge the arduous duties of his own position, he kept an eye upon them, and looked out for the interests of the absentees. The location of his desk enabled him to observe the movements and listen to the conversation of the three younger partners. As opportunity presented, he examined the books of the house, when the bookkeeper was absent at dinner, and at other convenient seasons.

Mr. Twitterton sometimes blamed himself for this excessive anxiety for the welfare of the firm, and especially of the two senior partners. Occasionally he asked himself very seriously why he should trouble himself about the interests of the firm to such an uncalled-for degree, when he was paid only the meager pittance of five hundred dollars a year. He felt that he was wasting his time and talent in an establishment which did not appreciate him. It is hard for a man of genius to occupy an inferior place in which he is under-valued; and more than once Mr. Twitterton had made up his mind to demand an adequate salary, as his right. I hasten to add that this gentleman had other and higher views of life than those which included the mere spending and receiving of his salary. He cannot say that he was so unselfish to look after the affairs of Messrs. Vanderment & Lynmore with no other motive than pure philanthropy, only that he had a higher end in view than five hundred a year, or even double that sum.

Mr. Twitterton, therefore, was willing to sacrifice himself for a time and to watch the interests of the brace of millionaires in their absence with the utmost fidelity. He was even content to endure the hardships which his meager compensation imposed upon him, and he kept his eagle eye fixed upon the glory of the future. If he could not live comfortably on five hundred dollars a year, he could live on hope; and this was really the most important element of his diet. Mr. Twitterton felt that fortune had been singularly unkind to him; but it was a consolation for him to realize that he was fitted by nature and education to adorn the highest business sphere, and also the highest social sphere. If the past had cheated him out of his deserts, the future would adequately reward him for the deprivations to which he had been subjected. The past had robbed him; the present did not appreciate him; but the future would give him a glorious triumph; and for this he could afford to wait, enduring whatever hardship his lot imposed upon him. Cheerful and inspired by this all-powerful hope, he could look with a feeling of magnanimity upon the three junior partners, who regarded him with contemptuous glances, and who spoke to him as though he was a person beneath them. Mr. Twitterton had his eye on these men, fully resolved that if he detected them in any attempt to rob the firm, or to tamper with the interests of the elder members, he would expose them without pity.

He was conscious that they did not regard him with favor; for they often spoke harshly to him, and manifested a sort of contempt for him, which was inexplicable to Mr. Twitterton at first. But they must know that he was wholly devoted to the Messrs. Vanderment and Lynmore, and this fact seemed to explain to him their want of appreciation.

He wanted to ask for an addition to his salary, but he could not peril the hope of his existence

by any blunder. The juniors were evidently prejudiced against him, and they might be stupid enough to endanger the welfare of the establishment by discharging him, making an application for more salary an excuse for their own folly.

Mr. Twitterton was unwilling to incur any such risk; and he continued "to starve on five hundred a year." But his hope burned all the brighter; indeed, it had become almost a reality, with only a few more weeks, or a few more months of toil and privation, before it should burst upon him like the glories of the last scene of the spectacle he had witnessed from the gallery of the theater. The fruition of that hope would come, as surely as the last scene in the fifth act of the play. It was not a vulgar hope, but a brilliant one. He did not intend to become an alderman, and rob the city treasury directly, or even to become a contractor, and do it indirectly. Some months before his vacation, he had seen Miss Fanny Lynmore, when she came to visit her foster father in his private office. He had been called upon to do an errand for her, so that he was even permitted to speak to her. Mr. Twitterton felt like one of the fairies in the spectacle, suddenly hoisted up by an unseen wire into the region of clouds of gold and silver, as Miss Fanny looked at him and spoke to him, though it was only to tell him to go around the corner and ascertain the name of a poor woman she wished to assist. From that time "Miss Fanny's image was stamped upon his brain," as he phrased it to himself; "and she was the inspiration of his life." He was to clasp her in his arms among other glories, as the curtain fell on the last scene, and the fireworks were let off around him.

Of course, such an idea was presumptuous beyond measure; and Mr. Twitterton sadly acknowledged it, but it was only because the cruel past had cheated him out of his deservings. He brooded and mourned over it, till he felt that he had conquered the problem, and he realized that, if the thought of winning Miss Fanny was presumptuous now, it would not be so much longer. Mr. Twitterton had an idea, and it was a very brilliant one, which, realized, would render all things possible. Miss Fanny had called at the store several times since he first saw her, and while she was present, Mr. Twitterton was totally unfitted for business. He contrived to throw himself in her way, and she bowed and smiled, as she always did upon all, whatever their position. He was transported by that look and smile, and half a dozen times on Sundays he had gone down to Staten Island, that he might meet her as she went home from church. Two or three times, by patient waiting, he succeeded in seeing her, and the smile she gave him was a sufficient reward. From that day when he first saw her in the private office, he had given extraordinary attention to his personal appearance, and the development of a downy mustache. Miss Muggleton, the ancient maiden lady with whom he boarded, had once assured him that he was a

The Editor Explains May Day Extension

Our Premium Catalogue went out late this year, about two months later than usual, and so many of our club raisers complain that the advance in the subscription price on April first does not give them the usual time to complete their canvass for subscribers and have requested another month in which to finish up their work by getting subscribers at the OLD RATES of FIFTEEN CENTS for ONE YEAR or TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for TWO YEARS, that our publisher has consented to postpone the date when the advance in price goes into effect to the 1st day of May.

handsome young man, and that he would make the hearts of girls ache. Mr. Twitterton believed her. The cheap looking-glass in his attic chamber abundantly confirmed the truth of the statement. She had said, too, that he would "make the hearts of the girls ache." He felt that this prophecy was destined to be realized, and if the hearts of the girls were doomed to ache on his account, why not the heart of Miss Fanny Lynmore? She was a girl, and logic was inevitable in its results. Miss Muggleton was an elderly person, and it could not be that she had any designs upon his susceptible heart herself, and he was, therefore, assured that her testimony was disinterested.

Mr. Twitterton was convinced that Miss Fanny would experience no difficulty in falling in love with him; indeed, it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world for her to do. Certainly the smile she bestowed upon him meant something. It was not exactly human, if it were possible, for her to resist the influence of his mustache, or the expression of devotion he bestowed upon her. Thus far everything was entirely satisfactory to him. If Miss Fanny was not already ensnared in her affections, this happy event would certainly occur with the development of the great idea which he had been patiently working up since he first saw her.

The house of Vanderment & Lynmore was a wholesale and retail establishment. The vast building which the firm occupied was at the corner of Broadway and Blanky Sts., the retail store being on the former, and the wholesale on the latter street. Between the two departments were the private offices of the partners and the desk of the bookkeeper. On the retail side were the quarters of the cashier, where the payment for all goods sold in this department were received. On the wholesale side were the desks of several entry clerks, that of Mr. Twitterton among the number. Between the two was the desk of the bookkeeper and his assistants, while the private offices opened from each side.

It was on Monday morning that Mr. Twitterton returned from his vacation, and took his place at the desk of the wholesale side. He looked over the sales-book in which his substitutes had made the entries during his absence. The penmanship was not so handsome as his own, which any member of the firm looking over the book could not help but see. A closer inspection of the pages revealed to him the astounding fact that the substitute had actually made a mistake, in one of the extensions of twenty-five cents. This blunder had occurred during his absence, and Mr. Twitterton felt that the firm would have been ruined had he stayed away another week. There was the error on the page of the sales-book! It was an ungracious task to criticize the work of his substitute, whoever he was, but Mr. Twitterton regarded it as a painful duty, which he ought to perform.

"Mr. Blastwood," said he to the junior partner, who had charge of the finances, as he held the book in his hand, "may I ask who made the entries in this book during my absence?"

"You may ask, but it is none of your business," Mr. Twitterton, replied the partner, rather sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blastwood, but I have always endeavored to do my work faithfully to the house of Vanderment and Lynmore, and if I find anything wrong in the affairs of the firm, I feel it to be my duty to speak of it," continued Mr. Twitterton.

"If you do, speak of it."

"You will observe, sir, that the writing in the book is hardly worthy of the reputation of the firm," added Mr. Twitterton, as he turned over the leaves which had been written upon during his absence.

As he did so he heard something which he

they wanted to laugh, but were only restrained by the presence of the partners.

"What's the matter with the writing?" asked Mr. Blastwood, in a softer tone.

"It is very poor, indeed, cramped, illegible, and utterly lacking in grace or elegance," answered Mr. Twitterton.

"I am sorry to feel obliged to say it, sir, but it is a disgrace to the house," Mr. Wordingham exhibited some signs of choking.

"It is confounded bad writing," added Mr. Blastwood.

"It doesn't compare favorably with your beautiful penmanship, Mr. Twitterton."

"I am glad to know that my writing meets the approbation of any member of the firm. But the quality of the writing, sir, is by no means the only objection."

"Indeed! What other objection have you to offer?" inquired the partner.

"There is an error here, sir," said Mr. Twitterton.

"Ah! an error! You shock me, Mr. Twitterton."

"A mistake of twenty-five cents, sir, in making this extension," said Mr. Twitterton pointing at the entry on the book, with an expression of indignation and horror on his face. "It is fortunate I was absent only a week."

"Very fortunate, indeed, Mr. Twitterton," added the partner.

"It was very kind, indeed, of you to come back when you did."

Mr. Blastwood looked very serious and very troubled, while Mr. Wordingham seemed to be intensely amused about something.

"I don't claim any credit for myself, sir; but I am very willing that my book should speak for itself," added the entry clerk, emphatically.

"My dear fellow, you are altogether too modest," continued Mr. Blastwood.

"Without you, this concern would have been swamped, stranded, ruined, annihilated."

"Not so bad as that, I hope," protested Mr. Twitterton, sagely.

"Of course, the footings are all wrong and must be changed."

"Undoubtedly."

"It is very aggravating, Mr. Blastwood, for me to return from the country, and find my books disfigured by such vile penmanship; and doubly aggravating and discouraging to find an error has been made, which involves a change in all the footings. I am sorry I went away, sir."

"But consider your precious health, Mr. Twitterton," exclaimed the partner.

"If you sacrificed that, what would become of the house of Vanderment and Lynmore? Of course, we could not expect to run the firm a single month without you."

Mr. Twitterton looked at Mr. Blastwood. Possibly the partner was chaffing him; but the gentleman looked as serious and as solemn as though he was attending the funeral of his mother-in-law.

A glance at Mr. Wordingham rather confirmed the suspicion, but the latter turned away his head and did not give the clerk the full benefit of his expression.

"Of course, I do not wish to take any credit to myself," added Mr. Twitterton, "though it is very pleasant to have one's faithful services appreciated."

"Certainly, certainly; I think the next time the members of the firm come together, they will pass a vote of thanks to you, Mr. Twitterton," said Mr. Blastwood, gravely.

"I am afraid they are only just opening their eyes to your great merit."

"I do not ask anything of the kind, sir, I as-

sure you. I have done all I could for the prosperity of the house. I have given a great deal of my own time to the affairs of the firm, both in the way of thought and actual labor; and if I may venture to suggest—"

Mr. Twitterton paused. Possibly he thought that he was going too fast.

"You were about to make a suggestion," said Mr. Blastwood, after he had waited a reasonable time for the completion of the sentence.

"Perhaps I am too bold, sir, but your words encourage me to ask, or rather to suggest—"

"Proceed, Mr. Twitterton," added Mr. Blastwood, when the entry clerk paused again, and began to toy with his pen.

"I think you were about to suggest something for the benefit, possibly, of the salvation of the concern."

"Oh, no, sir! I confess, sir, that what I was about to say was purely selfish," protested Twitterton.

"I was going to say, or rather offer a suggestion, that perhaps you would be kind enough to consider a matter purely personal."

"Certainly, we should; and I beg that your great modesty will not prevent you from expressing yourself with entire freedom."

What was the matter with Mr. Wordingham? Suddenly he seemed to be seized with a spasmodic fit of coughing, which threatened to choke him to death.

Mr. Twitterton looked at him, but could not perceive that his malady had any relations to himself.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir, if you think I am too bold, but I was on the point of suggesting that my salary was rather small for the support of a gentleman of somewhat elevated tastes," said Mr. Twitterton, desperately; for he thought it would be criminal cowardice for him to permit the present opportunity to slip by unimproved.

I dare say you are quite right, Mr. Twitterton. May I ask the amount of your salary?"

"Five hundred dollars a year, sir," replied the clerk.

"I beg you will not misunderstand me—I offer this only as a suggestion."

"Undoubtedly it is a very valuable suggestion, Mr. Twitterton. Of course, we are all aware that money cannot pay for such services as you render us. You have our gratitude. We bear you in our hearts. We are well aware that you ought to receive at least a thousand dollars a year, and it pains me to enunciate the fact that it is not the policy of this house to pay large salaries to the young gentlemen who condescend to take part in its affairs. As you are aware the senior partners are serious minded men, and they wish to encourage their younger employees to rust not doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. They have found that the heavenly ones, and they do not like to distract the attention of their young gentlemen by giving them too much money to disburse. This is the higher view of the question, Mr. Twitterton; but I confess, with shame, that the firm has a lower and more selfish view. They have found that their employees who have the largest salaries desire to be absent the most, and the business of the house suffers in consequence. Take your own case, my dear fellow—pardon this familiar expression—for example. If you had had a salary of a thousand, instead of five hundred dollars, you would have wished to make your vacation two weeks instead of one. We grant that the money is no object; but, if you had been away another week, what would have been the consequences to this firm? I submit this question to your serious consideration. Self-preservation, you perceive, is the only object of the policy we have adopted."

"Certainly not, Mr. Blastwood; but—"

"I anticipate your next remark, Mr. Twitterton," interposed the partner.

"The firm is by no means blind to your extraordinary merit, and undoubtedly by the time you are twenty-one years of age, they will beg you to take an interest in

the concern, and manage the business for them. Until that time we must entreat you to be patient, and lay up treasures in Heaven."

"I am entirely willing to cheerfully submit to whatever course you deem expedient, Mr. Blastwood."

"Thank you, Mr. Twitterton. I assure you I appreciate the kind confidence you repose in me."

"That is villainously bad writing, isn't it, Blastwood?" chuckled Mr. Wordingham, who perceiving the conference was about to close, had come forward to look at the book.

"It couldn't be worse," replied the clerk, with an expression of intense disgust on his face.

"But who did it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It looks like Mr. Blastwood's writing," said Wordingham, putting on his eyeglasses.

"Mr. Blastwood's!" gasped the clerk.

"Oh! yes; that's my writing," added the gentleman thus implicated in the horrible penmanship.

Mr. Twitterton longed for one of the traps through which the demons of the spectacle disappear from the stage.

"I hope you will improve your writing after this," laughed Mr. Wordingham.

"Oh! I shall. I don't often meddle with the sales-books; but two of the boys were away last week; and I did the work of both of them beside my own. Being rather hurried I made a mistake of twenty-five cents; but the assistant bookkeepers go over the extensions before they post the sales, and possibly the concern might have been saved from ruin, even if Mr. Twitterton had not been so kind as to discover the error."

Mr. Twitterton would have thrown himself on his knees before the partner, who he felt that he had insulted; but that gentleman, without a thought of the concern of the clerk, retreated to his private office, followed by Mr. Wordingham.

Mr. Twitterton was in an agony of doubt all the rest of the day, for he expected to be discharged for his bold words. At night, when the wholesale department was closed, he felt better. If Blastwood presumed to deprive the concern of his valuable services, he had his grand idea to fall back upon.

As he left the store, he met old Seth Muggleton, who was a kind of pensioned porter in the establishment, for he had been with the firm from the day the partnership was made, and for ten years before that with Mr. Vanderment's father.

He was over sixty, and in rather poor health. His work was the next thing to nothing, and his place was in the private office of the partners.

Some years before, when his health began to be impaired, Mr. Vanderment's physician had advised him to drink beer; and the old man had drunk beer. It was almost his only failing that he occasionally imbibed the beverage till he did not know on which end he stood; but this was always after business hours. Miss Muggleton, with whom Mr. Twitterton boarded, was Seth's sister, and he lived with her; so that the clerk was more intimately acquainted with him than with the other employees of the house.

"Come, Seth, shall we take a glass of beer before we go home?" said Mr. Twitterton, as they met at the door.

"Thank you, Mr. Twitterton," replied the old man, with a cheerful smile on his face.

They entered a beer shop, and seated themselves at a small table in the corner. The beer was bought, and Seth imbibed half of his tall glass.

"Seth, I was thinking today about what you told me of Mr. Vanderment's lost child," said Mr. Twitterton, toying with his glass for he did not like beer very well, and only drank it out of compliment for his guest for the moment. "Do you suppose the child was really lost?"

"No sort of doubt on it, Mr. Twitterton," replied the old man. "It was fifteen years ago, but I remember it just as well as though it happened only yesterday, the last blessed Sunday that ever was."

"What was the name of the ship?"

"The 'Gladwing,'" answered Seth, as he emptied the glass.

"Have another, Mr. Muggleton?"

"Thank'ee; I don't care if I do. I'm feeling very heavy tonight."

Mr. Twitterton ordered another beer for his companion. When it came, he continued to ply the old man with questions relating to the subject which was just then nearest to his heart.

CHAPTER IX.

SETH MUGGLETON'S STORY.

"It's a very strange story, Seth," said Mr. Twitterton, musing, as the old partner drank off about half the second glass of beer.

"I don't know it is," replied the old man.

"The 'Gladwing' is not the only ship that has sailed from port, and never was heard of again. It's terrible to think on, but such things do happen. I believe I could mention seven or eight vessels that never were heard on after they sailed."

"Very likely; I have one in my own mind. And the 'Gladwing' was never heard of after she sailed from Liverpool?"

"Never!"

"Why didn't Mr. Vanderment's wife and child come home when he did?" asked Mr. Twitterton.

"Seems to me I've told you this story once before," added the old man rather impatiently.

"I know you have, Mr. Muggleton, but I am very much interested in it. They say that truth is stranger than fiction, and I think so when I hear this story. Mr. Muggleton, I don't think I was born to be a clerk in a dry-goods house," said Mr. Twitterton, with sudden energy.

"I don't know's you was," added the old man, blankly, either because the beer was muddling his ideas, or because he could not see the point of his companion's remark.

"I believe I have some talent for literature. I can use the English language with some skill."

"Going to make a dictionary, Mr. Twitterton?"

"No; I'm thinking of writing a play."

"You, Mr. Twitterton!" exclaimed Seth, with a maudlin smile.

"I have seen a great many plays, Mr. Muggleton; but I never saw one yet when I did not believe I could write a better one."

"No doubt you could," replied the old porter, as he finished his second glass. "Lucretia says you are a young man of parts."

"Miss Muggleton praises me more than I deserve, but I have no doubt she is sincere," added Mr. Twitterton, twirling his downy mustache.

"I am convinced that I can write a play that will make a sensation, and make my fortune at the same time. Not much longer shall I waste my talent over the sales-book of a dry-goods house. Mr. Muggleton, do you know what I am thinking about?"

Seth did not know; he had not the least idea.

"I'll tell you, Seth. Have another glass of beer?"

"Thank 'ee. I don't care if I do. I'm feeling very heavy tonight."

Probably the old porter forgot that he had used this remark before, and lost sight of the fact that the beer would make him feel heavier still.

Mr. Twitterton ordered more beer for his venerable companion, but his own glass was not yet half empty, though the small portion he had consumed had considerably elevated his ideas.

"I'll tell you, Seth, what I'm thinking about," he continued, briskly; "I'm going to write a play."

"So you said before," muttered the old man.

"But I'm going to write it on the story of Mr. Vanderment's son. I'm going to call it 'Saved from the Sea.' Isn't that a stunning title?"

"Very, very, Mr. Twitterton; but Mr. Vanderment's son was not saved from the sea."

"Ah! but that is where the charm of fiction comes in. I shall have the son, a rather tall, noble-looking young man, with a dark mustache."

"Colored?" inquired Seth, opening his eyes with a jerk of his head.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

THIS is All Fool's day, and I have just sent Billy the Goat out for a pair of steam, and Toby has gone down town to buy a glass hammer, while Maria is down in the dry-goods store trying to get me a two foot yard stick. I have been getting my dose too. A dear old aunt of mine died a year ago, and she told me that she would remember me in her will, and she would put by something for me for a rainy day. The executors had charge of a large box which was deeded to me with express instructions that I was not to open it until April first, 1908. I opened it today. I expected to find about half a ton of greenbacks in it. When I did open it however, I got a considerable jolt. There was an old cotton silk umbrella, and attached to it was a tag on which aunt had written: "Dear Nephew Charlie: I always told you I would put by something for you for a rainy day, and that you should have it when I was gone. Here it is. You will always find an umbrella is the best thing to put by for a rainy day. Lovingly, Aunt Maria." That is where I got mine, but I am too busy to shed any tears about my vanished hopes, so hop on my lap, and let us have a little heart-to-heart talk.

I have some great news for you—dandy!!! The price of COMFORT will remain fifteen cents a year for one month longer. Mr. Gannett is so pleased at the way you have responded (subscriptions have been piling in by the bushel by every mail), that he has decided to show his appreciation by giving you another month's grace, another thirty days to get in under the COMFORT family roof for only fifteen cents for one year, or twenty-five cents for two years. Hustle your "fifteens" and quarters along for the month will soon be up, and add five cents for the League button. Now don't be foolish and think Mr. Gannett is bluffing about this price raising for he isn't. He is just showing his appreciation of your noble response to his appeal, and that is really and truly all there is to it. On May 1st, COMFORT will be twenty cents, and five cents more to join the League, so hurry up and come in now while the old price prevails. Don't dally or you'll be too late. **DO IT NOW!!!**

COMFORT is still the best and cheapest paper in the world, and it does the most good. I want you to bear in mind the letter that appeared over Mr. Gannett's signature in our last month's issue. We are to get a chair for every thousand new members that come into the League, provided they come in within the month. If we get two thousand members between April 1st and April 30th, we get two wheel chairs. I am unable to tell you how many joined during March, as I have to prepare my copy a considerable time in advance. We have twenty-five thousand members in this League now, and I want to have fifty thousand by November 1st, as that is COMFORT's twenty-first birthday. If we get them we shall have *twenty-five chairs*, and make twenty-five poor, suffering people happy. To accomplish this all that is necessary is for each one of you to get a friend or neighbor to join this organization. You do not have to get ten or twenty, one will suffice, if you all get one. However I fear that not more than half of you will take the trouble to do this, so as usual, the good and willing souls, the salt of the earth, will have to get three or four members apiece to make up for the lazy and slothful brigade who will not get one. We have a glorious opportunity to do good in this case. It is the other man pays, not you. Nothing is to come out of your pocket. It is only a little of your time that is to be expended. All that is necessary for you is to remember what we are working for, and when a neighbor drops in, or a friend, just nail them for "twenty cents", tell them you want **TO EARN AN INVALID CHAIR FOR A POOR WOMAN WHO HAS NOT SEEN THE SUN FOR NINETEEN YEARS.** That is the way to get after them. You will not have to chloroform them to make them pay up. Just approach them in the right way and you will get the boodle. Those of you who want some reward for your labors, and want to boost the COMFORT family up to the two million mark, can win the best and most elegant premium in the world by obtaining seven subscriptions, and this will win you Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. Mr. T. F. Adkin, the millionaire magazine publisher of Rochester, N. Y. wrote to a friend as follows: "I certainly am pleased with Uncle Charlie's Poems, and so are all the rest of the folks. We think it is the greatest book that ever struck the house. My niece went crazy over it. She sat up nearly all night the day I received it to read it." That ought to spur you to action to win it. You can read it and sell it for a dollar.

Do not send five cents for your membership, for if you do, you will only receive a polite card, asking for twenty cents more. You cannot get into this League for a nickel. This is an aggregation of swell people. People with five-cent ideas cannot crawl in under the canvas.

Many of you write personal letters, many enclose stamps and demand instant replies. I positively do not write personal letters. It is impossible for me to correspond with my own kin. Besides running this department every month, I write about twenty magazine articles, a dozen songs, and a score of poems and other literary trifles, and as I get several thousand letters a week, you may well know where I would come out, if I attempted to correspond with all who wish to correspond with me, much as I appreciate the compliment, and much as I'd love to write you all, it is a physical impossibility. Those people who want me to advance their business interests must pay for my time.

Amateur song poem writers, let me tell you of a more that there is positively no market for home-made song words, not even if they're the best ever—and all I've ever seen were the worst ever. I never saw one yet that had any commercial value and I get about 500 a week. The reputable famous publishers, use only the songs prepared by the men on their staffs, men under contract to them for a term of years; men of experience who know their business—something the amateur maker of "pottery" does not know. People who have foolishly paid to have crude rhymes set to music and printed, need not write and ask me to help them sell this stuff, but can save their time and postage. Thousands have indulged in this foolishness and I for one will not assist in this kind of folly. There is more money in garden truck than stories, more wealth in eggs and chickens than song writing. Take this to heart and it will bring you peace of mind and keep you from indulging in a costly folly.

WAYVILLE, R. D. 1, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1907.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
We live on a farm, which is situated about



two miles from the historic Saratoga battlefield, where one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world was fought.

This battlefield is a most interesting place to visit. Fortifications which were thrown up under the directions of Kosciuszko, the Pole, who did so much to aid the Americans in their struggle for independence, and also did a great deal for his native people in their vain endeavor to secure independence, are still in evidence.

Granite tablets mark the scenes of important happenings; for instance, a tablet marks the spot where Arnold was wounded, while routing the British from one of their strongest fortifications, another marks the place where Morgan's riflemen attacked the British on Oct. 7, 1777.

A large elm tree now stands on the very spot where the British General Fraser fell mortally wounded.

An old well may also be seen on this historic field, and it was there the American soldiers quenched their thirst in those days of awful fighting.

Ten miles farther up the river which is the Hudson, is situated the pretty village of Schuylerville, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, and to commemorate this surrender a monument has been erected on the site of Burgoyne's fortified camp.

This monument is most beautifully constructed and is one hundred and fifty-four feet in height, forty feet at the base, and one hundred and eighty-four steps lead up to the windows at the top, which command an enchanting view of from ten to thirty miles in all directions.

Other features of historic interest in this little village are several old houses, that were the scenes of stirring events in Revolutionary times.

One, the "Marshall House," afforded a place of refuge, from the Americans, for Madame Rees-desel and her three little daughters during the week preceding Burgoyne's surrender. Here also Surgeon Jones had his remaining leg shot away, while the other was being amputated. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house, and other relics well preserved are still in evidence.

In another of these famous houses, known as the "Schuyler Mansion," General Burgoyne gave a champagne supper to a party of his friends during his retreat.

As you walk through the streets of the village, here and there, you notice markers, and tablets, indicating the scene of some important event, until we can almost imagine ourselves back in those old days, participating in those scenes.

Saratoga, the "Queen of Spas," is but seven miles from our home, and a more beautiful place

can scarcely be imagined, with its broad, shady avenues, its beautiful parks, and the numerous mineral springs which have made the place so famous as a health resort, and watering place.

The name Saratoga, is of Indian origin, "Saragh," meaning "swift water," while "oga" signifies "the place of."

Now, I presume, we must give a description of ourselves, we are both about five feet, two inches in height, both have dark hair and eyes, and although we are sisters, we do not resemble each other a particle.

We hope we have said something that will interest the cousins, and we will reply to anyone who will write us or send post cards.

Sincerely your nieces and cousins.
HELENE (18) and ELIZABETH (15) SULLIVAN.

Thank you Elizabeth and Helene, for your excellent description of the famous locality in which you live. I don't know whether Elizabeth or Helene wrote this letter, and would like to know, as I did not have to make a single correction, either in punctuation or spelling. I did not have a single T to cross or a single I to dot, and so I want to thank Cousin Elizabeth or Cousin Helene for saving me the pile of work I usually have to put in on the ordinary letter. I am very glad to print this letter, as it takes us back to those stirring times when men were men indeed. The people who come to this country from abroad, those too who are born here in this generation, have a soft snap. Everything is made easy for us in a sense. Of course life is no cinch, but a healthy, sober, determined, individual can usually secure a good home, and a good living. I think of those stirring times of "76", and all of the suffering that was endured both by Americans and British in the bloody struggles that took place between them. Nowadays we have antiseptic surgery, and all the aids of science and the luxuries of our modern civilization to make pain endurable and life enjoyable. These heroes of old how terribly they suffered from hunger and cold, and they knew nothing of treating wounds or reducing fevers, they just had to suffer it out, until death mercifully came to relieve them. We do not realize what we owe to those who fought for our independence and made this republic

last time I was in Toronto, it was in Canada. Toronto has evidently got a move on it of late. Canada always was slow, I am glad it is stirring and on the shift. I'm greatly interested in your moving Florence, as I think the whole trip was made under exceedingly novel circumstances. You say you came to Toronto in a wagon and two horses, with a load of household goods as well. If you had come in a wagon I would not have been surprised, but for you to come in two horses is certainly startling. If you'd have traveled in one horse it would have been putting Jonah on the blink, as he was in a whale, and there is more room inside a whale than there is inside a horse. But I, you say you came in two horses—I suppose you divided yourself up, and traveled top half in one gee gee, and lower half in the other. But dearie, did the household goods come in the two horses as well? I should like to have seen your gray mare with a folding bed and a cook stove across her chest. Oh, me, oh, my! you cousins do such wonderful things. All the people I know, travel in, or on, a two horse wagon, but I never saw anyone travel in a wagon and two horses, and honestly Florence I don't see how you did it. Florence, I don't think you have two parents. It's quite apparent that if you had two parents, you would have two male and two female parents, and apparently that is a parent more than you ought to have. You probably have your parents, but not two sets of them. I've lost my parents, so if you have an extra pair of parents, let's prepare to pair off, and I'll take a pair of parents, and we'll have a pair of parents each. Great head!

ELGIN, ILL., Box 245, Jan 23, 1908.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my button and membership card and thank you ever so much for them. I think they are beautiful. I am eighteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have dark brown curly hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

I live out in the country about a mile from the city of Elgin, in which there are thirty-two thousand inhabitants. Elgin has the largest watch factory in the world. There are thirty-two hundred people employed in it. I have one brother and one sister, and we are all staying home with mother. All three of us have had a musical education and have played ever since six years of age. My brother is the leader of several orchestries and also the leader of a brass band. We have had several concerts and I sang a number of solos, but it would have been such a pleasure if you could have been there to sing with me. I know it would have been a great success. Don't you think so uncle? My sister is a great piano player, and I am now taking up the trombone. But I shall not forget our unfortunate cousins. I will get up a concert and send the proceeds to them.

Well uncle, I guess I will bring my letter to a close for fear Billy will make a meal of it. I should be pleased to hear from the cousins and they will all receive a cheerful answer. With best love to all the cousins and you, I remain as ever your niece,
CLARA APPLEHOFF (No. 21,153).

Clara, you sweet and fair musical cousins are always welcome in our charming circle. I love music. When Billy the Goat got under the table and made a noise like a turkey at Christmas, it was the sweetest music I ever heard. If you and your brother and sisters have played since you were six years of age, I think it is high time you quit playing and did some real work. I'd love to sing with you on the concert stage Clara, if you'd let me stand behind you when the eggs came. I know a beautiful quartette for two voices entitled: "Wash the dog and we'll all have soup." It's just lovely, especially when you come to the word soup. You sing soup in A flat. If you don't sing it in a flat, you can sing it in a furnished room. Anyway you have to sing soup on a high note, and hold the note steady, or you might spill the soup. I tried to hold a note once and got pinched. It was a dollar note, and I'd found it before it was lost. Some singers can take very high notes if you let them get their hands in your pockets. I sang a solo once. I sang it so low you had to go down in the cellar to hear it. I am glad your sister is a fine piano player Clara, but oh, please don't you take up the trombone. Whatever would you do with a trombone on a concert stage? Would you blow it or gnaw it? I think trombones and soup bones should be kept in the kitchen—they don't look well on the stage. I know a thin lady who went on the stage in evening dress, and displayed a couple of salt cellars, but I never knew any lady who appeared before an audience with a trombone. I hope you will give a concert for the shut-ins, Clara, and if you do, I'll come and recite a dozen of Uncle Charlie's poems. We won't charge the audience anything to come in, but after you've played a quartette on the trombone, and I've sang a couple of duets all by myself, and recited "When Father raised the mortgage on the Farm," they'll be ready to cough up steen hundred dollars apiece to get out. There is lots of money in music, if you only know how to get it out.

CASHMERE, WASH., Jan. 16, 1908.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will try and tell you about our valley where the big red apples grow. Cashmere is situated on the banks of the Wenatchee river, and it has an inhabitants of about one thousand people. The Great Northern Railroad runs east and west through this town. Cashmere has two main streets, but I do not know how many alleys. To the north of this town are high mountains, covered with pine trees, and to the west are the snowy Cascade mountains, where the Wenatchee river comes from, and to the south and east is our little valley. The valley has a good many orchards in it.

Now I will tell you how we raise fruit. As soon as spring has come, the farmers prune their trees, and cultivate their orchards, and get their ditches ready for irrigation. Then when the fruit is ripe, people are engaged picking fruit. Then the fruit cart comes around, and carries the fruit in to the packing house, where people are engaged in packing. The packing of the fruit is very particular work.

There is a box-maker who is engaged in making boxes, and then the boxes are carried to the packers, and the fruit is carefully packed in boxes, wrapped in paper and then nailed up to be shipped away.

When six o'clock p. m. comes, the people have all quit work and a large fruit wagon is loaded with fruit, and taken to the station, and shipped away to other people to eat. Maybe you eat some of the fruit too.

I am fourteen years old, and I am in the seventh grade. I remain your nephew,
WILLIAM MOORE (No. 21,279).

William, I am glad to hear from the land of the big red apples, though I thought Missouri claimed that distinction. You say Cashmere has an "inhabitants" of about one thousand people. I am glad that all the inhabitants are people. I am very interested in all
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

TORONTO, KANS., Box 66, Dec. 21, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

What fine weather we have been having for December but it is snowing hard now. I wish you were here uncle, and I'd take you out and wash your face.

I live in Woodson Co., three miles from Coyville, and eight miles southeast of Toronto. We have lived here almost a year. I and two of my brothers, came here alone in a wagon and two horses, with a load of household goods, over forty miles. Just my uncle and one brother were here when we got here. We came in twelve hours, got here just at six p. m. on March 6th. One brother was thirteen and one seven. I stayed here a week with my uncle and two brothers, while the other one went back to our old home in Allen Co., near Iola.

I now live on a farm of three hundred and forty acres; almost half of it is covered with timber, and the rest is pasture and farming land. I have two parents, two sisters and four brothers. We girls are the oldest, my oldest sister Alice, teaches school two miles west of here, near the Vertigris river, and my other sister, Isabel, goes to school and so do three of the boys. My father does farming. I stay at home to help my mother with the housework, as she is not strong enough to do it alone. She was a cripple for two years, until we came up here, and we think the water from our spring helped her.

Well uncle, I wish you were here to go to some of our parties. We have two or three every month. We are to have a party and oyster supper here on New Year's eve, wish you were here for it uncle.

I am five feet, three inches tall, have black hair and blue eyes, am quite fair, and weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds and was seventeen years old last August 18, 1907.

Well uncle, I will close for this time and will write again if I see this in print.

Hoping you get all of the turkey and pumpkin pie you want, your loving niece,
FLORENCE TROWBRIDGE.

Florence dear, I am charmed to hear from you. How Toronto does shift around. The

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms.

Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hephzibah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clara if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who she is, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clara tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hephzibah Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hephzibah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home. She meets Lawrence Thornton, an old friend, and asks him to help her. He advises her to run away to Boston. Cousin Geraldine Veille wants a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and he rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hephzibah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows into his heart, and he promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Charleston Seminary with Lillian Veille. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Veille. How will it end?

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

"E ND in their being married, of course. He always tells her how much he likes her—how handsome she is, and all that." There was the least possible sigh accompanying these words, and Oliver, who heard it, smoothed again the shining braids, as he said, "Milly, Lawrence Thornton told me you were very beautiful, too, with starry eyes and hair the color of rich brown chestnuts."

"Did he, sure? What else did he say?" and she assumed a kneeling position directly in front of Oliver, while he told her everything he could remember of Lawrence Thornton's remarks concerning herself.

"He likes me because Lillian does, I suppose," she said, when he had finished. "Did I tell you that his father and Geraldine—that's Lillian's half-sister—have always intended that she should marry Lillian? She told me so herself, and if she hadn't, I should have known it from Geraldine, for you know I have been home with Lillian ever so many times, besides spending the long vacation there. I couldn't bear her—this Geraldine; she talked so insultingly to me, asking if I hadn't the least idea who I was, and saying once, right before Lawrence Thornton, that she presumed my mother was some poor, ignorant country girl, who had been unfortunate, and so disposed of me that way! I could have pulled every black hair out of her head!" and Milly looked much like the Milly of old—the child who had threatened to set fire to the Judge's house if he sent her back to Hephzibah.

"Milly," said Oliver, thinking how beautiful she looked even in her anger, "shall I tell you who I think you are?"

"Yes, yes, and the wrathful expression of the soft, dark eyes, disappeared at once. "Who am I, Oliver?"

"I don't know for certain," he replied, "but I think you are Richard Howell's daughter. Anyway you are the very counterpart of his sister's picture."

"Mrs. Thornton, you mean," returned Milly. "There's a portrait of her at Lawrence's home. Almost everybody spoke of the resemblance while I was there; and once someone made a suggestion similar to yours, but Mr. Thornton said he knew every inch of ground Richard had gone over from the time he was twelve years old until he went away, and the thing wasn't possible—that the resemblance I bore to the Howells was merely accidental. I don't like Mr. Thornton. He's just as proud as Geraldine, and acted as if he were afraid Lawrence would speak to me. It was Lawrence, Lillian wants you, 'Lawrence, hadn't you better take Lillian to ride, while I show Miss Howell my geological specimens.' Just as though I cared for those old stones. He needn't trouble himself, though, for I don't like Lawrence half as well as I do you. But I must go back to Lillian—she'll wonder that I leave her so long."

"Lillian is here," said a childish voice, and both Oliver and Milly started quickly, as a little figure advanced from its position near the doorway, where, for the last two minutes, it had been standing.

Oliver's first thought was, "she had heard all Milly said; she had no business to come up quietly," and with his previously formed impressions of the little lady, he was not prepared to greet her very cordially. But one glance at the baby face which turned toward him as Milly said: "This is Oliver, Miss Veille," convinced him that if she had heard anything, it had not offended.

She was a good-natured, amiable girl. At home she had been petted and caressed until she was a thoroughly spoiled child exacting from others attentions and favors which she was never willing to render back. All this Oliver saw before she had been ten minutes in his presence, but he could not dislike her any more than he could have disliked a beautiful, capricious baby; and he began to understand in part why Milly should feel so strong an attachment for her. She was naturally very familiar and affectionate, and as Milly had resumed his seat upon the stool she sat down upon the floor, and laying both her soft hands on Oliver's knee, began to talk with him as if she had known him all her life, stipulating on the start, that he shouldn't say a word to her of books, as she hated the whole thing.

"Milly will tell you how little I know," she said. "She used to do my sums, translate my French, write my compositions, and some of my letters, too. Do you know Lawrence, Mr. Hawkins?"

Oliver replied that he had seen him, and Lillian continued:

"Isn't he splendid? All the Boston girls are wild over him but he don't care for any of them. I used to think maybe he'd fall in love with Milly; but—Geraldine says she knows too much for a man like him really to care for; and I guess she does, for anybody can see I'm a simpleton—and he certainly likes me the best—don't he, Milly? Why, how red your cheeks are—and

no wonder, it's so hot in this pent-up room. Let's go down," and without waiting for an answer, Lillian tripped down the stairs, followed by Milly and Oliver—the latter having forgotten his headache in the pleasure of seeing his former playmate.

"Now where?" asked Lillian, as they went out. "Home, I guess," said Milly, and bidding Oliver good night, they went back to Beechwood, where they found the Judge impatiently waiting for them. He wanted some music he said, and he kept Milly, who was a fine performer, singing and playing for him until it was long after his bedtime, and Lillian began to yawn very decidedly.

"She was bored almost to death," she said, as she at last followed Milly up the stairs. "She didn't like Beechwood at all, thus far—she did wish Lawrence Thornton would come out there," and with a disagreeable expression on her pretty face she nestled down among the pillows, while Milly, who was slower in her movements, still lingered before the mirror, brushing her rich brown hair.

Suddenly Lillian started up, exclaiming:

"I've got it, Milly, I've got it."

"Got what?" asked Milly, in some surprise, and Lillian rejoined, "Lawrence comes home from Chicago tonight, you know, and when he finds I'm gone, he'll be terribly lonesome, and his father's dingy office will look dingier than ever. Suppose I write and invite him to come out here, saying you wish it, too?"

"Well, suppose you do," returned Milly with utmost gravity. "There's plenty of materials in my desk. Will you write sitting up in bed?" and in the eyes that looked every way but Lillian's there was a spice of mischief.

"You hateful thing," returned Lillian. "You know well enough when I say I am going to write to Lawrence, I mean you are going to write. He's so completely hoodwinked that I cannot now astonish him with one of my milk-and-water letters. Why, I positively spell worse and worse,

journey we had, and how pleasant Beechwood is. Tell him all about your new piano, and what a splendid girl you are—how I wonder he never fell in love with you—but I'm glad he didn't; tell him how much Oliver knows, and how much better he looks than I thought he did; that if he were bigger and hadn't such funny feet, he'd almost do for you; tell him how dearly I like him—Lawrence, I mean, not Oliver,—how glad I shall be when he comes, and Geraldine must send my coral ear-rings and bracelets, and—"

"Stop, stop! You drive me distracted!" cried Milly, who from that confused jumble, was trying to make out a sensible letter.

Her task was finished at last, and she submitted it to Lillian's inspection.

"But you didn't tell him what a splendid girl you are, nor how much I like him," said Lillian, her countenance falling at once. "Can't you add it in a postscript somewhere?"

"Never mind, Lily," returned Milly, lifting one of the long golden curls. "He knows you like him, and when he comes you can tell him anything you please of me. It does not look well in me to be writing my own praise."

"But you used to," said Lillian. "You wrote to him once, 'I love Milly Howell best of anybody in the world, don't you,' and he answered back, 'Yes, next to you, Fairy, I love Milly best.' Don't you remember it, Milly?"

Milly did remember it, and remembered, too, how that answer had wrung from her bitter tears; but she made no reply, and, as Lillian began to show signs of sleepiness, she arose cautiously and put aside the letter, which would be copied next morning in Lillian's delicate little hand and sent on its way to Boston.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAWRENCE AND HIS FATHER.

"Lawrence, step in here for a moment," said Mr. Thornton; and Lawrence, ready for his visit,



"HE SHALL NOT WIN HER."

so Geraldine says. Think of my putting an in precious!"

"But Lawrence will have to know it sometime," persisted Milly, "and the longer it is put off, the harder it will be for you."

"He needn't know either," said Lillian. "I mean to have you give me ever so many drafts to carry home, and if none of them suit the occasion Geraldine must write, though she bungles awfully. And when I'm his wife, I shan't care if he does know. He can't help himself then. He'll have to put up with his putty head."

"But will he respect you, Lily, if he finds you deceived him to the last?" Milly asked; and with a look very much like a frown in her soft blue eyes, Lillian replied:

"Now, Milly, I believe you are in love with him yourself, and do this to be spiteful, but you needn't. His father and Geraldine have always told him he should marry me, and once someone teased him about you, I heard him say that he shouldn't want to marry a woman unless he knew something of her family, for fear that they might be paupers, or even worse. Oh, Milly, Milly, I didn't mean to make you cry!" and jumping upon the floor, impulsive Lillian wound her arms around Milly, whose tears were dropping fast.

Milly could not have told why she cried. She only knew that Lillian's words grated harshly, but hers was a sunshiny nature, and conquering all emotion, she returned Lillian's caress, and said "I will write the letter, Lily—write it tonight, if you like."

"I knew you would. You're a splendid girl," and giving her another hug, Lillian jumped back into bed, and made herself quite comfortable while Milly knotted up her silken hair and brought out her desk preparatory to her task.

Never before had it given her so much pain to write "Dear Lawrence" as tonight, and she was tempted to omit it, but Lillian was particular to have every word. "She never could remember, unless she saw it before her, whether the 'Dear' and the 'Lawrence' occupied the same or separate lines," she said; so Milly wrote it down at last, while half unconsciously to herself she repeated the words, "Dear Lawrence."

"You merely wished to invite him here?" she said to Lillian, who answered: "That's the main thing; but you must write three pages at least, or he won't be satisfied. Tell him what a nice

followed his father into the library, where all the family edicts were issued and all the family secrets told. "Lawrence, Geraldine tells me you are going to Beechwood for three or four days."

"Why, yes," returned Lawrence. "I received a letter from Lillian last night inviting me to come. I told you of it at the time, else my memory is very treacherous."

"It may be—I don't remember," said the father; "but Geraldine has given me a new idea about your going there, and it is for this that I have called you in. Lawrence do you love Lillian Veille?"

"Why do you ask me that question, when you know I have always loved her?" was the reply, and Mr. Thornton continued: "Yes, yes, but how do you love her—as a sister, as a cousin—or as one whom you intend to make your wife?"

"I have been taught to think of her as one who was to be my wife, and I have tried to follow my instructions."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Thornton, for Lawrence had risen to his feet. "I have not finished yet. Lillian has been with us for years, and I who have watched her carefully, know that in all the world there is not a purer, more innocent young girl. She is suited to you in every way. She has money—her family is one of the first in the land, and more than all, she has been trained to believe that you would some day make her your bride."

"Please come to the point," interrupted Lawrence, consulting his watch. "What would you have me do?"

"I would have the matter settled while you are at Beechwood. She is eighteen now, you are twenty-three; I have made you my partner in my house, and should like to see Lillian mistress of this whole secret at once. Instead of fooling your time with that girl Milly," and with this the whole secret was out, and Lawrence subjected to that lecture.

Milly Howell was a formidable obstacle in the way of Lillian Veille's advancement. This the lynx-eyed Geraldine divined, and with her wits all sharpened, she guessed that not Lillian alone was taking the young man to Beechwood. So she dropped a note of warning into the father's ear, and now, outside the door, was listening to the conversation.

"I have never fooled with Milly Howell," said

Lawrence, and his father rejoined quickly: "How, then? Are you in earnest? Do you love her?"

"I am not bound to answer that," returned Lawrence: "though I will say that in some respects I think her far superior to Lillian."

"Superior!" repeated the father, pacing up and down the room. "Your superior women do not always make their husbands happy. Listen to me, boy—I have been married twice. I certainly ought to judge in these matters better than yourself. Your mother was a gentle, amiable creature, much like Lillian Veille. You inherit her disposition, though not her mind—thank Heaven, not her mind! I was happy with her, but she died, and then I married one who was famed for her superior intellect quite as much as for the beauty of her person—and what was the result? She never gave me a word or look different from what she would have given an entire stranger. Indeed, she seemed rather to avoid me, and, if I came near, she pretended always to be occupied either with a book or with you. And yet I was proud of her, Lawrence—proud of my girlish bride, and when she died I shed bitter tears over her coffin."

Lawrence Thornton was older now than when he sat upon the river bank, and told little Milly Hawkins of his beautiful young stepmother, and he knew why she had shrunk from his father's caresses and withered beneath his breath—so he ventured at last to say:

"Mildred Howell was young enough to be your daughter, and should never have been your wife."

"It was not that—it was not that," returned the father stiffly. "There was no compulsion used; she was too intellectual—too independent—too high-tempered, I tell you, and this other one is like her in everything."

"How do you account for that?" asked Lawrence, who had his own private theory with regard to Milly's parentage.

"I don't account for it," said Mr. Thornton. "I only know she is not at all connected with the Howells. She is the child of some poor wretch who will be claiming her one day. It would be vastly agreeable, wouldn't it, to see a ragged pauper, or maybe something worse, ringing at our door, and claiming Mrs. Lawrence Thornton for her daughter! Lawrence, that of itself is a sufficient reason why you must not marry Milly, even if there were no Lillian who has a prior claim."

"Father," said Lawrence, "you think to disgust me, but it cannot be done. I admire Milly Howell. I think her the most brilliant girl I have ever known and were I a little clearer as to her family, Lillian's interest might perhaps be jeopardized."

"Thank Heaven, then, that her family is shrouded in mystery!" said Mr. Thornton, while Lawrence sat for a moment intently thinking.

Then suddenly, springing up and seizing his father's arm, he asked:

"Did you ever know for certain that the child of sister Helen died?"

"Know for certain? Yes. What put that idea into your head?" Mr. Thornton asked, and Lawrence replied:

"The idea was not really in there, for I know it is not so, though it might have been, I dare say; for, if I remember right, no one save an old nurse was with Helen when she died, while even that miserable Hawley, her husband, was in New Orleans."

"Yes," returned the father, "Hawley was away, and never, I think, came back to inquire after his wife or child, for he, too, died within the year."

"Then how do you know that Milly is not that child?" persisted Lawrence—not because he had the most remote belief that she was, but because he wished to see how differently his father would speak of her if there was the slightest possibility of her belonging to the Thornton line.

"I know she isn't," said the father. "I went to No. 20 St. myself, and talked with Esther Bennett, the old woman who took care of Helen, and then of the child until it died. She was a weird, haggish looking creature, but it was the truth she told. No, you can't impose that tale on me. This Milly is not my grandchild."

"For which I fervently thank Heaven," was Lawrence's response; and in these words the black-eyed Geraldine, watching by the door, read how dear Milly Howell was to the young man, and how the finding of her to be his sister's child would be worse to him than death itself.

"He shall not win her, though," she muttered between her glittering teeth, "if I can prevent it, and I think I can. That last idea is a good one, and I'll jot it down in my book of memory for future use, if need be."

Geraldine Veille was a cold-hearted, unprincipled woman, whose early affections had been blighted, and now at thirty-one she was a treacherous, intriguing creature, void of heart or soul, except where Lillian was concerned. In all the world there was nothing half so dear to the proud woman as her young half-sister, and as some fierce tigress keeps guard over its only remaining offspring, so she watched with jealous eye to see that nothing harmed her Lillian. For Milly Howell she had conceived a violent aversion, because she knew that one of Lawrence Thornton's temperaments could not fail to be more or less influenced by such glowing beauty and sparkling wit as Milly possessed.

During the long vacation which Milly spent in the family she had barely tolerated her, while Milly's open defiance of her opinions and cool indifference to herself had only widened the gulf between them. She had at first opposed Lillian's visiting Beechwood, but when she saw how her heart was bent upon it, she yielded the point, thinking the while that if Lawrence on his return showed signs of going, too, she would drop a hint into his father's ear, and, standing outside the door, she had listened to the result, and received a suggestion on which to act in case of necessity.

Well satisfied with her morning's work, she glided up the stairs just as Lawrence came from the library and passed out into the street. His interview with his father and somehow disturbed him, while at the same time it had helped to show him how strong a place Milly had in his affections.

"And yet why should I think so much of her?" he said to himself, as he walked slowly on. "She can never be anything more to me than she is. I must marry Lillian, of course, just as I have always supposed I should. But I do wish she knew a little more. Only think of her saying the other day, that New Orleans was in Kentucky, and Rome in Paris, she believed! How in the name of wonder did she manage to graduate?"

Milly Howell, who sat next to Lillian at the examination, might have enlightened him somewhat, but as she was not there, he continued his cogitations.

"Yes, I do wonder how she happened to graduate, knowing as little of books as she does. She writes splendidly, though," and as by this time he had reached the Worcester station he stepped to a car and prepared to read again the letter received the previous night from Lillian. "She has a most happy way of committing her ideas to paper," he thought. "There must be more in her head than her conversation indicates. Perhaps father is right, after all, in saying she will make a better wife than Milly."

CHAPTER IX.

LAWRENCE AT BEECHWOOD.

"Come, Milly—do hurry!" said Lillian to Milly on the afternoon of the day when Lawrence was expected. "It seems as though you would never get all that hair braided. Thirty strands, as I live, and here I am wanting you to fix my curls, you do it so much better than I can."

"Plenty of time," returned Milly; "Lawrence won't be here this hour."

"But I'm going to meet him," returned Lillian, "and I saw Finn go out to harness just now. Oh, I am so anxious to see him! Why, Milly, you don't know a thing about it, for you never loved anybody like Lawrence Thornton."

"How do you know?" asked Milly; and catch-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

MY DEAR NEPHEWS:
Another month and another installment of interesting features. If all my boys will interest themselves in the various topics we have treated this winter they will be better and wiser and make stronger men, be better and wiser and a joy to their parents.

Box Couch

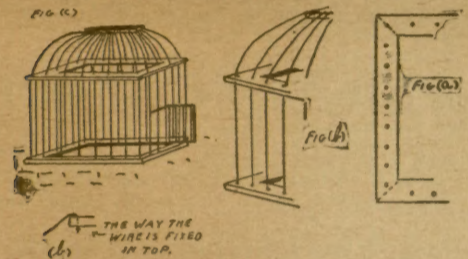
The box couch shown here will prove a welcome addition on account of its ample space to store clothes. The dimensions are five feet long, two feet wide and four inches high. Any scrap boards, if they be reasonably smooth, will do. Cut each piece to the proper size before you drive a nail. Fasten the parts together with long finishing nails, driving them from the outside of the ends into the long pieces. A three-cornered strip is placed in each corner to strengthen the frame. Now put on the lid, using three small hinges, and paper the entire inside surface with scraps of left-over wall paper. The outside is then covered with denim cloth, the latter being simply tacked on. A padding of old carpet or blankets should be placed on the top inside the denim. This couch is very serviceable in a bedroom that has no closet.

Driving Screws

The proper way to drive a screw into hard wood is to first bore a hole a little bit smaller than the screw and then partly fill it with beeswax. This makes it turn easily and is almost certain to prevent splitting. To insert a screw in plaster first make a hole twice the required size and plug it up with a mixture made of plaster Paris and water. Into the soft pulpy mass the screw may be driven with the fingers and after it sets it will be a neat job and hold like iron.

Cage

It is great fun to build a home-made cage and if you go about it in the right way and take a reasonable amount of pains the finished article will be very neat and serviceable. First get eight strips of wood two feet long and put holes in them two inches or one inch apart. A small auger is of course the best tool for this work but it may be done by driving a spike through, withdrawing it after every few blows of the hammer. After the holes are made make two square frames out of your perforated



strips and having cut the wire into lengths of three feet string it through the holes as shown in Fig. "b". Note the roof, door and plan of construction as shown in the accompanying drawings. You will be surprised at the nice cage you can make by following these instructions.

A Good Card Trick

The apparently miraculous power of telling the number of cards by their weight depends on a long card. Take a part of the deck of cards, say thirty and secretly place among them two long cards. Ascertain how many cards are on each side and between the long ones and after making a pretense at shuffling cut the pack at the first long card and tell the company the number. Then, apparently without aim, cut at the other long card and give the number. You will surprise all with your skill and can safely do the trick dozens of times without fear of discovery.

Barrel Bench

An old barrel is not much good after it begins to fall apart but by the following plan a quaint and serviceable bench may be made from it. Use two of the widest staves for the back legs, connecting same with staves. Two sawed-off staves are used for the front legs, also connected with strips and the parts of the bench thus formed are joined together by means of cleats across the ends. The work thus far mentioned is clearly illustrated in "a" Fig. 2. You now nail on short staves with the bow down for the seat and long ones with the bulge inside for the back rest. Arms for the ends are also fastened on as shown. A bench of this kind may be beautifully finished in weathered oak.

Raising Squabs

The business of raising squabs has been pushed energetically of late and it deserves the attention of country boys. The laws forbidding the shooting of game birds has made the demand for plump squabs very large. To begin with build a strong compact house, wind proof and leak proof, and have it face the south or southwest. Then get a pair of strong active birds and keep them healthy during breeding time by feeding chopped corn and hemp seeds, avoiding zinc drinking cans and generally giving them good care. A little experience will teach you what you need to know. My purpose is simply to offer a suggestion that may stir you to action. It only costs about

seven or eight cents to feed a squab the first few weeks and at that age they sell readily for from twenty-five to sixty cents.

Rivets and Riveting

Rivets are indispensable in the workshop, but sad to say they are not always there for we never know till too late just what size or how many we are going to need. A readily obtainable substitute is a nail head cut off with a chisel. Use common wire nails of any size, and after cutting file the heads flat. Insert in the holes just as you would a regular rivet and by light and repeated hammering they will flatten very neatly. In leather work small washers are necessary.

Age Trick

Here's an old trick which I know many COMFORT boys will welcome. Tell a young lady to write down the number of the month in which she was born, then multiply it by two, then add five, then multiply it by fifty, then to add her age, then to subtract fifty and three hundred and fifteen, then to add one hundred and fifteen, then to tell you the amount she has left. This amount is all you want. No matter how delicate she may be about her age you now have it in your possession.

Rapid Field Measuring

A device for rapidly measuring a field may be made by taking a hub or round block and nailing to it like the spokes of a wheel, eight sticks each thirty-two and a half inches long. The spokes at the end are twenty-four and three quarters inches apart. Roll this device along and one complete revolution will measure exactly one rod or sixteen and a half feet. The points should be flat and blunt because if

made sharp they would sink into the soft ground and spoil the accuracy of the measurer. It would be well to make one of these some rainy day for it can be used for a variety of purposes. The spoke that serves as a starting point should be painted or marked so it can be instantly distinguished from the others.

Easter Problem

It was Easter morn and Art and Will were quarreling about eggs. "Give me one," whined Art. "Then you'd have twice as many as I'd have," answered Will. "Why, I only have



one more than you now." Now both lads were speaking the truth and the question is, how many eggs had each? If you cannot figure out this simple question yourself, see next month's COMFORT.

One bright nephew writes me, he clips the Boys' Corner matter each month and has pasted them into an interesting and helpful scrap-book. Good suggestion, and I recommend it to you all. As our Editor says, Au Revoir, 'till next month.

Your loving
Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

you tell me about the farming operations and fruit raising in your little valley; especially would I like to see the farmers in your vicinity cultivating their orchards. You say that as soon as spring has come the farmers "prune" their trees. Can you explain to me why they do this? From your letter I gather that all the orchards in your valley are apple orchards. Why should the farmer "prune" an apple tree, and how do they do it? Do they buy a box of prunes and tie the prunes on the apple trees, or does the farmer sit on the apple tree and eat prunes and tie the prunes on the tree branches. I am very much interested in this prune business, as I prune myself once a week at least all the year round. Billy the Goat prunes himself at supper-time every night of the year, but I cannot see what earthly use there is in pruning apple trees. I never saw an apple tree eat prunes, and I never saw prunes growing on an apple tree, though I know quite a number of people in this world who are full of prunes, but I never knew any of them to have so many prunes to spare that they could afford to use them for arboreal decoration.

JUSTICE, W. VA., Dec. 21, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Here I come again. I have been a member of the League for two years, and enjoyed all the letters in COMFORT and your funny criticisms immensely. Well, uncle, I wish you could have been with me Christmas. I just eat so much turkey I could scarcely get my breath, and I would have liked to give Billy enough to pound him and maybe he couldn't eat so many of our letters. Uncle, I would try to describe myself. I am seventeen years old, have black hair, and eyes five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds. I live in the country on the farm on the bank of the Guyandotte river with my parents. I have six sisters and two brothers, and none of us girls are married, so they call us the seven wonders. So uncle, this is the very place for you. Do you like to boat ride and can you swim? Uncle imagine yourself in a boat with seven jolly girls, we would have such a time as you never read of before. Tell me uncle "dear" what kind of a time did you have Christmas? I hope you had a Merry Christmas and a great number of presents. I had my picture taken a short time ago, and I won't tell you just how pretty it is or you may fall heels over head in love with me. Uncle did you realize how near leap year is? And I don't want you to promise too, my girls your kind and loving heart and leave me out of the question. For fear Billy will get this I will ring off; would be delighted to hear from any of the cousins. I remain your loving niece,
MARY STAFFORD (No. 14,624).

Mary, I am very glad to get your letter, though I am worried about your eyes, as you say they are five feet, seven inches tall. That is one of the reasons dear, I am a little afraid to accept your Leap Year "proposal", though I think if I were to marry Mary as one of the girls suggested, if you had eyes five feet seven inches tall, you would see more than I wanted you to. You would certainly be able to keep an eye on me. I am sorry you had your picture taken. All the cousins seem to have had their pictures taken, and I think this thing ought to be stopped. The police ought to prevent these pictures being taken. For a poor girl to pay out a lot of money for photographs, and then have them taken is not right. We have our pictures made to keep, not to have them taken. I feel greatly flattered Mary, by your Leap Year proposal. I never knew exactly why they called this year Leap Year. I thought it would be better to call it proposal year, but the other day a cross-eyed old maid with a face on her that would stop a freight train, cook coffee, and break stones, came into my sanctum sanctorum and gave me twenty-four minutes to send for a minister. There was a wild, fierce light in her eye, her teeth wobbled as she frothed at the mouth, and she had claws on her that would have made a tiger blush for shame. I knew she meant business. She put her back to the door, phoned for a minister, and I sat there breathless until he came. "I am going to marry that," she said, and pointed at me. "Litch us up, quick." In another minute it would have been all up with yours truly. Then I remembered it was Leap Year, and you should have seen me leap! One leap, and I was through the window, sash and all went with me, and I went sashaying with the sash up the street, at three million miles a minute. They tried to telegraph me to come home, and that the woman had been arrested, but I went so fast no electric telegrams could catch me. I was up in Cape Nome, Alaska, before I sat down to take a breath. Fortunately for me, they had no windows up there, and as I had a window sash around my neck, and I

sold it for \$100, and that paid my way home.

Oh, I know all about Leap Year, but Mary if you come, I will not leap, from you, but instead I'll leap right into your arms, so come quick, th's loving heart is all yours—that is such sections of it as Billy the Goat has not eaten.

58 BERSHIRE PLACE, IRVINGTON, N. J.,
January 7th, 1908.

DEAR SIR:

Being a reader of COMFORT I have seen and read about people, sick and shut-ins, that live all over the country. Now this has set me to thinking of a way in which all the needy, those who are poor and friendless, could best be helped by those who are well, healthy and strong. And I have found that this can be done only in one way, the right way. And this way is by organizing a Sunshine or a COMFORT Mission Society. The readers of COMFORT can if they will, all give from one to five cents per month, and make all the poor, sick and helpless cripples happy. If only one thousand readers each gave five cents to this fund per month, it would amount to \$500.00 and to \$600.00 per year. Now if one hundred thousand readers of COMFORT, each gave one cent per month, it would amount to \$1,000.00 each month, and to \$12,000.00 per year. I am sure that each reader can spare from one to five cents and not miss it. A list should be printed each month of those who need help. A full report should be given about the work of the Society each month. There should be a general headquarters from which all distributions should be made, and the general headquarters to report each month on all work done, and all money distributed, and what use the money was used for, giving the names and addresses of the persons who were benefited by the society funds. I for one think that an organization of this kind, will and can do more for the very poor and helpless shut-ins than can be done in any other way. Now what do you think about this project of mine?
EDWARD H. OBERT.

Edward, I get about one hundred letters a week, similar to yours. Everyone has a scheme or a plan to raise money to put the sick and helpless on Easy Street. All those plans sound fine on paper. A man sits down and figures that if a thousand people give so much per week for a year, it will amount to so many dollars, then he sits down and figures, if ten thousand people gave so much a week, there would be ten times more than if one thousand gave. Then he gets so tickled to death with figuring money out of other people's pockets, it is not long before he has got millions of dollars, and sickness and suffering have vanished from the land, and every invalid is riding in a golden chair. These letters amuse me very much. I used to read them once, but Billy the Goat reads them now instead. People who write these letters, and indulge in financial dreaming, alas, know very little of human nature and the world. It is a very nice thing to sit down and figure money out of other people's pockets, but when it comes to getting it out, it is an entirely different matter. About three years ago I attempted to start a shut-in fund, and offered to receive subscriptions and distribute the money received amongst the worthy sick. After about three months of hard plugging, and an almost violent exhortation, I got something in the neighborhood of \$17. This was distributed in new one dollar bills to a number of poor souls. This little experience taught me that you cannot figure money out of other people's pockets. If people want to give that is their privilege but you cannot force them to and you should not try. The majority of people have all they can do to pay their way in this world and attend to their own sick, and as a rule there is very little left over to help that great army of suffering scattered all over this land. Granted that people would pay a certain small sum monthly, and one hundred thousand did do so, it would take a dozen people at least to attend to the clerical work of such a society, and I would have to devote all my time to it. The result would be it would cost about seventy-five cents to distribute every dollar that came in, no matter how economically the thing was worked. By my present plan of just giving you the names of worthy and deserving people, every dollar that is subscribed goes right to those who need it. There is not a single cent for expenses. I give many hours of valuable time to this work, and it is given cheerfully. It costs the Bureau of Charities in New York about ninety cents to distribute one dollar. That ninety cents goes in running down all the fakers, frauds and impostors who try to impose on them. That is why the honest unfortunates get so little. I don't intend that one cent of the money that the readers of COMFORT subscribe shall ever be eaten up in expenses. Another thing I notice, all those who plan and figure how easy it would be for other people to give money, never by any possible chance enclose anything to distribute themselves. If people would quit planning,

and begin giving we would get better results. The Sunshine Society of 96 Fifth Ave., New York is organized for this work and renders splendid service to the sick.

FISHTAIL, MONT., Jan. 25, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have read lots of the COMFORT letters, and I thought I would write. I am four feet, four inches tall, eleven years old, smooth face girl, fair complexion; auburn hair, one foot long. I have four brothers and to sisters. One mother, and mamma says I take right after my dad, but I did not catch him. I have brown eyes. Well I have got my supper, so I will finish.
P. S. You will have to excuse me for this time I didn't have no ink. Good by.
BERTHA WYATT.

Bertha, I am delighted to hear from you. I am afraid I do not pay as much attention to you little girls as I ought to do. Most of you write such short letters, there's hardly anything in them worth publishing, but yours is a bright little note, and it has got to go into print. The cousins kick about my living in a hen coop, but that is not half so bad as you who live in a fish tail. I should think when that fish wiggles his tail and goes through the water you must get quite damp, not to say wet. If you move off that fish tail Bertha, I will move out of my chicken coop. I am glad you are a smooth face girl. I should hate to think of you having a whole lot of mountains and hills on your face. You say you have got auburn hair. That is something new in the hair line. I have just asked my one hair if he is an auburn, and he says he is not but his mother was. What color is auburn hair, green or pink? Send me a couple of handfuls of your auburn hair, I would like to graft them on to my coconut, and see if they would grow. Toby and Billy the Goat are going to plow up my head this spring. Billy thinks with a little plowing and fertilizing, he could grow an elegant crop of goat's wool on my roof, but auburn hair I think would look better, so send yours along Bertha. You say you have "to" sisters. How many is that? That might be one, or it might be half a dozen. I am glad you have only one mother. Just think what a scramble there would be if you had half a dozen, and they all wanted to comb your auburn hair at once. It would be a mile long instead of a foot under conditions like that. You say you take right after Dad. I don't know whether that is a matter for congratulation or not. I took after my Dad, and that is why I have got a bald head, rap a bunch of spinach on my chin. If your papa gets bald and wears whiskers, and you cannot take after him what will you do? It is too terrible to think about. You say you "didn't have no ink." Then you must have had some ink if you did not have no ink. Remember dear, that a double negative makes an affirmative. I wish all the other cousins would remember this. We laugh at the Englishman for dropping his H's, but they do not indulge in double negatives as we do. Now mind, the fish tail Bertha, and do not forget the auburn hair. Give my love to dear old Montana, and write again soon.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Jan. 5th, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wonder if I can persuade you to listen to Arizona's little president a few minutes? Since

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How to Walk

"WHY how foolish," I hear you say, "everybody knows how to walk!" I admit that everybody—except the wee babies—can walk, but have you noticed how they walk? To walk well is a very rare and a very valuable accomplishment and I regret that so few women have it. No matter how old you are, how lined your face, how weary your eyes, if you have always walked, when you should and how you should, you will find that your figure retains an elasticity and youthfulness of motion that will prevent your ever looking old. One of the greatest actresses of this age, while fully sixty-two years old is renowned for her graceful and youthful walk. Looking at her from the audience in one of her great scenes, you would be willing to swear that she was not a day over twenty, so lightly does she glide around the stage, so embodied in her walk is the spring of an eternal youth.

To walk well and to walk much is a sure preventive of wrinkles, sallow skin and round shoulders. Another thing! Old age is very much afraid of a good walker. He is a very slow old body and if you only walk long enough, and fast enough, you need never be afraid of being caught up with. You may be an old woman in years but never in appearance, so I hope you will all go in for outdoor exercise with might and main.

To walk gracefully and well is just as important to a woman as making jelly preserves or cleaning house several times a week. All your life you have thought it absolutely necessary to do just so much cooking of pies and cakes and not fix firmly in your mind that it is more important to have good fresh air for your lungs and plenty of healthy and refreshing exercise for your muscles than it is to have plum pudding for your husband's dinner or chocolate fudge or molasses candy for your best beau when he calls in the evening? They would both rather see wife or sweetheart, with the happy glowing eyes, rosy cheeks and the serenity that proclaims perfect health, than eat the best pudding or candy that ever has been or ever will be made. Just try it, girls, and see if it doesn't work out this way.

You may say you have no time to walk, but I want you to slight some one thing each day and devote the time gained to a good long tramp. Gradually you will find it isn't necessary to slight anything in order to take the daily walk. No, your health will be so much improved, your brains so much more active, your outlook upon the daily worries so much more cheerful, that what once took imperfect health, tired hands and feet and a discouraged mind two hours to do, will now be accomplished in half the time.

Walking is a simple, easy exercise and beautiful as well. The sensible girl and woman, out taking the air in a plain sensible dress, hat and shoes is a sight for "air e'en". Her dress is ankle length, intended for a long tramp. Her hair fluffy and neatly arranged so that hairpins will not be dislodged. Her shoes are thick soled, low heeled and comfortable. Such a woman passes by my window every morning, and often my mind goes "a-walkin'" with this "unknown lady" while my body stays at home and works. This unknown friend of mine has such a jaunty, happy air, such a quick, firm tread, such an appearance of perfect health that I only wish you girls could see her. She has the ideal step, fairly long, yet not long enough to be mannish or stagey. Her limbs swing freely from the hips with absolute stiffness of the knee. She walks correctly with the body bent slightly from the waist line, the chest thrown out and leading the whole body. This may all sound very easy but let me tell you, my dear girls, out of the hundreds of people who pass my window daily, she is the only one who walks correctly. Another girl passes by every morning taking her dogs out for an airing. She is very handsome, very elaborately dressed—very correctly dressed I may say—but how she walks! Arms going like a windmill, striding out like a man! Horrible to look upon, and as people turn to gaze and gaze again, it is not from admiration. This girl will secure health in these forced marches of hers but all grace and beauty of womanly carriage will be sacrificed. This manly stride is quite appropriate for her younger brother whom she



THE GRACEFUL POISE.

copies, but not for a well-bred woman. There are many exercises one may practice in order to obtain the perfect walk. Carry a book on the top of the head for ten minutes each day, being careful that it does not fall off, and in a little while this will give you the erect head and perfect poise of body essential to the health and comfort of one who desires to walk well and gracefully at all times. A beautiful walk should consist of a series of gliding movements each one melting into the next, with no perceptible break or jerk. The book exercise given above will assist you

in getting the walk which poets from times immemorial have called "swanlike." Never take the short choppy step so common to stout people, this makes you look extremely awkward and that is exactly what you want to avoid. You must not walk too rapidly as it is very wearing, shortens your breath and is somewhat of a strain on the heart.

There is a step called the "military step" from being chiefly noticeable in men belonging to the army or some military organization. In this walk they keep the knee perfectly stiff, and thus gain a very martial air. But unless you want to look like an Officer of Marines, girls, bend the knee!

Another step called the "roll of the jolly tar" is often seen in very fat women, who go down the street like a steam-roller out for a holiday. This step may be all right for "those who tread the ocean wave," but on hard unyielding asphalt or country road it looks a trifle odd.

Then there is the much talked of Grecian bend, in which the body is held backward in walking and is particularly stiff and unattractive to say nothing more. The kangaroo, the hocky and college walk are only for silly young girls who don't know any better, and I am sorry to say that there is a very large number of them.

A person's walk is very characteristic of themselves. The firm decided woman has a firm even step and always comes down on the ball of her foot. The timid little woman, with no mind of her own and who lets every one run over her has a shrinking little walk which practically says to every one she meets "I'm too timid to live". Then right behind her comes the slipshod woman who washes her breakfast dishes in the evening, sweeps the dust under the chairs where it won't show, and thinks it too hot for house-cleaning in the spring and too cold in the fall. This woman goes along with a slouching irregular step and when you see her, worn down heels and wrinkled toes (no matter how new the shoes are) you have a good index to her character. So be careful of your walk, dear friends, as it has a way of telling tales out of school, and another thing I want you to remember is to leave all your worries behind you when you go out for your daily walk. American women have a bad way of carrying all their household worries with them into the outer world and so lose half the enjoyment and benefit which comes from a change of scene. This reminds me of a funny little story I heard the other day which gives a point to the above. An Englishman over here for the first time came back from a long street car ride through the city with a very depressed air. A friend trying to account for this asked him if he had been to a funeral. "No," he said sadly. "Well then, what in the world is the matter with you? You look as if you had been in a tragedy." The Englishman looked up and said, "I have. I sat for two hours this morning opposite a very pretty woman with a broken plate in her face."

To reduce too large hips or develop them when necessary and at the same time acquire the graceful gliding walk so much desired, the exercise given below is very useful. Get a good stout dry-goods box and stand on it, holding firmly to some solid object. Let one foot hang down the side of the box and stretch it out as far as possible and then swing it backward and forward. Repeat this exercise with first one foot and then the other giving as long a swing and stretch as is possible, without risking a tumble.

Here are a few rules to observe for the girl who wants to know how to walk.

Always step on the ball of your foot when walking. Bend slightly forward from the waist line. Keep your toes pointed out. Do not jerk. Keep in step.

Do not wear "broken plates in your face."

I am not going to advise you to walk so many minutes or hours each day as I do not think that such a cut-and-dried rule can be applied to everyone with success. I realize that the woman who has a great deal of running up and down stairs, and many steps to take each day does not need as much exercise as she who sits sewing, mending or embroidering from morning until night. However, everyone, no matter how active they are indoors, should have a daily stroll in the open air.

Speaking of running up and down stairs I want to caution you against climbing the stairs faster than a walk. Many a case of heart failure has been caused by running quickly up a long flight of stairs. The correct way of mounting them is to keep your body perfectly erect, step on the balls of the feet only and raise yourself from the ball of the foot. Another thing you must not do is to walk upstairs with your toes turned in. Nothing is more laughable than to watch a woman all bent over toiling up stairs with feet pointing in to avoid catching the skirt and perfectly unconscious of the fact that she looks in the rear like a particularly awkward duck.

Glide along like a swan, first, last and always.

Don't forget my "How to Walk."

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Lorraine.—Write editor again.

Bettie, Augusta, Wis.—You are a typical blonde. You are a few pounds over weight.

Ida M. E.—Make bags of cheesecloth three inches by three inches, and partly fill with Quaker oats or rolled oats. Overcast edges and use as you would a wash cloth. A bag can be used twice. Wash the milky substance off with warm water.

Mrs. T. F., Ohio.—See reply to Ida M. E., in this column. Do not use rouge. Try the hot water cure.

Bonnie Girl.—You weigh two pounds too much. Read article in December number.

Miss Ann C.—I think the treatment you mention is good.

Muriel.—Your mother is right. Do not use patent medicines on your skin. Put lemon juice on your hands at night to whiten them. Massage them each day with face cream.

Rainbow, Seattle.—Rub skin food on your red nose and powder it. Begin the hot water cure for the dark circles under your eyes.

Anxiously waiting Twenty.—It is impossible for me to send out things. Your druggist ought to have Aqua Ammonia and Peroxide. Try again.

Miss M. C. P.—To make a dimple dissolve gum arabic in cool water, making a thick paste. Apply this where you desire a dimple and press gently with the blunt end of a pencil. Hold in this position for ten minutes, no more. Keep this up each day for several months.

G. E. W.—Lanoline is in form of a cream. Rubbing on your lips will make them soft. Put lemon in the last rinsing water when washing your hair.

Brown-eyed Emma.—Your sister's height is correct. Tell her to wear her dresses four inches above her shoulders. Fourteen years old is not too young to wear shirt-waist and skirt. See reply to G. M. P. and E. H. S. in last number of COMFORT. Use red vaseline on eyebrows to increase growth.

M. M. M.—I know nothing of the recipes you inclose. No doubt, they are good. I should think it would be very disagreeable to leave a mixture like that on your face for three days.

Mrs. J. E. E.—If you cannot get the Quaker oats take the next best brand.

Hopeless Case.—Your questions are answered in various parts of this column.

Mrs. S. B., Tex.—I am very much interested in your letter, and think you will find several things in this column of service to you. I cannot write personal letters or I should be glad to write you.

Seattle.—Take the Milk Diet.

Bashful Girl and others interested in the cure for superfluous hair.—Peroxide of Hydrogen and Aqua Ammonia will kill a superfluous growth of hair if used persistently. Go to a druggist and buy a bottle of Peroxide and a bottle of Aqua Ammonia. These liquids must be applied separately, do not mix them. Use the peroxide one day, the ammonia the next and keep this up for five or six months. Pour a little of the liquid into your palm and dampen the part covered with the growth of hair. Do not use depilatories or pastes while taking this treatment. Cutting the hair off only strengthens it. It doesn't make any difference what time of the day you apply it. You should always wash the part clean with soap and water before applying either one of the liquids. Ammonia is poison if taken internally. I am asking you to apply it externally. I do not think it would affect moles or warts. Some skins may be irritated by the use of ammonia, in which case apply peroxide for two days in succession, the third day the ammonia and keep this up until the skin has become accustomed to the treatment, then go back to the original peroxide one day, the ammonia the next. Peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility and the ammonia kills the roots. In cases of hair growing low on the neck you could dispense with peroxide and use the ammonia only, the treatment will take five or six months. Do not use sage tea for red hair.

Fern Leaf.—Equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice make about the best and most successful bleach for freckles. Mix mixture on freckles night and morning. Do not be alarmed by skin flaking off. A remedy that does not cause flaking off of the skin is useless. If skin becomes irritated wash with buttermilk and apply cold cream at night. No, you still have to get your wisdom teeth.

Booth.—No, I am of Irish and Scotch descent. It would be nice if we were related.

Mrs. W. H. H., Mo.—Just use ammonia.

Mrs. A.—Drink eight glasses of hot water each day for sallow skin, two glasses half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. You will soon have a good complexion and a healthy stomach.

Wild Rose.—Yes hair nets are fashionable, but I do not think them at all pretty. With a thin small face, you should wear a medium sized pompadour. Your back hair is arranged becomingly and correctly. You should weigh ten pounds more.

Just One Girl.—See reply to Mrs. A.

Miss Sue A.—To reduce excessive fat at base of neck, try the slapping cure. Slap the base of your neck vigorously keeping it up for ten minutes. Slap hard enough to make the tears come. These sharp blows demolish the fat cells. To plump arms and elbows bathe them first in hot water then rub in olive oil. It will be a month probably, before you notice much improvement. Lemon juice rubbed on hands and arms will whiten them or you could use Peroxide of Hydrogen as a bleach. To obtain rosy cheeks, drink hot water, two glasses half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. For blackheads wash your face before going to bed with soap and hot water then take a handful of soap jelly (get it at the druggist) spread it over the face and let it remain for fifteen minutes. Now wash off with warm water in which one teaspoonful of powdered borax has been dissolved. Finish by massaging face with skin food. Do this twice a week, on other nights see to it that your face is bathed and clean before going to bed.

Katie.—Olive oil will make you plump. Rolled oats are what you should use. For enlarged pores spread white of egg on surface of skin. Do this every day. I would let my mole alone. Pull hair out with tweezers.

Nellie.—The dimples in a hand should be at the knuckles. Massage with olive oil will plump your hands and probably make the dimples come. It will take several months. See reply to Miss Sue A.

Sis.—Use lemon juice for stains on hands. For enlarged throat see reply to Miss Sue A. unless by enlarged throat you mean a goiter which case consult a doctor. Here is a good formula to cure dandruff: Forty-eight grains of resorcin, one fourth ounce of glycerine, diluted alcohol to fill a two ounce bottle. Apply every night, rubbing in well.

Mayme A., and others.—See replies to Fern Leaf and Bashful Girl.

L. M.—Get the toilet ammonia. All ammonia is kept in the bulk I think.

Wee Little Girl.—See reply to Fern Leaf and Miss Sue A. Freckles never come unless a girl has a good skin, don't be discouraged. I don't believe they look badly.

Distressed Girl.—Leave moles alone. They are dangerous things to meddle with. See reply to Fern Leaf. This is very expensive.

Miss Margaret B., Miss Etta, Blanche B., Mrs. Ann G., Manas Girl and others interested in Milk Diet will find full reply to their questions in following paragraph.

For people employed in offices or occupied with housework so it is impossible for them to go to bed, I advise their taking two quarts of milk each day and one meal. The meal should be in the evening and must be composed of fresh vegetables, nourishing soups, plainly cooked meats, beefsteak preferably. No fried food of any description, no coffee or tea. No fruit. Take a glass of milk every half hour through the day until the four quarts are all taken. This is for those at home. If employed in an office, take one quart for breakfast and three raw eggs, for lunch two quarts through noon hour, dinner at 6:30, then about 8:30 drink remaining milk. Milk must be held in mouth for about five seconds. Milk must not be heated. Hot water treatment cannot be taken at the same time. Milk Diet can be discontinued when desired weight has been gained. Do not gratify continued craving for food. The milk nourishes you sufficiently, the stomach has the food habit, that is all. Leave off all fruits. Milk Diet will develop the bust wonderfully, average gain in body weight from two to seven pounds a week. Take milk weight from two to three pounds a week. Milk improves the complexion, cures stomach trouble, gives healthy blood, cures nervousness, insomnia, helps kidney trouble. Bowels may move from one to three times a day. If you desire to take raw eggs with this diet, take one in the morning, one at noon, one at 6:30 in the evening.

Starlight, Mich.—Do not use niter. Coffee must be given up on a Milk Diet.

Mae Rivers.—Beauty Bags will not close enlarged pores but white of egg applied to surface of skin will after a time. Wash face with whiteness in the morning. Milk Diet is what you need.

Ella G., Mt. Calm.—Cold cream and skin food will not cause growth on face. Do not use olive oil or coconut oil for face.

L. E. S.—Take hot water treatment for one month then milk treatment given above.

Pearle H.—Take hot water treatment one month then milk and raw egg treatment. Yes you can eat anything you like when milk treatment is discontinued. Keep up treatment until you are O. K. again.

Miss Rachel T. K.—Take hot water treatment one month then milk treatment.

Lilac Blossom.—See reply to L. E. S. and Miss Margaret B.

Discouraged.—Yes Milk Diet will cure red nose but you must give up eating sweet things.

Anxious Wife.—Take hot water treatment for one week then Milk Diet. See reply to Miss Margaret B. Milk will develop the bust wonderfully.

Red Rose.—Of course you can improve your complexion and develop your bust. Take hot water treatment for two weeks then milk treatment. See reply to Miss Margaret B.

The Yakima Girl.—See reply to Miss Margaret B. The Milk Diet will plumpen you. Try it.

Edythe.—Wear light golden brown and cinnamon color. Formula for skin food is as follows: Spermaceti one half ounce, lanoline one ounce, sweet almond oil two ounces, lanoline one ounce, coconut oil one ounce, tincture benzoin three drops, orange flower water one ounce. Have this put up at your druggist.

Purple Dress.—Olive oil makes the eyelashes grow. Massage holes. You should weigh about one hundred and fifteen pounds. Write to Editor, COMFORT, about Beauty Bags. I do not sell Resorcin Tonic. For dry hair use this tonic: Forty-eight grains resorcin, one fourth ounce of glycerine, diluted alcohol to fill two ounce bottle. Apply to scalp every night.

Mrs. O. S., Ore.—Milk Diet as given in reply to Miss Margaret B. will develop bust, strengthen all the organs, and overcome your nervousness.

Cassie Brooks.—See reply to Miss Margaret B. in this column. You will find the disagreeable conditions you mention pass away if the treatment is taken as given above.

Sunset.—You should weigh at least one hundred and forty pounds. Bust, thirty-eight; waist, twenty-three, hips, forty-two. Wear hair in fluffy pompadour, puffed out over ears and not very high on top. Wear back hair quite full like an all around pompadour. Yes, take milk treatment; it will make you plump.

Clara, Weatherholtz.—To make soap jelly, shave up a cake of castile soap, pour over it one quart of hot water, but until soap has dissolved and water is thickening. Take off the stove and let it cool.

Little Texas and others interested in the cure of blackheads see reply to Miss Sue A., Clara Weatherholtz and take hot water treatment.

Discouraged Girl.—Massage open pores and see replies to Mae Rivers and Miss Sue A.

Mrs. E. V. H. Y.—See reply to Miss Sue A. and Mae Rivers.

Miss Anna A.—See reply to Clara Weatherholtz. Keep cloths on face until they cool.

Miss Ellen.—For dimples and blackheads take hot water treatment and see reply to Miss Sue A. To stop dandruff see reply to Sis. For falling hair try massage of the scalp with yellow vaseline.

Mrs. J. E. Ma.—St. Louis, Mo.—Letter bore no address and envelope did not reach me. Do not advise milk treatment until the condition you spoke of has passed away. Will explain if you send address as your case is an exceptional one.

Blue-eyed Bessie.—To banish the lines around your mouth, massage delicately across wrinkles, holding the skin tight with the other hand. Do this fifteen minutes each day. You should also take this exercise: Hold your lips together and fill cheeks with air until the air escapes rapidly. Do this twenty-five times. Massage forehead wrinkles across the line, holding skin taut with other hand. Be careful not to frown or squint as this makes the wrinkles deeper. Always massage wrinkles across the line. Write COMFORT for Beauty Bags.

Ugly Widow.—See reply to Blue-eyed Bessie. Formula for skin food is given to Edythe in this column. Your face needs careful massage each day for thirty minutes. Take my hot water cure; it will give you a clearer skin. Do not use the preparation you mention.

Mrs. Elizabeth R.—Do not use the aromatic vinegar at the present time. See reply to Miss Sue A.

Mrs. Knopp.—About the only way to remove moles is the electric needle and even then it is apt to cause a cancerous growth. Better let well enough alone.

E. M. S.—To banish scar, try massage. Rub the scar with the tips of the finger pressing gently. Rub this paste into the scar once a day. To lessen scars. Lanolin four drams, ointment of biniodine and mercury, two drams. Once a day apply this lotion. Alcohol one ounce, rose-water one ounce, tannic acid two drams, boracic acid, two drams.

Darling.—Your dear little letter received. See my reply to Mrs. Knopp. To remove brownness from neck use this lotion. Boracic acid one dram, distilled white hazel two ounces, rose-water two ounces. First bathe your neck in very hot water then apply lotion. Good by "little lady of the house."

Miss Lelliah, Wis.—See reply to Mrs. Knopp. See replies to Sis and Mrs. Ellen J.

M. P. B.—To get rid of warts, raise the skin by means of a strong needle or nail scissors and peel it off, then apply colorless iodine.

C. M. H., Ill.—Have mixture put up by druggist. Why not use lemon juice as a whitener for your hands. It is very good for that purpose.

Sunny Side.—See reply to M. P. B. and C. M. H., Ill.

Western Girl.—You are too full bloated. Take cold baths and drink lots of cold water.

Brown-eyed Bettie.—See reply to Miss Sue A. Wear rubber gloves while doing housework. This will save your hands. Formula for Vaucaire Bust Developer is as follows: Four hundred grains of simple sirup, ten grains of lactophosphate of lime, ten grains of tincture of fenel and ten grains of extract of galega. Have druggist put it up for you and use only the very freshest materials. Take two soupspoonfuls before each meal. Massage bust daily for fifteen minutes with warm cocoa butter, using delicate circular movements. Stimulate the bust by dashing cold water over it night and morning.

Mrs. Edgar R.—Rub olive oil with the palm of the hand. See reply to Miss Sue A. Massage face with skin food, formula given to Edythe.

Blue-eyed Lilly.—You are the right weight for your age. See reply to Miss Sue A. It will take two or three months, so don't be discouraged. Wear rubber gloves when doing housework. Take my hot water cure for muddy complexion.

Libby.—Bathe your hands in cool water in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved. Do this several times a day and I think the perspiration will stop.

Discouraged E.—Yes, you can get well. Take my Milk Diet. See reply to Miss Margaret B. No, do not take Vaucaire Bust Developer at the same time, your bust will develop without it. Take hot water treatment before you begin Milk Diet with four quarts of milk, one meal, try to take three raw eggs each day, night, morning and evening.

Sweet Rosebud.—To make hair grow massage with yellow vaseline, every night until the scalp is pink and glowing. Take Milk Diet to develop bust or Vaucaire Bust Developer. See replies to Miss Margaret B. and Brown-eyed Bettie.

Everyone Interested in Bust Development.—See reply to Miss Margaret B. and Brown-eyed Bettie and they will find their questions fully answered.

Grace L. and Others Interested in Clear Complexions.—To cure eruptions try the old-fashioned remedy, made of sulphur and molasses. You can take my hot water treatment for purifying the blood for three months. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, a bath every day, give up eating pastries, candies, rich foods, sauces, etc. Eat only plainly cooked foods and plenty of vegetables and fruit. Eat carrots and lots of them. Wash your face in buttermilk and keep it clean.

Lizzie Williams.—To stop falling hair apply this tonic to scalp each night, forty grains of Resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of alcohol and witch-hazel.

Goldie.—See answer to Sonoma Girl in March number.

C. C. H., Colo.—Your questions are answered in this column.

Wisconsin Girl.—Drink two quarts of milk a day. See reply to Miss M. C. P. in first column.

Mrs. M. A.—You should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Your other questions are answered. Read each one carefully.

In Despair.—Do not be discouraged. The Milk Diet, followed with regularity will bring the hoped-for results.

Bonnie Mary.—We have never known the hot water cure to fail. Massage the hands every night with olive oil.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

the list of "shut-ins" have been growing larger, and the appeals more pathetic. I have also been doing some hard thinking, and as a result, am writing you to suggest this plan. That each state have a list of shut-ins to remember. For instance in January number of COMFORT are printed the names of Miss Azubah Lee, James C. Shirah, Fred W. Blizell, and numerous other names. Now suppose you ask the cousins of Arizona to remember Miss Lee, the California cousins to help James Shirah, and so on through the list. This, of course, would be extra trouble for you, but I am sure the invalids and poor would reap a greater harvest. As it is, there are a few who appeal to one greatly, and are apt to receive help bountifully, while there are others who will be neglected. Whereas if each state had a special person (or persons) to look after, all would be more equally provided for. I hope I have made myself clear, and that I am not doing wrong in making this suggestion to you. I want to help these poor unfortunate people, and will, as much as I am able to; but often I have neglected doing it, because I didn't know which one of the cases would appeal strongest to the majority, and at all times wanted to send to those who would receive the least. Your loving niece,
LAURA SORRELLS.

Thanks Laura for your letter, but I haven't space to do as you suggest. For my part I think the best idea would be for the cousins to take an interest in the shut-ins who reside in their home states. Look through the shut-in list, and if there is a shut-in mentioned in your state, attend to him (or her) in preference to one outside the state. I wanted to perfect state organizations, and appointed presidents and vice-presidents in most of the states. But it is all very well to appoint officers, and another thing to make them work. If you do not find a shut-in mentioned in our list who resides in your home state, help those outside your state. By this method everyone would receive some attention. The trouble at present is one gets all and the others get nothing, or next to nothing. One case seems to appeal more strongly to the sympathy of the readers than another. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Quebec, Canada, only received five letters for Christmas, and they contained nothing. If we could have divided all that was sent to the shut-ins for Christmas, I am very sure that each would have had at least \$5 in money and quite a few gifts besides. Let us see how my suggestion works. Help those who are close to you, and become acquainted with them. John Gordon of 2419 South 24th St., Omaha, Neb., the poor boy with the broken back, whose letter appeared in our November issue, will move into his house about the first of May. Those who are building it are providing two or three extra rooms for an attendant. If there is anyone who would like to help to look after this poor boy, they can get free rent and fuel as part compensation for their services. Gordon's home is unfurnished. The Omaha people ought to have enough furniture to fix him up, but it seems to me many of you have articles that could be easily mailed or expressed to him, such as linen, towels, wearing apparel and other simple house articles. I have sent him knife, fork, tea and soup spoons. We are now eating our soup through our fingers. This may give you an idea of what would be useful to him. Mrs. A. F. Thompson of Oxford, Maine, received \$20 as a result of our appeal, but is still too weak to work.

INDIANA, R. D. 8, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I suppose you saved my last letter for Billy the Goat. I hope it tasted good. I have two cats. One I call Flossie Jane, and the other Mattie Maria. I was fourteen years old the 26th of this month. I have light curly hair and fair complexion. I was at school today. I have about one mile to go to school. How many of the cousins like to go to school? I do. Our teacher's name is Mr. Joseph C. White. I was born in Minnesota, but when eight years old, papa, mamma, and I ran I have no brothers or sisters) moved to Pennsylvania. I live on a farm, seven miles from Indiana, which is a thriving little town of 10,000 inhabitants, with two flouring mills, two railroads, the B. & P. and Pa. Central, and also a street car line. I can do any kind of housework. I like to do any kind of work inside or out. I can play the organ. I have a large candy jar, in it I have things that my schoolmates and friends gave me to remember them by. Any of the cousins wish to give me something for it I shall thank them very much, and uncle if you talk pretty nice to the editor and get him to print my letter, I will cut it out and put it in my jar.

I must close, please Uncle Charlie don't let Billy eat this. Good by uncle, cousins and all, from your niece, ALICE FEHNER (No. 14,741).

Alice, I am glad to hear from you. I am sorry that Billy the Goat got your letter, when last you wrote. You see, dear, I can only print about one letter in a thousand. I used to keep all the letters that came in until I got the house and cellar full, then I got the barn full, then I got the town full, and finally I got so many letters, that the whole city of Augusta had to emigrate to another town site. The reason I live in a chicken coop is because my house is full of the letters that I have preserved from you cousins. Finally the letters got so numerous that there was not room for any summer boarders to get into Maine, and I had to let Billy the Goat eat those I could not use. Probably you are not aware of the fact Alice, that there is more mail passing through the Augusta post-office, than almost any city in the United States outside of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. This is all due to the fact that COMFORT is published in this section of the globe.

Now about your letter. You say that your town has too flouring mills. I regret deeply that they are too floury. I suppose they flour so much that you get smothered in flour. You also say that you have too railroads. Strange to think of a young lady kicking because she has too many things. As a rule the more flour mills and railroads we have the better we like it. But oh, Alice one sentence in your letter has greatly excited me. You say: "I like to do any kind of work, inside or out." Is it possible that you can work both inside and out? Most of us can only work one way. When I split wood I split it outside, but as you can do things inside or out, I presume you would split wood inside. Could you dig post holes inside or out? Churn butter or milk cows, inside or out? Really Alice you must have an accommodating interior if you can carry on all those operations both inside and out. The only work I do inside is trying to digest some of Maria's biscuits or absorbing half a yard of pie. Occasionally Billy the Goat does a lot of work both inside and out. He ate a couple of brick houses last night, and the owners are proud today and want me to pay rent for them. When you play the organ do

you play it inside or out? I play most of my organs inside. Maybe Alice when you write next time you will tell us how you manage this inside and outside business. I would like to get on the outside track just now. I send you a kiss to put in your candy jar. You can put it inside or out.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:
The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for April

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.)

All appeals must positively be accompanied by references from responsible persons.

The purpose of this League is to bring comfort, cheer, sunshine, and when possible substantial aid, to the friendless, helpless, destitute sick. Appeals will be made for no other class.

It is impossible for the League to extend help to widows and orphans, and the deaf and blind. We are compelled owing to lack of space

to confine our sunshine work to the destitute sick.

Samuel Duncan, Salem, Oconee, S. C. Wants reading matter and cheer in letters. Tillie Seller (24), Marshall, Minn. Deaf, also has incurable ulcer. Lonely and despondent, owing to sickness. Cheer her up. H. Stanley Bent, late of Turbine, Tenn. Has gone to Jacksonville, Fla. Care of J. W. Girvin, and will be glad to hear from his friends. Mrs. Rippetoe, Marvel, W. Va. Her little daughter writes: "Mamma has been always sick, won't you send her some sunshine?" David Clayburn (20), Helena, Fentress Co., Tenn. Poor boy has lung trouble, wants to get to New Mexico for his health. All you in New Mexico, who are interested, please write him. W. H. Grasser, Clarkston, Wash. Invalid, unable to work, has four children, wife delicate. Has a valuable invention that might make him independent. Worthy case. Help him. Victoria Butler (16) Decturville, R. D. 1, Tenn. Poor little afflicted girl. Alone with mother who also is sickly. Victoria has heart trouble, only weighs sixty-five pounds. Open your hearts here. H. P. Layton, 1822 Jones Ave., San Antonio, Tex. Harvey is a journalist and has been sick for some years. Send for his hand-made book, it is a work of art. J. D. McLennan, Guilford, Fla. Crippled, helpless and poor. Needs substantial aid, reading matter and clothing acceptable. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel P. O., Prov. Quebec, Canada (32). Crippled for nineteen years, very anxious to go to a hospital for treatment. Birthday April 21st. Who will remember him? Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Will be grateful for any remembrance. Charlie Tickner, 1118 N. 10th St., Atchison, Kans. Wheel chair broken down, too poor to get it mended. Mrs. Le Roy Cowles, West Derby, Vt. Confined to her bed for a year. Husband troubled with rupture and heart failure. Would be grateful for canned goods, or any help. Mrs. J. M. Morris, Soperton, R. D. 4, Ga. Crippled for twenty years, would like geranium cuttings, plant bulbs, or flower seeds, and reading matter of any kind. Munroe Blackman (26), Box 24, Beasley, R. D. 2, N. C. Helpless invalid, terrible case of rheumatism, unable to move for the last three years and a half. Pleads for a wheel chair. If you would only win these chairs, he could have one. Remember him please. Mrs. Louverna Hope, has moved to Edmonton, Ky., and will be glad to hear from her friends. Luther T. McFarland, Berea, R. D. 1, N. C. Twenty-three years of age, confined to bed for five years. Unable to move without help, can only lie on one side, valvular heart trouble. Depends on mother and fifteen-year-old brother for support. Grateful for any assistance, reading matter and cheerful letters. Would like a wheel chair if possible. Mrs. Ida Clark, Henryville, Tenn. Recovering from a long illness, would like cheery letters. Just buried little girl of three. Hattie Hart, Canton, R. D. 2, Kans. Wheel chair broken. Send her cheery letters. Miss A. C. Meador, Wolcott, Va. Wants silk pieces for quilt, cannot walk, grateful for any remembrance. Mrs. Catherine Austen, Uffington, W. Va. Mrs. Austen is sixty-eight years old. Has not stood on her feet for sixteen years. Would like cheery letters and reading matter.

There's a list that will keep you busy. Remember we want no less than two thousand new League members this month. Chairs are needed desperately bad, help us earn them.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the "best and dearest" husband in the world. We are farmers and I certainly enjoy farm life. Can anyone tell me of something to remove rust on the top of my cook stove?

To preserve a broom dip it in your boiling suds every week.

A strong tea made of garden sage is a first-class hair tonic.

Camphor will remove peach stain.

Take a whisk broom to sprinkle clothes for ironing.

Coal oil will take out new paint and clean wringer rollers.

Dust your furniture with a coal oiled rag; it can't "be beat."

Mrs. Albert Stephens. I would like to meet you, come again.

Mrs. Sarah Douglas's letter was interesting. I taught one term of school before I was married and liked it, but don't believe I would have enjoyed teaching in those days.

Try Mrs. Thompson's way of flavoring cake; it is just right.

Mrs. G. True. I believe you are about seventy years old, how about it? What a fine little woman you are.

Bessie Smart. If all stepmothers were like you how different some homes would be.

Will someone send me the book "Leonie Locke." Also the words to the song "When the Leaves Came Drifting Down." I will return them. I am a guitar player and enjoy singing. I have the words to about two hundred and fifty songs, anyone wishing any of them send stamped envelope.

Edith Lambert. Send to me for "Rip Van Winkle." I have it.

All please write me.

MRS. DORA BARNARD, Archie, R. D. 1, Mo.

If you have not renewed or extended your subscription to COMFORT-DO IT NOW while the price is only 15 cents a year, or 35 cents for two years.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In looking over the letters, I have seen but few from this state. I live in Illinois; this part of the state has many fertile farms and very large orchards; we did not have many apples last year.

The sisters may like to know my surroundings. I am twenty-five years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion. I have been married seven years, and we have two little blue-eyed girls.

The oldest is Gladys three years old, and little Margaret ten months and the pride of our home. I have a dear good husband and he knows how to cook when he has to. Last winter he cooked and kept house two weeks, for I was not able to work. I have poor health most of the time. One of the sisters said her husband could not cook if he starved; that's hard for her.

Mrs. Geo. C. Cole. I think you are about right, the sisters ought to write.

Mrs. E. Cates. I liked your little poem about baby fingers. I wish we had more like you.

The following remedies may be helpful:

For Croup

Take equal parts whiskey, linseed oil, and strained honey, put in a bottle and shake well before taking; (dose) take teaspoon half full three or four times a day.

For Hoarseness

Tie a black silk ribbon or silk string on the child's neck and there won't be any more croup.

For Diarrhea

I get calamus, wash and peel. Take a piece about two inches long, cut lengthwise, put in a cup, pour boiling water over it, about four table-spoonfuls, sweeten to taste. Let the child drink it and I don't think it will need anything else.

I should be pleased to receive letters from any of the sisters. Be sure to write your addresses plainly.

MRS. NETTIE ETHERTON, Etherton, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

Some of you will, perhaps, remember my last letter written from Liberty, Mo., giving a short

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



Latest Photograph of MISS WILSON
592 E. 43d St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Danderine

GREW MISS WILSON'S HAIR

AND WE CAN

PROVE IT

DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

Dear Doctor Knowlton—

Before I began using Danderine my hair was falling out in great handfuls, and I am pleased to say that Danderine not only stopped it at once, but has made my hair grow more than twice as long as it ever was.

Sincerely yours,

CARRIE WILSON.

NOW at all drugists in three sizes,
25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Danderine enjoys a greater sale in America than any other one preparation regardless of kind or brand, and it has a much greater sale than all of the other hair preparations in the world combined.

CUT THIS OUT

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the
KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., Chicago, Ill.,
with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever till Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he honors his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promising to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever till Death." The good nurse keeps the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the lodge. It's a woman's privilege to chase her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She sends her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. His life is in danger. "By the memory of the dead past, beware!" The major's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound. A happy group gather in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The doctor opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of might." It means cold-blooded murder, and the doctor drives furiously toward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice places in Inez's hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor. Dr. Morosini condones his suspicions to Frank Braddon who is in love with Marion Morosini.

Inez meets her husband. The greeting is not as she expects. They enter a closed carriage the mask is thrown off and Inez recognizes her Uncle Sebastian. Why has he deceived her so—where is her husband—why is she torn from her friends. Her husband removed he becomes her guardian. He conducts her to her chamber, closes and locks an outer door, then she knows no more. Sebastian Del Puente enters his wife's room. Has she love for the wife of Ross Delmore? Sebastian leaves his wife; he goes to the cave where Ross Delmore is bound hand and foot. Aline follows. In six hours the rising water will do its deadly work. Aline hurries home. Her husband returns. He takes refreshments. There is drowsiness and a surging in his brain. Ross Delmore hears the sound of oars. Aline severs the ropes that bind him. He appears as a retired sea captain.

Frank Braddon returns to the lodge. He listens to Dr. Morosini's "Testimony of the Dagger," and believes that Ross Delmore meets foul play. Pattie Murphy in the guise of Bridget O'Reilly goes to Dr. Morosini's as a peddler woman. She gives him a note. "It's for doctor's stuff," said the man that gave it to me. "You give it for nothing!" The doctor reads the strange prescription: "The tiger leaves no track in the jungle. Caution is better than courage—wait, watch and hope!" Dr. Morosini recognizes Ross Delmore's handwriting.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED).

AS Bridget O'Reilly, wending her way towards Milton, reached Murphy's cabin, a sudden hesitation seemed to seize her. She passed, went on, paused, and went on again, and at length, by a deep sigh, attracted the attention of Katie Murphy, who stood with her pretty arms in the washtub, near the garden gate.

"Well, good mother, are you tired? Come in and rest while, and let us have a peep at your basket," said the girl kindly; "though you would make a poor bargain here—for it's little cash we have and less credit."

"The heavens bless yer purty face, there's some things Bridget O'Reilly neither buys nor sells, and good luck is one of them! Let me tell your fortune, purty maid," and Bridget hobbled in, and took a seat on the wash-bench.

"My fortune?" said the girl, with shy eagerness. "Can you tell fortunes?"

"Thy me," said Bridget, triumphantly. "Let me see yer hand. Throth, and a beautiful fortune it is! There's yer young husband, that's to be in a year from now; and it's a dying with love for ye he is now, though he don't dare to breathe a wurrud, for fear of yer ould rir of a father, that would break ivery bone in his skin. But 'twill all come right in the ind, and ye'll marry him, and have tin big boys of yer own."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Katie, blushing, and snatching away her hand.

"'Tisn't it or not, as yer place," said Bridget composedly, "but what'll ye say if I tell ye his name is Dennis MacDonall, and he digs prattles in the field beyant. What'll ye say if I tell yer own name is Katie Murphy and ye've got five golden dollars hid in an ould stocking upstairs, toward buying yer wedding dress? What'll ye say if I tell ye what it was he whispered in yer ear at Tom Burk's wake? Faix, and ye'd better believe Bridget O'Reilly; for it's little she don't know that's worth the knowin'!"

"Do you know where Brother Pattie is?" asked Katie, quite awestruck by Bridget's revelations, for if you'll tell mother, it'll be a blessing and a charity—for she's grieving her heart out about him."

"Faix, and I might tell if I could read her hand," said Bridget. "There's wonderful things to be read in mothers' hands, for ye see there's a line in it for aich of the childer; and if ye have the gift of seeing it as I have, ye can see where they are, and what they are at."

"Come then," said Katie, excitedly—"Come and see mother! She's been a-crying and a-sobbing all day long."

"I must see her alone, ye moind," said Bridget,

solemnly; "for I can't rade her hand before the eyes of iveryone."

"Yes, yes, ye shall see her. Father is at work, and the childer at play," said Katie; and taking Bridget by the hand, she led her into the lower room of the cabin, where good Mrs. Murphy was stirring porridge over the fire, and favoring it with many a briny tear from her maternal eyes.

"Mother, mother!" cried Katie, "here is a wise woman, who can tell ye all about Pattie. Just let her rade yer hand, mother dear, for she knows ivery thing."

And Katie having thus introduced the visitor, took a hasty departure, fearful of intruding on hidden mysteries.

"Can ye tell me where my poor boy is?" asked Mrs. Murphy, turning towards the stranger.

"Faix, and I have tould harder things than that, mother dear," said a familiar voice, and Bridget O'Reilly let fall her spectacles, revealing a pair of shrewd eyes, looking ashen beneath sandy brows.

"Ochone! ochone! Pattie dear, it's yerself and no other, my boy! What is it that has come over ye, at all, at all?"

"Whisht! whisht! r-ther dear," said Pattie, freeing herself from her excited embrace. "Aisy now! Troth, if it was known that I was here, it wud be all up wid me."

"Oh, Pattie! Pattie! What is it ye've been atter?" The lawyers and doctors have been searching the country for ye."

"I learn nothing of the outside world. Her windows looked out upon a dreary garden, whose desolation was increased by the blighting touch of autumn. The sound of the waves breaking upon the rocky shore was the only sound that reached her ears. She sat there alone! All had been taken from her, friend and father, and husband, and home. A horrible presence followed her life—dark forebodings filled her mind; and as Sebastian Del Puente saw the pale, terrified face turned toward him on his entrance to her room, he felt that he had succeeded, that Inez's proud, young spirit was effectually crushed.

But he was wrong. It was only the horror of her position that had for the moment affected her vivid imagination. Let the time and opportunity for action come, and she would be her own brave self again.

This evening she took up one of the books of poems that were on the table. It was Wordsworth, and as she read, she wondered how the gifted poet had so accurately etched the sufferings of her own young heart, the loneliness and misery that seemed coiled in the future, like serpents in a lair. The book dropped from her hands, and fell on the floor, and with a sob she bowed her head on her hands.

There was a little tap at the door. Inez neither moved nor spoke. The door was pushed open and a man entered—tall, graceful, and elegantly attired, with dark, lustrous eyes, and musical voice. He advanced to the little, shrinking figure by the fire.



CLOTHED IN BLACK, PENITENTIAL GARB, SHE RECOGNIZED THE "RECLUSE" OF MOUNT DARCY.

"They have!" asked Pattie, eagerly. "When were they here, then?"

And Mrs. Murphy detailed Braddon and the doctor's visit of the previous night.

"And what is it ye have been doing, Pattie dear? Shure, ye can tell yer own mother, who wud be burnt alive afore she'd let ye come to barrum."

"What ye don't know, ye can't tell, mother dear," said Pattie, nodding his head, discreetly.

"And is it the sagers or the pulrice that are atter ye, me darlint?" asked his mother, with a fresh burst of grief.

"It may be both, and it may be neither," said Pattie, who was strictly non-committal. "Only for the life of ye, mother, niver breathe a wurrud about having seen me to no living soul."

"Shure, I won't—I won't! What would they do to ye if ye were caught?"

Pat shook his head, and made an ominous gesture about his throat.

"Hanged, is it?" ejaculated Mrs. Murphy.

"Dhrawn and quartered, mebbe," added Pattie, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"Ochone! ochone! Shure, it's a Fanian ye are then?"

"It's wisest not saying what I am," said Pat, who enjoyed the situation. "Only be shure I'll kape up the honor of the Murphys wherever I am. There, mother, there's a luck penny for ye, and there's more where that came from," and he deposited one of his gold pieces in his mother's hand. "And I'll come back a foine gentleman, and take ye an ailing in yer coach and four yet."

"And the Lord save and comfort ye, good woman!" and Bridget settled her spectacles, and resumed her whine, as Katie re-entered. "Faix, I've tould her that as will lighten her poor old heart for many a day; and there's a collar of rale Limerick lace for yer wedding day, my purty one, and may the Lord save and bless ye and never forget Bridget O'Reilly."

And so saying, the wise woman picked up her basket and hobbled down the road.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Inez had been confined for seven days in her luxurious prison. Every want, every comfort had been supplied, almost by magic, it seemed. Day after day, fresh flowers bloomed in her marble vases, fresh dainties found their way to her table. Coal watched and waited upon her like some dumb, faithful beast. And yet, Inez was pining away like a prisoned bird. She could

learn nothing of the outside world. Her windows looked out upon a dreary garden, whose desolation was increased by the blighting touch of autumn. The sound of the waves breaking upon the rocky shore was the only sound that reached her ears.

She sat there alone! All had been taken from her, friend and father, and husband, and home. A horrible presence followed her life—dark forebodings filled her mind; and as Sebastian Del Puente saw the pale, terrified face turned toward him on his entrance to her room, he felt that he had succeeded, that Inez's proud, young spirit was effectually crushed.

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There was a little tap at the door. Inez neither moved nor spoke. The door was pushed open and a man entered—tall, graceful, and elegantly attired, with dark, lustrous eyes, and musical voice. He advanced to the little, shrinking figure by the fire.

how vindictive, relentless, cruel, he was even then. A deadly terror came over her. Oh, if she indeed would be forced to marry him! She believed her Uncle Sebastian all potent for evil, he might even accomplish this.

She arose in a sort of desperation. The door had been left ajar by Carlos, upon his indignant departure. Scarcely knowing what she did, she opened it, hastily looked out, then fled like a bird on the wing, down the dark stone corridor.

She never paused to consider how hopeless was the thought of escape—only for a breath of heaven's pure air, of heaven's pure sunshine!

A light, as if from an open window, seemed to be gleaming at the end of the corridor. She sped toward it. Alas, it was only a skylight, admitting the faint rays of the autumnal eve!

Footsteps were coming behind her—she was pursued. In desperation, she pushed with all her strength against a door to the left. It yielded to the pressure, and opening, disclosed to her astonished eyes, a chamber similar to the one she had entered in the cottage of the convent—a death chamber, with its sable hangings, its coffin, and pall.

The real terror that gave wings to her footsteps banished all imaginary horrors, all superstitious dread. Forgetful of all things but the fear of Uncle Sebastian and his accomplices, Inez sprang into the empty coffin, and concealed herself amid the heavy folds of the velvet pall.

She strained her ears to catch the sound of hurrying footsteps without; doors slammed loudly, there were muttered oaths and exclamations, and then her Uncle Sebastian burst into what seemed an adjoining room.

"Is the girl here? Do not play me false, woman—is the girl here?"

"You can see for yourself," was the calm reply, in a low, sweet voice. "I have not seen her since she entered your house."

"Have you turned trickster, Aline—you, you? By heaven, strange suspicions have come over me, of late. If I thought that you would turn against me, I—I—"

"What would you do, Sebastian?" was the composed question. "There is little that I could suffer that I have not suffered. Be reasonable. Why should I turn against you? Alas, have you not bound me to you by chains I can never break?"

"Where is the girl then? She is not in her room, she has fled! Carlos, dolt that he is, was stung into madness by her woman's tongue, and left the door unbarred. You must have seen her. Speak, where is the girl?"

He seemed to have laid heavy hands upon her, for when she replied, it was in a panning, gasping voice.

"I have not seen her, I swear it to you, by all that I hold most sacred I know not where she is."

"Then, we must search. Coal is away, I sent him to the vessel, with orders that we would sail tomorrow. This baffles all my plans. I will find her, and—with a terrible oath—"It will go hard with her when I do."

During the long silence that ensued, a lifetime of agony seemed compressed into the compass of a few moments, but Inez, in the narrow confines of her hiding place, lay motionless, with her arms pressed against her aching heart, her hands clasped, and prayed that he might find her dead, far beyond his wickedness. All hope of escape had left her, she must be found!

They were searching for her up and down the corridors, into every nook of this quaint old house. She heard the hateful voice of her uncle, mingled with Carlos' deeper tones, and the dissonant cry of Coal, as he was greeted upon his return with a shower of blows and curses.

"She could not have escaped without wings, or I would have seen her." Her uncle's voice sounded almost in her ears, as the door of her retreat was flung open, and every drop of blood in her body seemed congealed into ice.

"Bah! Aline has been at her mummy again!" and with a shudder of disgust, the villain retreated, and hastily drew the door close again. He had a superstitious horror of the paraphernalia of death. So he passed on, leaving Inez bewildered by her narrow escape.

"She is not in the house! I have searched every corner. She has escaped—she must be hiding somewhere in the country near."

She heard her uncle and cousin conferring near. Carlos' answer was a muttered oath upon his own carelessness.

"She cannot go far," said her uncle's voice. "Take the road to the town. She will most likely go that way, Carlos. I will take the road to the shore, and Coal shall watch the woods. She cannot escape us. Tomorrow we shall have her miles from land, bound by a golden fetter. Eh, Carlos? Courage, lad—courage and haste!"

They separated. She heard Sebastian directing Coal in the hall below. Ah, if she could but fly from this horrible house. But she dared not move. In the next room the woman watched, that woman who was her uncle's tool, bound to him, she had herself said, by chains that she dared not break. Inez remembered Carlos as a motherless boy, her uncle as a widower; yet faint rumors had reached her father's ears of a beautiful young wife that Sebastian, for reasons of his own, did not care to acknowledge. Was it her uncle's wife then that was in the next room? She was a woman like herself—she might have pity and mercy.

She was about to rise when the door of her retreat was opened softly, and someone entered. Shadowed by the heavy folds of the velvet pall, Inez could neither see nor be seen, but she could hear the rustle of the woman's garments.

The woman fell on her knees. Inez heard a low, passionate sob, and then such a wild piteous prayer for pardon, for mercy, as, in her short, innocent life she had never dreamed of.

Mingled with sighs and tears were supplications for the dove in the net of the fowler—the trembling innocent that she had helped to betray.

"Poor little white snow-bird," she went on, more softly, "can you forgive me? She will be lost in the horrible forest, and tomorrow every tree, bird, and sea-wave will mock me with their cries of 'dead! dead! dead! Oh, merciful heaven, pity me! I, the cause of all, live on and suffer!'"

Her head fell forward against the marble. Presently she arose from her knees; and flung aside the pall that screened the coffin—then started back with a low cry.

With the flush of youth and hope upon the beautiful cheeks, her dark eyes shining, her hands clasped in mute entreaty, Inez lay before her.

For one moment, the two women gazed upon each other in silence; then Inez springing from her dread hiding place, cast herself before her companion, and clasped her hands in surprise and supplication.

"Oh, save—save me! You will—I know you will; for you warned me long before. Ah, whoever you be—spirit or mortal—help me to fly from this horrible abode, and I will bless you all the days of my life!"

And the young girl burst into a flood of tears, that brought relief to her overcharged heart—tears of hope and joy; for in the form before her clothed in black, penitential garb, she recognized the "Recluse" of Mount Darcy!

CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN OF SORROW.

The face of the "Recluse" had grown very pale at the first moment of that unexpected encounter, but her old calmness soon came back to her, and the vivid coral returned to her beautiful lips.

"How came you here?" she asked in a strange, awestruck voice, as soon as she could speak.

Inez related the history of her escape. "What must I do? I cannot stay another hour in this horrible prison, within reach of that wicked man."

"An hour longer, child, what would you do if life itself were one long imprisonment—a weary, loathsome bondage to one like him? Such is the fate that you have escaped. Be patient, be prudent."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

A SPECKLED BIRD

Copyright, 1922, by G. W. Dillingham Company.

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage, Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farwell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother." Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-er, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and she asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a choir. "Yes," says Father Temple, "but the boy who approaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St. Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the child of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his son. Eliza discovers the identity of Eliza at Eliza's. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life—his marriage through a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she disappears.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads with his mother. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them. She refuses all help. Eliza meets Miss Higginbottom and doubts a creep. She realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for her boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Only the positive order of the doctor prevents Mrs. Dane from moving Leighton.

Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. She will never marry a man she does not love. Mr. Noel will never reveal his offer. Her father warns her of bitter consequences.

CHAPTER XIII. (CONTINUED).

MISS Roberts and Mr. Stapleton entered the library, and Eliza retreated to her own room. During dinner Eliza and Mr. Herriott noticed the unusual flush on her cheeks, the strained, restless expression of her eyes; but neither had opportunity for questioning, and, shielded by general conversation, she escaped comment. Sitting opposite at table, her father had once looked steadily at her.

"Eliza, you chance to have the fruit I covet close to your hand. Will you peel me a peach?" The garden walk she had followed divided, and into a narrow path she plunged, finding a resting place on a miniature rockery covered with fern and periwinkle. The night was so still she could hear the dip of oars as the boat left shore, and far away the throbbing of a steamer whose lights flashed across the foam as it sped onward. With her face in her hands, Eliza recalled Eliza's exasperating question: "Why was Senator Kent afraid of Mr. Herriott?" Was he? What would be the nature of the trouble connected with him? If Noel were cognizant of impending misfortune she felt absolutely sure he would never consent to precipitate it. Because she could share her perplexity with no one, her habitual repose of manner forsook her. In the unexpected rift between her father and herself she passionately canvassed the possibility of an available bridge, and, feeling confident no second proposal would be made by Mr. Herriott, she rejoiced in the belief that his silence would effectually bar compliance with a command she entertained no thought of obeying. She saw that he had deliberately surrendered her, and, unlike most women, she was profoundly glad. Now and then, when he looked unusually handsome in his yachting suit, and again in full evening dress, presiding with ease and dignity at his table, Eliza compared her host with his guests, with some brilliant men she had met in Washington and New York, and always he seemed aloof and superior as an ivory image among terra-cotta figurines. Conscious that his serene self-poised sprang in no degree from personal vanity or pride of wealth, she admired his physical perfection, and wondered why all his excellences had no more power to stir her heart than a stained-glass saint in a cathedral window or a flawless head of Hyias. At such moments she decided God had designed her to be only a daughter, and wifehood had no alluring charms, no rosy glamour.

Out of the dense shadow behind the mound of periwinkle came a sudden rushing sound, a sharp bark, and the large collie Pilot sprang over a stone wall and bounded up to the rockery. A moment later Mr. Herriott whistled, vaulted over the same wall, and stood peering into the clumps of shrubbery. Eliza patted the dog, hushed him in a whisper, and shrank closer to the ground.

"Eliza! Where are you? Eliza!" The dog barked, and his master came forward. "How could you suspect I was here?" "I have a Turk's nose for perfume. I am partial to prussic acid odors, and no heliotrope blooms on this side of the garden. Who dared send you to Coventry? For what are you doing penance, here in the dark?"

"Simply enjoying the delicious, perfect peace that surrounds this special nook like a velvet mantle. Were you hunting for me?" "No. I supposed you were in the loggia. I went for a few minutes to the small house beyond the wall, where Amos and Susan live. She has been sick several days, and nothing appeases her wrath if I neglect to say good night to her. One of her childish whims is that I shall carry her almonds and figs, and yesterday when I

demurred and turned the nut-crackers over to Amos she shed tears, declaring his hands were not always above suspicion, and that as she had performed this service for me before I was promoted to trousers and vests, I owed it to her now since she has lost her teeth. By jumping the fence, this is the shortest cut from her house to the courtyard."

"Susan was your nurse?" "Yes, since I was a year old, and she has been very faithful to my family." "I should like to see her." "Then you shall make her a little visit to-morrow morning, but she can never see you; she is entirely blind. Eliza, come out of this damp corner. The moonlight is brilliant, and there is a beach-walk I wish to show you."

As she rose and shook her draperies, he walked in advance, saying over his shoulder: "You would not accept my arm for I am sure you need both hands to guard your lace and silk frills from thorns and twigs. Here is the garden boundary. Take care not to trip crossing this stile; come on, only three steps. Now look at that sickle of the beach, with its long row of silver poplars outlining a frieze around the land side of the curve. Once in a furious gale that drove a steamer ashore—just beyond the point—I watched those distracted trees toss their whitening leaves, as though hands in prayer, and they lean always inward, shivering with prevision of wrecks."

Over the burnished lake a full moon shone, and here and there a sinuous ripple flashed like a fiery serpent as it glided to land, then slipped back, while across the waste of water floated the tinkling of Beatrix's mandolin and the tenor voice of her escort. Mr. Herriott took off his hat, and when he turned suddenly to his companion she noticed a brilliant smile on his face.

"Dana is very happy tonight, and I am glad to carry away the pleasant consciousness that I

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"Nothing whatever, except that while at college he was ill, and one of father's sisters had him removed to her farmhouse, where he remained for months before he could discard crutches."

Mr. Herriott stopped and turned towards her. Holding his hat behind him, he leaned forward and scanned her closely.

"Vernon is a married man, and his wife is living."

"Is it possible! If anyone else had told me, I should doubt it. I am sure father knows nothing of the wife. Where is she?"

In the flood of moonlight her fair face—expressive only of surprise—showed no vestige of emotion that could disquiet him, and so intense was his relief that for a moment he dared not trust his voice; then he put on his hat and whistled to his dog. As they walked slowly along the margin of the lake, he told her briefly the history of Father Temple and the recent discovery of his wife and child.

"Thank you for telling me such pleasant news. I am very glad poor Vernon will have that angelic boy to comfort him—but 'June'? So beautiful, so hard, so bitter! How can any meek priest ever hope to manage her?"

They had reached the point of the sickle, and looking back the swelling curves of wooded hills, masses of glossy shrubbery, the irregular profile of the house, outlined by its twinkling lights, and the vast shimmering mirror of the great lake, all lay bathed in liquid gold. Somewhere in a neighboring copse a bird, disturbed by the dog or misled by the splendor of the night, twittered, and then, to reassure his brooding mate near by, broke into a rapture of song. Clapping her hands behind her head, Eliza lifted her face to listen, and Mr. Herriott watched the moisture glisten on her lashes.

"Sweet as any aubade of the olden time, under olive and ilex, is it not?"

AU REVOIR!

You all know what that means and how it pleases me to say it to you—my good friends and loyal supporters.

If you don't know, let me explain.

In our March number regretfully I said "GOOD-BYE" to the comparatively few of my old friends whose subscription had then expired.

AU REVOIR means TO SEE YOU AGAIN, and is a form of greeting much used by the French people and which they think more cordial than our "GOOD-BYE."

Now I AM DELIGHTED to be able TO SAY AU REVOIR to so many of those whose subscriptions had expired before the first of March and to the thousands of others who have renewed their subscriptions for one or two years during the past month.

It gives me genuine pleasure TO SEE YOU AGAIN on our subscription list.

Last month I told you that the subscription price would go up to 20 cents a year on the first day of April. So it had been decided. But in deference to the many requests of our subscription club raisers who complain that our Premium Catalogues were late in coming out this year, about two months later than usual, and urge an extension of time in order to enable them complete their canvass for subscribers under the old rate, I have decided to postpone the time when the advanced price goes into effect to the first day of May.

This gives ONE MORE CHANCE, the whole month of April, in which TO RENEW or GET SUBSCRIPTIONS at the low rate of 15 CENTS A YEAR, OR TWO YEARS FOR 25 CENTS, IF YOU DO IT NOW.

Even if your subscription does not expire until fall it will pay you well to send in your quarter now and get your subscription extended 24 months for 25 cents, from date of expiration.

Do it now, while you think of it, so you won't have to think of it.

If you wait, it may be late—TOO LATE.

Last month we sent the buff subscription order blank folder wrapped in COMFORT to those whose subscription expired with that number and to those whose subscriptions were soon to expire. So if you received the buff subscription order blank folder last month, and receive this paper and have not renewed, you will know that your subscription is now about to expire and will soon be cut off unless you renew promptly.

If you have not renewed you should fill the last month's subscription blank folder AT ONCE with your name and address, and state the amount which you send (15 or 25 cents) and the time for which you subscribe (1 or 2 years). Then wrap 15 cents, cash or stamps, or better still, a SILVER QUARTER CAREFULLY IN PAPER or tied between two pieces of cardboard and wrapped in paper, and put it on the folder. Then fold over the two end flaps of the folder, folding them along the dotted lines. Then moisten the gummed edges of the two side flaps and fold them down over the end flaps, and be sure they are well stuck. PUT ON A TWO-CENT STAMP AND MAIL IT. Don't put money in loose; wrap it up in paper.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. If you have lost or mislaid your last month's subscription blank folder, just cut out the subscription blank printed in this paper, and fill it out and send it in with the money AT ONCE.

have done everything possible in smoothing the path to his heart's goal."

"You believe he will win her?"

"I certainly hope success for him. Her heart is already his, and, if he can only be patient, she must ultimately yield."

"You think that in such matters persistency is invincible?"

"On the contrary, many Jacobs never win their Rachels; and my prediction fits only the lovers out yonder. Aunt Trina will wait and invoke all the Manning family ghosts, but the pretty hand of Miss Beatrix will follow her heart."

Looking up at him, she admitted that in personal charm he surpassed all men she had ever met, but into this verdict entered no emotional element sufficiently strong to shiver the crystal calm of her heart, and she found it difficult to identify this handsome, placid, smiling countenance with a white, drawn, twitching face whose keen pain had recently wrung tears from her in Washington.

The unusual flush had faded, leaving her cheeks cool and stainless as the petals of a white rose, and the restless spark in her eyes had been extinguished by drops that were never allowed to fall.

Mr. Herriott had studied her face too many years not to detect the new strained expression, the compression of lips that would quiver, and all his jealous surmises focussed on one dread—Father Temple.

"Shall we walk on slowly? Not far off is a seat. I have been wishing for a quiet, uninterrupted talk before we say good by for an indefinite period, and this is my last opportunity. Eliza, when did you hear from Vernon Temple?"

"I cannot recall the exact date, but it was several weeks ago. We do not really correspond, and his occasional notes are so impersonal that in replying I sometimes feel as if I were addressing an abstraction. At first he interested me extremely, but one cannot easily maintain his mystical elevation of spirit."

"I thought you were really fond of him." "Knowing as you do that I have absolutely no faculty for growing fond of people, I am surprised you should have made the mistake. He enlisted my interest in some of his benevolent schemes, especially a 'sisterhood' for care of infirm indigents; but father has no sympathy with Vernon or his vocation, and, therefore, I have been less impressed."

"At one time you were extravagant in praise of his 'saintly, magnetic face.'"

"So I possibly am, or have been, about several fine pictures of handsome, bleeding flagellants and tormented martyrs, but I should prefer not to hang them permanently in my dining-room."

"Do you know anything of your cousin's early life, or of the reasons that induced him to join his 'Order'?"

For a moment she did not reply, then, with a sweep of her arm toward the house on the rocks, she said:

"So beautiful, so full of peace—of such profound repose—how can you—why will you leave it?"

"Because I do not forget. I love and enjoy my home, but I prefer not to stagnate. Garnering the bright and charming memories of the past few days, it can never again seem quite as lonely as I have sometimes found it. I am glad you have met Professor Clevedon, who is one of my best friends. His domestic relations are so happy, and so perfect in their adjustments, that no forlorn bachelor, once admitted to his home, could escape pangs of envy. His wife is literally partner in his joys, sorrows, studies, and diversions, and their only child—the 'little maid' Violet—is spelling in the alphabet of science. Clevedon swears she shall be locked up in his laboratory, safe from the social microbes that he fancies infect the atmosphere of female clubs and 'emancipated women.' Some day I hope you will meet Mrs. Clevedon. She is very beautiful and gracious, though he assures me he has one grievance against his 'sweetheart,' and that more expressed it:

"Her manners, when they call me lord, remind me 'tis by courtesy; Not with her least consent of will."

"Father distrusts the professor, and cautioned me not to discuss any religious questions, because he considers him a brilliant casuist." "Clevedon has one apostle whom he follows at all hazards—simple, stern, scientifically established truth—and to him the natural laws are as sacred as those Moses brought directly from the same God who framed them all. For mere dogma in science or religion he has no tolerance, and I shall never forget the profound emotion with which, in a lecture, he quoted: 'These sciences are the real steps in the great world's altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God.' Revealed religion lets down a ladder from heaven; natural sciences are the solid rungs by which men like Clevedon build and climb. Side by side these ladders rise, never crossing at sharp angles, both ending, resting at the feet of God. Up one spiritual faith runs easily; along the other some souls of different mould toilsomely ascend, each and all seeking and finding the same goal—the eternal Ruler of the universe. Clevedon scoffs at nothing but shallow shams, and we have heard him repeat passages from Job and David, then declaim from the Psalms, and declare that as between the thunder roll of Hebrew and Greek, the latter was as the rustle of rushes in a summer wind to the pounding of Atlantic surf on rock-walled shores."

"Nevertheless, father regrets that you cling to such an unsafe guide."

"He is worthy of my trust. Conscientiously hunting only for truth, he admonishes his students:

"'Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high!'"

"To a young man groping in the mist of agnosticism, he repeated the declaration of one of the most subtle scientific thinkers of this century: 'That he had scrutinized every agnostic hypothesis he knew of, and found that they one and all needed a God to make them workable.'"

"I wish I could respect myself as I respect and honor my friend. Eliza, knowing your reticent nature, I am perhaps presumptuous in taking a rash step. There is some trouble that annoys you. Before I go away for such a long, uncertain absence, will you trust me? I may not be able to remove the burden, but I should be glad to share it. Can you tell me what distresses you?"

She looked at him steadily, then away at the brooding water, where voices of the night had begun to croon.

"Mr. Noel, let us go back; the boat is at the terrace."

When they reached the stone stile, she said: "Do you know why father resigned the senatorship?"

"He has not confided his reasons to me."

"Having known him so long, should you think that his state of health demanded such a step?"

"His appearance at present does not indicate any cause for alarm, and you ought not to conjure a specter with which to frighten yourself."

"His physician did the conjuring."

She sat down on the stile, and in her strained, sad gaze he measured the depth of her disquietude.

"Mr. Noel, if you know any outside circumstances that appear to necessitate or warrant this sudden abandonment of a brilliant senatorial career, I beg you will be once more your old, kind, candid self and tell me. If I understood I could bear it better."

"You think your father is perfectly well?"

"I cannot see the change he insists has overtaken him of late; can you?"

"Yes. Within the year his nervousness and want of equipoise have been apparent, and when the newspapers stated that his 'medical adviser' has recommended rest and Aix-les-Bains I was rejoiced. The atmosphere of Washington is the worst possible for him. When do you sail?"

"On the twenty-fifth."

"Mrs. Mitchell accompanies you?"

"Of course. You scarcely understand what all this means to me. I have no life outside of father's. His political future is my sole horizon. To help, follow close, watch his ascent, was my world. This sudden, inexplicable surrender, this stepping down and back into obscurity and inaction leave me no foothold on coming years, and I feel adrift. Mr. Noel, would it be unreasonable for me to hope that when father returns in vigorous health a Cabinet seat or a foreign mission might be offered him by the Republican party he has served so long, so faithfully?"

The wistful pathos of uplifted eyes that searched his stirred all the tenderness of his nature, but he allowed himself no manifestation.

"If you anticipate such reward for your father, and then lose it, disappointment would intensify the annoyance. By dismissing the expectation, the charm of surprise will be added to the value of promotion. You have passed the age of soap bubbles, and ought to know that upon political preferment no man can depend with certainty, especially in a republican country."

See first page illustration.

"I shall not, will not, accept defeat. I must be patient until next year, and then, somehow—in some way—we shall recover our kingdom. I am so proud of father—ah, so proud!"

She rose, and he put out his hand to assist her, but she crossed the stile without touching his fingers, and they silently approached the courtyard.

At a late hour, when the party dispersed, Judge Kent was the first person who reached his own room. Soon after, Eliza tapped at his door. As he opened it, a flood of light streamed over her cold, proud face, and his keen gaze seemed to probe her soul.

"Well?"

She shook her head and stretched her arms towards him.

"Father—"

He laid a finger heavily on her trembling lips, then turned her around pushed her gently but firmly back from the threshold, and locked the door on the inside.

The remaining hours of the night Mr. Herriott spent pacing slowly the beach-walk, realizing anew the hopelessness of any change in conditions that barred him from his heart's desire, and the wisdom of his determination to travel as far as possible. The moon, magnified by mist into a vast sphere of silver, swam in the west, tipping each wavelet with a glittering fringe, and now and then crooning whispers of the great expanse of water seemed to swell and fill the echoing hollows of the brooding night.

The intense bitterness of Mr. Herriott's reflections crept into his voice.

"Loyal soul! Nobody can help her now. Rude winds have blown wide the guarded gate of her temple, and she will spend her life on her knees, trying to regild the clay feet of her one image."

CHAPTER XIV.

LEIGHTON DANE SLEEPS HIS LAST SLEEP.

"My son, Leighton Dane Temple, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Other than baptismal drops fell on the boy's head, as with unsteady lips and brimming eyes Father Temple bent over him; and the hand that administered the rite clung tenderly to the damp curls. The room was very dim and still, the atmosphere heavy with the breath of tuberoses clustered on the pillow, and the figure sitting at the foot of the cot with her arms folded, manifested by sound or motion no more interest than a stone image. On the mantel shelf was the tin box bearing her name, and many days before letters, newspapers, and money had testified to the truth of her husband's statements, but to its contents she made no allusion, allowed none. Their estrangement was too complete to be bridged even by words when avoidance was possible. Occasionally, as he entered or left the room, she acknowledged his salutation by a slight inclination of her head; but usually sullen silence and apparent unconsciousness of his presence showed how bitterly resented a presentation of facts that pleaded his exculpation. She hugged her wrongs, and any attempt to minimize his guilt infuriated her. Her ruined life was an arid dead sea, into which no sweetness could fall, and she clung to its most loathsome aspects with a grim stubbornness unnatural and incomprehensible in women of a different type. The boy's death had seemed imminent more than once, and though he rallied again and again, the sands were surely near the end, running low.

Two weeks after his baptism, Father Temple secured for him and his mother rooms at an old farmhouse on Long Island, not far from a railroad village.

To the weary child, sick of city heat, city din, and all the complex elements that make tenement life an affliction to sensitive natures, there seemed a foretaste of that heaven to which he was hastening, in the cool, vine-laced porch where wrens nested, the elm-shaded yard, blue with larkspurs, and the green-carpeted orchard of low-spreading

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Sweetheart, I'm Dreaming of You.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHARLES SHACKFORD.

1. Oft my mem-ry takes me to those dear old scenes
2. When the shad-ows deep-en and the days grow long.

Moderato.

Where we loved to wan-der, you and I, And a-gain I see you on the vil-lage green Just as in those hap-py
When the stars light up the win-try sky, Then in dreams I fan-cy that I hear that song We oft sang to-geth-er,

days gone by. 'Neath the moon's pale ray I told my sto-ry, . . . Down be-side the si-lent old mill stream, . . .
you and I. As of old I'm with you in the wild-wood, . . . Once a-gain your eyes with love-light gleam, . . .

CHORUS. *Valse tempo.*

And I heard you whisper that your heart was mine, But I wake to find it all a dream. Sweetheart, I'm dream-ing of you, . . . Dream-ing that
When the dawn is breaking o'er the snow-clad hills Then I wake to find it all a dream.

your heart's still true; . . . Deep as the sea My love will be, Stron-ger than you ev-er knew. . . . Tell me my dream will come
true, . . . That some day I'll be with you; . . . Tho' far a-part You own my heart, Sweet-heart, I'm dream-ing of you. . . .

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The Old Love Story

BY SINCLAIR ROBERTSON.

TWO trembling little hands sought his, and as the larger and stronger ones closed over them, Maida felt such a sensation of trust and happiness that she was startled.

"Poor little girl," the man said gently.

"I'm frightened," she whispered.

"Don't be, I won't hurt you, dear. I love you too much for that. Now look it fairly in the face, Maida, darling. I love you, have told you so and asked you to be my wife."

"I know," she whispered.

"Then what makes you frightened?"

"Nobody ever spoke to me so before," she acknowledged.

Young French's heart bounded at the low spoken words.

"Darling," he said eagerly, his lips seeking hers.

"No! no!" she cried shrinking back.

"And why?"

"Because, I don't know," she faltered.

Then he kissed her tenderly and gently, and taking one of the little hands drew it about his neck.

They were very silent, the man looking down at the soft, dull gold of the girl's head, the girl wondering at this great, good, sweet thing life had brought her. Suddenly a thought came to her, and she raised her head.

"I'm the first girl you've kissed?" she asked.

The man's face flamed crimson, but he answered frankly:

"No, dear."

Like a flash she sought to slip out of his arms, but they held her fast, and he spoke resolutely:

"Now see here, girlie, listen."

A sob answered him, but he continued:

"I'm twenty-five, and I have been about all over the country, understand?"

"No."

"What I mean is that I know the places where I've been pretty well. When I take you anywhere, as I want to after we are married, if I have been there before, I'll know just what streets to walk and ride on, what's the best things to see and where's the most comfortable hotel, won't I?"

"Yes," in muffled tones.

"It's just the same here. I never wanted to marry anyone before I saw you, and the moment I set my eyes on you, that was enough. I just knew then that if I didn't get you it would be all up with me, see? I have kissed girls before, but not loving them as I do you."

"Oh, oh!"

"It's too bad little one," he returned tenderly, "but it's true. I'll promise you never to kiss another girl, though."

The young face was slightly lifted, and he could see a flushed cheek, and one blue eye misted in unshed tears, and so he bent his head and kissed the round, soft flesh, and glided in her innocence and girlishness.

"You see the experience I have had makes me understand you thoroughly," he continued, "and just how to comfort you and make you realize my love."

His girl's hands clung to him convulsively:

"You mean it when you say you'll never kiss another woman?"

"I swear it!"

The soft, dimpled face was raised now, and Maida said tenderly:

"I'll forgive you, dear," and then he kissed her again.

ONLY A GIRL Or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the best, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a by cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go for her. Ralph turns to Madge. It is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think dev's kept me good more than anything else," Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity secret, that she shall be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane believes him to be a madman. Madge is the daughter of Alice Straight. As Everton grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizes the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge, and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Everton laughs uneasily.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious. As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by Johnny Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. She is met by a negro, Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she is an adventuress, and gets Madge there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room and she is a prisoner. She pushes aside the damask hangings and finds bare unbroken walls. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If she becomes his wife every luxury she desires is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is acknowledged as Shirley Everton's widow she shares the estate evenly. Harold thinks it risky. The only one who interferes is Stanley, an escaped prisoner. Dave Lane is employed by Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold, who is closeted with Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two vials from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She steps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part they will say their adieu over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages the girl's attention and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. Dave witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune. She visits Shirley Everton and will present indisputable proofs that she was his father's first wife.

Shirley Everton introduces his aunt, Mrs. Stafford Everton. Mrs. Fairleigh consents to this arrangement requested by Shirley and agreed to through her lawyer. Shirley's suspicions are strengthened when the supposed aunt fails to recognize his father's portrait. Mrs. Stafford Everton receives a caller and he reminds her he is known as Stanwix. Removing a wig the woman falls in a faint.

Ralph suggests a better position for Madge, who is disappointed when she learns it will take her out of the bindery and away from Ralph. She fancies he is tired of her. Madge goes next morning to the leather department of Smith & Smith's. The saleswoman annoys her by alluding to her former life. Mr. Adams, the floor-walker, defends her.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNPLEASANT INTERVIEW.

THE sound of Mrs. Fairleigh's fall upon the floor of the reception-room brought a servant into the room.

"Don't be alarmed, my man," said Stanwix, who had hurriedly replaced his false beard and wig; "your mistress has only fainted."

"Fainted, sir?" stammered the fellow, looking from one to the other of his companions. "Yes—joyful surprise and all that sort of thing. But stir your stumps; get some camphor—whisky—something or other—to revive her."

The man hurried from the room. "I was not mistaken," muttered Stanwix; "I thought I could not be. Well, this is a bonanza!" He raised the form of the unconscious woman in his arms, and was about to place her in a large easy-chair when she slowly unclosed her eyes.

As her glance rested upon the face of her companion she uttered a cry and pushed him from her.

"You—your villain!" she gasped. "I was sure—"

"You were sure that I was dead, were you not, my dear Caroline?" It's too bad I'm not, but unluckily I've got lots of vitality, and have stood up against the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune—Isn't that the correct quotation?"

"You wretch!" hissed Mrs. Fairleigh, who was glaring at her visitor with an expression of the most intense hatred.

"Oh, don't waste time calling me pet names," said Stanwix, with as pleasant a smile as if she had been addressing him in the most complimentary terms. "You might be overheard, you know."

"You are—"

"Hush! the flunky is coming!"

And Stanwix lifted his hand warningly.

The servant reentered the room with a pitcher of water, one hand and a bottle of camphor in the other.

"Fortunately your kind mistress will not need

your services," said Stanwix. "The fainting fit caused by her excessive joy at once more meeting an old friend from whom she had long been separated has passed, and she is herself again."

Then, turning to Mrs. Fairleigh, he said with mock politeness:

"My dear Mrs. Stafford Everton, I know that your social engagements are many, but I must crave the honor of an interview—a long interview."

Mrs. Fairleigh turned to the servant.

"You may go John."

The man bowed and retired; and doubtless he returned to the servants' hall to inform the other domestics of this new episode in the life of their unpopular mistress.

When he had gone Stanwix said:

"This is a fine place you have here, Caroline. By Jove! I've struck big luck this time."

Mrs. Fairleigh faced him, her eyes blazing with fury.

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? My dear Caroline, I used to be able to make you understand me without much trouble, and I think I can again. But perhaps the many sorrows I have endured since our last painful meeting have made me a trifle obtuse. It may be that I have lost the faculty I used to possess of making myself understood by the judicious use of a very few words. Well, I shall try to explain my meaning. When I said that I had struck big luck, of course I meant that you had struck big luck. We're one, aren't we?"

"What do you want here?" interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh sharply.

She had now quite recovered her composure, and was evidently ready to meet her antagonist.

But Stanwix only laughed.

"If it comes to that," he said, "what do you want here?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. I rather fancy that I have quite as good a right in these sacred precincts as you, Mrs. Stafford Everton, otherwise Mrs. Jerome Hurley; and—"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh, her face paling. "Do you want to destroy me?"

"By no means, my dear Caroline."

"Then do not breathe that name within these walls."

"What," cried the sarcastic Stanwix, "you have not told your kind friends here your true name? Tut, tut! I am really surprised, Caroline. How astonished young Everton will be when I reveal to him the identity of his charming aunt. Ha, ha, ha!"

If a look could have killed, Stanwix would have fallen dead at the woman's feet.

"You would not dare tell him," she panted.

"Wouldn't I?" returned Stanwix, grimly.

"Well, you'll see. Did you ever find me wanting in daring?"

"No, nor in treachery."

"Thanks. But come, Caroline, enough of compliments; let us talk business—plain, solid business."

Mrs. Fairleigh closed the door.

"Go on," she then said. "What have you to say?"

"A great deal. But to sum it all up, you have struck a soft snap here and I want my share of it."

"Your share?" sneered the woman.

"Yes, my share—the lion's share. Why, confound it, Caroline, you seem to forget that you are reaping the benefit of my planning, my work!"

"Yours?"

"Yes. Those papers—the wedding certificate, the letters—belong to me. I was fool enough to trust them a second time in the hands of that young scoundrel Dick Harold, and he made off with them. What his little game was I didn't know, but I watched and waited. I hung about this house a good deal of the time, feeling sure that I should get a clew at last."

"And you got it."

"I got it, and a big surprise it was. My dear Caroline, you could have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is, when I saw you come out of the house this morning. I couldn't believe my venerable eyes, even when I looked into the carriage as it passed me and saw those soulful orbs of yours that have so often looked tenderly into mine."

"Enough of this!" interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh, with contracted brows. "You said you wanted to talk business."

"And so I do. You are right, dear Caroline, to recall me to myself. You thought me dead. Why? Because I wanted you to think so. Years ago, while I was languishing in a dungeon cell, I caused a report of my death to be spread by friends of mine in New York in such a way that it reached your ears."

"Why did you do this?"

"Well, Caroline, as you know, I am nothing if not frank, so I will tell you. While I was in prison a young lady used to visit my fellow-convicts and myself—myself in particular—bringing flowers, jam and other luxuries, and that young lady had the very good taste to fall in love with me. So I decided that as she was an heiress I would marry her when my time was up—six months later. Therefore I caused the report of my demise to be circulated."

"Did you marry her?" sneered Mrs. Fairleigh.

"I did not, unfortunately. Her papa did not approve of our engagement, and as she was an obedient daughter, the match was called off. After all, it was a great relief to my conscience, for she is not you, my dear Caroline, my legal wife?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Unfortunately! Now, really, that is rather harsh. But I forgive you. Well, in a short time I was back in the cell again—this time for imitating another gentleman's handwriting too closely."

"Ah, yes," interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh, "I've heard of that. You escaped?"

"I thought you said you had believed me dead. Ah, I see now! Harold told you about Stanwix, the escaped convict, but you did not associate the name with that of your husband, Jerome Hurley."

"No, I did not, but I now know that they are one and the same," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "Jerome Hurley," she added, rising to her feet, "one word from me would send you back to serve out your term at Sing Sing. Leave this house instantly, or I will speak that word!"

CHAPTER XX.

MADGE IN TROUBLE.

If Mrs. Fairleigh expected to frighten her visitor by this threat she was much disappointed.

Stanwix—or Hurley, as we may now call him—only leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Really, my dear Caroline," he said, "you amuse me. This is decidedly the best joke of the season!"



bookful of samples. It contains the cream of high quality patterns for all rooms and homes. In it was made for this season. There are designs and colorings suitable for all rooms and homes. This complete sample book was gotten up so that our customers could get the newest and most attractive patterns of wall paper as easily as residents of large cities. Our contracts in this line are so large that but few wholesale houses can buy as advantageously. As a result you can buy from us at a saving of from 20 to 40 per cent. There is no reason for buying locally when you can buy as cheaply as your dealer. This sample book contains helpful suggestions in regard to choosing wall paper and there are eight pages of instructions (with illustrations) including directions for making paste, how to trim the paper, how to prepare the wall—in fact the book tells how to make an easy job of paper hanging. You need the book whether you do the work yourself or hire it done. We are glad to bear the expense of getting up and mailing this book of beautiful patterns, because we know that if we get it into your hands you will purchase your wall paper from us. All it will cost you to get the book is a two-cent stamp or a postal card—it will save you enough when you paper your home to pay for some article of furniture. Do your part right now while you have this advertisement before you. Send us your name and address in an envelope or on a postal card. The Sample Book will go to you by the next mail.

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"You dare—" began Mrs. Fairleigh, white with rage.

"Dare defy you? Of course I do. Ha, ha, ha! Utter that cabalistic word, by all means, Caroline. I suppose you mean that you'll ring for a policeman, and denounce me as an escaped jail-bird."

"That is just what I mean."

"Well, it would be a very pretty theatrical effect, but really I don't advise you to try it. You see I might do a little denouncing, too."

"You villain!"

"Well, tit for tat, you know. I should be very sorry to inconvenience or annoy a lady in your high social position, but if you took the trouble to denounce me as an escaped convict, I should be extremely liable to casually mention that you were my wife, Mrs. Jerome Hurley, and not Mrs. Stafford Everton at all."

And motionless, the personification of suppressed rage.

"Well," said Hurley, at last, "are you going to ring for a policeman?"

"No," replied the woman, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"I thought you wouldn't. That was just a thoughtless little speech of yours, wasn't it? Now let us talk common sense, Caroline. Where have you been all these years?"

"What is that to you?"

"A strange question to ask the fond husband from whom you have been so long separated! Where have you been?"

"In this country—in Europe—everywhere," replied Mrs. Fairleigh. "Why enter into particulars?"

"Don't if you do not want to. You have, in short, remained what you were when I first met you and we foolishly married—an adventuress."

"Yes."

"Humph! Well, I won't press you for particulars, for I see that I should not learn them if I did."

"Probably you would not. And now suppose I ask you a few questions?"

"By all means. Go on."

"How did you gain possession of that wedding certificate and the other papers?"

"Oh, I obtained them from the original—Simon-pure Mrs. Shirley Everton, otherwise, Mrs. Mason."

"You knew her?"

"I did. In one of my spells of hard luck I was forced to live in a room in a very dirty house in a very dirty street down-town—a street of such bad repute that I will not venture to mention its name in the presence of a lady so refined and fastidious as Mrs. Stafford Everton."

"Keep to the point," interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh angrily.

"I beg your pardon; I will. Well, this Mrs. Mason, as she was called, was in even worse luck than I. She was sick, destitute, dying, and I pitied her. Even rascals like yours truly, Caroline, have hearts, though sometimes they're hard to find. Mrs. Mason found mine, and I helped her a little whenever I was able. She was grateful, and believed me a good deal better man than I was, and only a day or two before she died she sent for me and entrusted those papers to my keeping."

"And well you have discharged the trust," sneered Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Now don't be cynical, Caroline—it was always one of your failings. I was beginning to be quite enthusiastic about my goodness when you awoke me from the dream. No, I didn't discharge the trust very faithfully, I admit. You see I was a very few days after I received the papers when I regained my freedom I went to the place where I had hidden them, and found them all right. I studied them carefully, I read them over and over again. I made inquiries in several directions, and I came to the conclusion that there was money in the thing for me."

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Fairleigh, "you put the business into the hands of that young scoundrel, Harold, instead of attending to it yourself. There you were, weak, and that is why you find yourself in this fix now."

Hurley's eyes flashed.

"I have an account to settle with that fellow when I meet him. I trusted him—fool that I was—and he betrayed me. But he shall suffer for it. However, never mind all that now. I don't see that I am in a very bad 'fix,' after all, for haven't you, my dear, arranged everything nicely for me?"

"See here," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "tell me, once for all, in a few words what you expect me to do."

"I will. Once for all, in a few words, I expect you to make over a clear half of this fortune to me."

"You are mad!"

"Oh, no, I'm not. I know perfectly well what I'm talking about. One half of the estate I will have."

"Jerome Hurley," said the woman after a few moments' silence, "I cannot talk to you on these matters here. Walls have ears, and it may be that there is a servant listening at the keyhole even now. Besides, I must have time for reflection. Meet me tomorrow night at eight, at the old place."

Hurley arose.

"So be it. I shall be there. But remember, no treachery. I shall have an eye on you all day, and if you attempt to play me false you'll rue it. And now, my dear Caroline, adieu."

He left the room, and the next moment the closing of the front door announced his departure from the house.

It is within a few minutes of the hour for closing, and Smith & Smith's is thronged with busy shoppers.

Perhaps all the girls behind the many counters are not as patient and polite as they might be, but who can blame them? They have had a long, hard day, and are anxiously awaiting the sound of the six o'clock bell.

One of them, at least, tired though she undoubtedly is, wears a bright, sunny face—Madge Mason.

She has already become a favorite with the patrons of the house, for the reason that she is invariably courteous and anxious to please.

A happy, smiling face always wins favor for its owner; who cares for the chronic grumbler who is never so happy as when he has something to find fault about?

Madge was awaiting the bell quite as eagerly as anyone in the store, but she knew that until

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How would you like to go to Chicago or New York to buy the wall paper for your home? If you could come to the city you would delay your papering until you saw the new 1908 patterns, wouldn't you?

Why not have a city wall paper store come to you? Give us your name and address and we will send you free and postpaid our 1908 Wall Paper Sample Book. Don't buy a roll of paper until you have seen this

bookful of samples. It contains the cream of high quality patterns for all rooms and homes. In it was made for this season. There are designs and colorings suitable for all rooms and homes. This complete sample book was gotten up so that our customers could get the newest and most attractive patterns of wall paper as easily as residents of large cities. Our contracts in this line are so large that but few wholesale houses can buy as advantageously. As a result you can buy from us at a saving of from 20 to 40 per cent. There is no reason for buying locally when you can buy as cheaply as your dealer. This sample book contains helpful suggestions in regard to choosing wall paper and there are eight pages of instructions (with illustrations) including directions for making paste, how to trim the paper, how to prepare the wall—in fact the book tells how to make an easy job of paper hanging. You need the book whether you do the work yourself or hire it done. We are glad to bear the expense of getting up and mailing this book of beautiful patterns, because we know that if we get it into your hands you will purchase your wall paper from us. All it will cost you to get the book is a two-cent stamp or a postal card—it will save you enough when you paper your home to pay for some article of furniture. Do your part right now while you have this advertisement before you. Send us your name and address in an envelope or on a postal card. The Sample Book will go to you by the next mail.

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six o'clock her time belonged to Smith & Smith, and she did not want to give it to them grudgingly.

Suddenly a shrill cry arose above the hum of voices in the immediate vicinity of the leather-goods counter.

"I've been robbed! My pocket-book has been stolen!"

The person who uttered this cry was a rather flashily dressed woman of about thirty.

All eyes were turned upon her, and Mr. Smith, the junior member of the firm, who happened to be within earshot, elbowed his way through the throng.

"What is that, you say, madam?" he demanded.

"I say," replied the woman, "that my pocket-book, containing over fifty dollars has been stolen. I laid it on the leather-goods counter, and that girl"—pointing to Madge—"has taken it!"

Madge's face turned very pale; she stood as if rooted to the spot.

"Yes," added Miss Moore, the girl who had offered Madge the insult a few days before, "she did take it, and here it is."

As she spoke she suddenly thrust her hand into her heroine's pocket and produced a purse.

"That's it—that's mine!" cried the woman. "I demand that girl's instant arrest!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

who believes just as I do, to deny sin, death, sickness, I can't find any scripture to justify such belief. I realize that we must pass on, but we certainly ought to stay in this world long enough to do some real useful work before we go hence, neither do I believe that we glorify God by suffering. I believe it is Satan that causes our suffering and we fail to get where he can't touch us. I believe that medicine helps those who believe in it; we are helped by the lives of good people whom we believe in, and cursed by bad lives whom we come in contact with. If there is one who believes as I do, won't you help me, even as Peter did the afflicted one.

A fellow feeling makes us all a kin. How I long for my church to take the Bible at what it says, without mystifying any part of it. To baptize is to immerse according to our language,

to be Christ like is to visit the sick and afflicted and help those whom we can help by word or deed.
MRS. A. D. CHESTER, Fayetteville, R. D. 2, Ark.

Letters of Thanks

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:
To Alice of Old Vincennes, Indiana. I would say that I would so much like to write to you personally.

Will the sisters who wrote to me sending songs, who have failed to get a reply, please write again. There was one who requested a song of me, "Sweet Marie," another requested a leather post card for a pillow top. I bought the leather post card, but lost her address. As near as I can estimate I have answered about thirty letters, and I received thirty-nine or forty. I tried to keep every letter but in some way, some of them became mislaid. So I would be pleased to get a card from those to whom I did not

reply. Will the writers from Cornwallis and New Mexico both please write again.

I enjoyed all the letters and want to especially thank the sister who sent the song "Break the News to Mother."
MRS. H. S. FRINK, Clark's Corner, Conn.

DEAR SISTERS:

I take this way to thank all who so kindly responded to my request. I received a lot of good reading, postals, scraps for patchwork, and other little tokens. All were appreciated. I thank the lady who sent the silk scraps and spoils of loss. I am not able to do the work myself, but am having a beautiful chair cushion made of them. I have been an invalid many years, and am never without pain, but I try to be cheerful and look on the bright side of life, still I sometimes feel as if my burden is heavier than I can bear. We suffering ones surely ought to feel grateful to our editor for allowing us to write and thus communicate with each other

through these columns. I am also a dear lover of flowers, and have received some flower seeds. Thanking the sisters again for their kindness, and hoping to be remembered in the future,
I remain your shut-in sister,
MRS. L. P. ALLEN, McLeomville, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I will again ask admittance to the COMFORT corner to thank all of the dear sisters who responded to my last for stamps so as to enable me to send silk scraps to other shut-ins like myself. I received over seventy-five letters. I wish to thank all who were so kind as to send me recipes and remedies for my sickness. To my Texas and Oklahoma sisters I will say I tried the whiskey and salt cure and found it did me a great deal of good. I answered all who sent stamps or at least I will, as I still have a few to answer. I have found some valued correspondents
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

THE CLIMAX!

176 PIECES

Gold Medal Dinner Set GIVEN AWAY!

Here is an offer newer, more original and more liberal than any you ever heard of before.

A Genuine RALSTON Offer:
An offer to give away a 176 Piece Gold Medal Dinner Set just for a little effort helping the grocers with the old established Ralston's Health Crisp.

GOLD MEDAL CHINA! Think what that means? The Chinaware that took the highest award of excellence in its class at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904, in a contest against hundreds of other manufacturers. The illustration, of course, only gives you a faint idea of the magnificence of these dishes—really two distinct table sets—with wonderful decorations in colors, delicate flower designs and elaborate gold line tracings and finished in that finest pure white, embossed semi-porcelain ware, so much sought by ladies of discriminating taste.

This wonderful priceless Gold Medal China is for YOU, if you will read this offer and ACT. Get the free catalog. See coupon below.

IMAGINE YOUR HOME with this magnificent set containing 176 pieces—pieces for every use—one of the largest sets of dishes ever made. Why, you would never have so many people at the house that you could not accommodate them. How annoying it is to have a large party at dinner and find that the dishes of one kind will not go around and you have to "patch up" the table with odds and ends. Think of 176 pieces all decorated with the beautiful blossoms, all in their natural colors, so real and natural that they seem to be the flowers themselves.

AND you can get the superb 176 piece set FREE in connection with the famous old-established reliable Ralston's Health Crisp. Every lady reader can secure this set by our latest wonderfully easy method.

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The Death-Bed Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"Why does he persecute me thus?" Inez burst forth, indignantly, all the repressed passion of the past week finding vent at last.

"Ah, wisely and well did my father warn me with his dying breath, 'Beware of the Del Puentes! They have been my bitterest enemies and they will be yours, if they dare. And I have been so happy, so blessed. What curse is upon me now?'"

"The curse of wealth," was the bitter reply. "Wealth ill gotten and ill kept. Thirst for gain was the one passion of your father's life, for it he toiled, he struggled, he died. And now the innocent suffer for the guilty. This gold, stained with treachery, crimes of all sorts—gold dimmed with the tears of the widow and orphans, gold darkened with the blood of the innocent. Child, child, do you wonder at the curse upon you, when this is your inheritance?"

Inez stood appalled. The Recluse had risen to her feet. Her dark flowing garments swept the floor—her pale features were lighted with the earnestness of her words. Then she said in another tone: "God's blessing be upon you. May His hand sweep away the wealth you do not need, and the curse you do not merit! May you be a happy wife!"

"Alas! Alas!" cried Inez, bursting into tears. "I am no longer a wife! They have murdered Major Delmore!"

"Yes, they strove to do so, but—"

"He lives," cried Inez, in an ecstasy of joyful surprise. "Oh, say that he lives, and I will bless you for the words as long as I live!"

"Alas! I know not," said the woman, sadly. "Condemned to a horrible death, heaven interposed, and gave to these weak hands the power to save him, but since then I have been unable to hear nothing, to learn nothing. He may have been recaptured, for Sebastian suspects me. He suspects me, and I dare not make a movement, breathe a word, to question what he does."

"What is this wicked man that you should fear him so? What are you, that gifted with such strange powers, you dare not brave a wicked man?"

"What am I? Alas, you do not know who and what I am! The girl who, led away by the folly of youth, by the madness of love—the pride of her own will—flung away her humble happy lot, to become the tool in the hands of a designing villain—an accomplice in his wickedness, his slave, his wife! I am beyond the pale of mortality! Bound to the worst of men by a chain that I cannot break, that stretches even beyond the limits of life!"

"Until death," reads the marriage vow, but he, my husband, stretched his darling hands beyond the dread portals, and brought his slave back from death itself! Child, may you never conceive the horrors of your question—what is Sebastian Del Puento to me?"

Inez' warm heart was touched. She crept to the side of the bowed figure, and pressed her pure, warm lips to the sunken cheek.

"Oh, how you must have suffered!" she murmured, in a caressing tone, "how dreadful your life must have been!"

"Judge what my life has been when I tell you that I have never known before such a caress or such a tear. I shall help you, if it cost me my life. We must tarry no longer. You must be gone."

She paused awhile, as if in thought.

"Did you hear their plans?" she asked. "They left the room that I may not hear them. Sebastian suspects me, the drug that I gave him was so powerful that he feels it yet. He trusts me no more."

Inez related briefly the conversation she overheard between Carlos and his father.

"One by the road, one by the seashore, and Coal watching in the forest. Try to reach the town—it is the nearest refuge. There, if he followed my instructions, your husband awaits you. God bless and save you! If you see Coal—Stay!"

The woman paused for a moment, as if struck by a sudden thought, then hastily left the apartment, returning with a short, round cloak, lined with scarlet, such as the dwarf usually wore, and a round cloth cap. Then taking up Inez' long, outer skirt, she arranged it in a bunch upon her shoulders and covering it with the cloak, simulated thus the dwarf's deformity.

"It may be a heaven-sent thought," she murmured. "In the darkness, you could not be distinguished. And now go, my child, and if we never meet again remember me as one whose heart struggled against her fate, who strove in the darkness to gain the light, who did things evil, trusting to work them into good, but who failed—failed as all mortals fail who try to serve two masters."

Inez would have embraced her again, but the "Recluse" threw herself upon her knees, and kissed the girl's feet.

"No, no, no! It is thus that I should bend before Ross Delmore's wife. I blighted his life. I robbed him not only of gold—that he valued not—but of love, of hope, of happiness. Yes, I was the miserable creature who betrayed him into the hands of those who robbed him of all but life. For he loved me—tristress as I was! He loved purely, faithfully, and I scented at his worship. His brave heart I trampled upon to win Sebastian Del Puento's love. Can you forgive me?"

"I forgive you."

Yet young as she was, the girl was conscious of a strange pang at this revelation. Her husband had loved another then?

"I scarcely understand all you have said to me. I must think it over, but there is one thing I know, you have saved me, you have saved my husband, and when we think of you, it will be as our friend, our savior, one to whom we owe our freedom, our love."

The "Recluse" opened the door, and drew the girl with her into the corridor. Descending a flight of steps at the farther end, she opened a side door, and Inez bounded like a young fawn into the garden below.

The gate was open. She was free. For long hours she fled on like some hunted animal. Beyond the garden wall there was a dreary stretch of waste ground bordered on one side by a hedge of stunted pines. Under their shelter she crept along, cautiously watching every side, with glittering eyes, for her foes.

Suddenly there was a sound, a crackling in the bushes near her, a footstep—sounding stealthily on the fallen leaves.

She paused, breathless and motionless, like one turned to stone.

Then with a courage born of desperation rather than that of bravery, she turned towards the spot whence the sound proceeded.

A head was thrust through the branches near her—a hideous monstrous head, with long elfin locks, and dim, bleary eyes, like the head of Coal.

He saw her—the dim eyes were turned directly towards her hiding place, with a look of wonder, horror and fear, then, with a hoarse cry, he fled down into the depths of the forest. Inez forgot her disguise—forgot what an impression it must have made on the dwarf's weak mind by seeing what appeared the image of himself; she only felt that she was lost, that Coal would betray her to his masters—that in a little while three enemies would be on her track. The thought seemed to give her renewed strength.

She had been flying minutes, hours, she scarce knew how long. She was nearing the edge of the forest now. The mist was growing heavier and heavier, with every moment.

"Hist, Coal! at, hist!" A strange whistle sounded near her. "Hist!"

"I'll die hard, hard, hard!" she kept repeating to herself, as she fled onward out of the reach of the sibilant whisper, as if it indeed were the reptile's hiss. In another moment her long hair was grasped by a rude hand. With a thrill of terror she turned, and met the dark, angry gaze of her Coal in Carlos.

A wild cry for mercy was on her lips. She choked it down as the warning of the "Recluse" recurred to her—"whatever speaks to you, re-

member you are dumb!" How she blessed the forethought that had disguised her, when Carlos, shaking the seeming Coal rudely by his long hair, muttered:

"Dolt! brute! idiot! Hast seen her?—hast seen the girl?"

Inez' cry of pain and fear as she loosed her hair from Carlos' grasp did not deceive him, for Coal often uttered such wild, harsh sounds.

"Look out then sharply, keenly, look out for her, it will go hard with you if she escapes this way. I can swear that she has not passed along the road!" and turning away, Carlos was soon lost in the gathering shadows.

Inez' feet seemed rooted to the spot. So breathless was she at the peril that she had escaped that she could not even whisper a prayer for her escape. Then a tremor came over her. Cold beads of perspiration started out upon her brow: her brain whirled, her limbs gave away, she sank fainting to the ground.

The night grew darker and darker; the mist crept through the forest, veiled the hilltops, and melted into clouds; the wind swayed the branches of the pine beneath whose friendly shelter Inez rested, in a slumber akin to death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire send 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years, and read the next chapter, "The Shadow of the Valley," when Ross Delmore unknowingly rescues his child wife.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

ing apple and towering cherry trees, that formed a quivering loom of boughs causing a network of braided sunbeams on purple heads of clover. Outside the picket fence that enclosed the fruit trees a meadow rolled seaward, and in one of its deep dimples a small clear pond shone like a mirror whereon an enormous willow trailed its branches and watched itself grow old. Across this meadow ox-eye daisies ran riot, so densely massed, so tall, they seemed great stretches of snow, and only when the wind swept them into billows were green stems discernible.

Father Temple had found convenient quarters in the neighboring village, and each day he walked to the little farm, where the feverishly bright eyes of the boy glowed with more intense brilliance at his approach. Leighton's sensitive nature responded to every spiritual appeal his father attempted, as though some subtle, dormant chord of sympathy once set in vibration would never cease to thrill. Sometimes, watching the happy, rapt expression on her child's face as the priest read or talked or prayed with him, a jealous rage seized the mother, shaking her into fierce revolt, and she shut her eyes, set her teeth, put her hands to her ears, and mutely fought down her fury. On such occasions, conscious of her suffering, he shortened his visit, carrying away an accession of heartache over the utter hopelessness of any form of reconciliation.

On the morning of the anniversary of his marriage, as he walked along the lane leading to the farmhouse, a flood of reminiscences drowned all the intervening years, and once more he stood under the stars at the Post, holding Nona in his arms. Could she forget the date? Would the sweet, warm wind of tender memory freshen the happy day their love had sanctified, breathe no melting magic on her frozen nature? Until recently he had shared the current belief—to understand all, is to pardon all—because of the limitless, patient, condoning affection inhering in true wifehood, but the teamster's daughter was a law unto herself, and taught him that some women, who love most intensely and faithfully, forgive not at all.

As he entered the sick room he detected in Leighton's usually gentle voice a note of fretfulness. His mother stood beside the bed, holding a cluster of daisies, which he had rejected.

"My darling, I gathered them where they grew finest, and these are as pretty indoors as out on the meadow."

She laid them beside him, but he turned his face away.

"There's father! He will understand," said Nona, going into the next room to prepare it. Instantly the boy whispered:

"Father, pick me up, and carry me; quick!" After a moment Father Temple went into the adjoining apartment. His wife stood shaking the milk into froth, and her glance slipped from his face with no more evidence of recognition than if she had looked at the wall.

"Nona, there has been a dreadful change since yesterday. The time will soon come when you can find comfort only in remembering you denied him nothing. Well wrapped up, a few moments in the sunshine will not harm him."

She passed him without reply, and when the milk punch had been given, she stooped suddenly and kissed her child twice. His wasted arms crept feebly to her neck.

"Leave, mother—the daisies."

"If I let you go a little while, you must not ask to stay."

She buttoned his flannel dressing-gown about his throat, wrapped him in her shawl, and put on his little gray cloth cap.

Taking a light blanket from the bed, Father Temple lifted the emaciated form, cradled him tenderly in his arms, and bore him across the orchard. The mother preceded them, opened and closed the gate, and when they reached the meadow, she withdrew to the brink of the pond, sat down under the ancient willow, and locked her hands in her lap. Close by, on a knoll, the blanket had been spread; Leighton was laid upon it, and feebly stretching his arms drew the daisies over him until they veiled the shrunken figure, and only the wan face and golden curls were visible.

Out of the flowery coverlet Leighton's hand stole, feeling for his father's fingers, and a happy light shone in the boy's violet eyes, but his breathing had grown quick and painfully labored. Suddenly he struggled up, leaning against his father's shoulder.

"What ails the sun? Mother! Where's mother?" One of those swift, ghostly fogs that spring without warning from the ocean was sweeping inland, and as sunlight smote the advancing pillars of mist it seemed transmuted into battlements and towers of some city of silver. Strained maternal ears had caught the boy's faint cry, and Nona knelt, clasping him close, resting his head on her bosom. His wide and wondering eyes were fixed on the strange, shining wall drawing swiftly nearer.

"The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" A moment later the chill waves of mist flowed over them, blotting out the sun.

Under that gray pall, daisy-dotted, the blue eyes closed; the pure, lovely face, still smiling, lay white against his mother's cheek.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "Destinies I Never Forgive," when Golah realizes "his father's future happiness and her peace of mind as wishes to secure."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

through the dear COMFORT corner. I think we should all be very proud of the privilege given us.

Mrs. M. S. Tatum, Ophir, Colo. Thanks for kind instruction. Thanks to all who sent post cards. I will send a poem that I think will be appreciated by all shut-ins.

Shut in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world and its want and sin,
Shut in from its turmoil, care and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain,
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of days gone by,
With buried hopes that were born to die,
Shut in with hopes that have lost their zest
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
Patience and grace all pain to meet,
With faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great.

Shut in with Christ! Oh, wondrous thought,
Shut in with the peace His suffering brought,
Shut in with the love that welds the rod,
Oh, companion best! Shut in with God!

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"No, no; the natural dark-brown of the noble line of Vanderwent. I shall have him rise from the sea like a nymph in the spectacle."

"Like a sylph," added Seth, rallying from his stupor.

"I thought sylphs were gals. Mr. Vanderwent's son was a boy."

"Metaphorically, I mean."

"Who?" demanded the old porter.

"The young man will come forth out of the depths, saved from the sea, to gladden the heart of his father, in the fifth act, and to confound the wicked schemers."

"I don't think the present Mrs. Vanderwent will care to see the sylph," chuckled the old man.

"She has a son of her own who is the heir to all the property."

"So much the better. It will confound her. But, Seth, I want to understand the story a little better."

"I'll tell you all about it, Mr. Twitterton," added the old man with an effort to shake off the stupefying influence of the beer he had drunk; but his speech was rather thick and heavy, as though his tongue had swelled to double its usual size. "Mr. Vanderwent used to go to Europe to buy goods every week."

"Every week?" inquired Mr. Twitterton.

"Yes; every year," protested Seth, straightening up.

"You said every week."

"I said every year, and I mean every week," retorted the muddled old porter, sharply.

"Go on, Mr. Muggleton."

"Don't interrupt me, then. I said Mr. Vanderwent went to Europe every week to buy goods for the house, and when I say every week, I mean every year," continued Seth, rapping the table sharply with his fist. "You see, Mr. Vanderwent had a wife before he married his son; and his wife was an Englishman."

Seth's head swayed to and fro, and while he was speaking, he dropped it down on the table. Three glasses of beer on an empty stomach were more than he could carry. But Mr. Twitterton was in desperate earnest, and he wanted to hear the story, to which he had already listened half a dozen times, again, in order to clear up certain points which were dark in his mind. A few more beer drinks would kill the old man, and the fountain of his information on this side of the question would be closed. Seth slept and snored, but Mr. Twitterton waited impatiently for an hour, and then he ventured to wake him. The old porter's head was somewhat clearer then.

"Mr. Vanderwent's first wife was an English lady, was she, Seth?" asked Mr. Twitterton.

"Yes, an Englishwoman, but the son was born in New York. He would be seventeen years old, if he had died this month," replied Seth, still very much muddled. "Mrs. Vanderwent went over to Europe to buy goods for the house, and took Mr. Vanderwent and his son with her. You see Mr. Vanderwent wanted to see his mother-in-law," and the old man gave way to a violent desire to laugh, or rather to chuckle, for he was too tipsy to laugh.

Mr. Twitterton was satisfied that he had been too liberal with the beer, and that it was utterly impossible for Seth to tell the story in his present condition. But it was not prudent to take him home, for Miss Muggleton would not silently tolerate any irregularities about her boarding-house. The old man laughed, and then he gapped. Finally he settled his head down on the table and went to sleep. Mr. Twitterton called for lunch, for it was already past his supper-time. He waited a full hour before he disturbed the old porter again, and then a smart shake was sufficient to wake him.

"As I was saying, Mr. Vanderwent crossed the ocean to buy goods for the house," said Seth, with a start and a spring. "He went over to see his mother-in-law."

The old man laughed again, and perhaps he had dreamed the whole thing over again in his tipsy slumber.

"Take a sandwich, Mr. Muggleton," said Mr. Twitterton, as he pushed the plate toward him.

Seth ate all that was left on the dish, and seemed to be better.

"We need something to wash them down, Mr. Twitterton," added the old man, as he glanced at the beer-pump behind the counter.

"Certainly, I ordered more beer," replied the host. "Now, I should like to hear the rest of the story, for I intend to lay out my play tonight, when I go up to the house. Mr. Vanderwent crossed the sea to buy goods."

"Yes; and took his wife and child with him—did you say you had ordered more beer?" asked the old man.

"It will be here presently. Go on with the story, Seth."

"While he was there—"

"Mr. Vanderwent you mean?"

"Of course, I do. While he was there, he got a letter from Mr. Lynmore. I never saw that letter, and don't know what was in it; but it was tight times in New York then, and Mr. Vanderwent had to come home to look after things. The concern wasn't the big house then that it is now. Mr. Lynmore was afraid the house would fall. He did not tell me so but I knew something was the matter with him. Almost everybody failed then, but Mr. Vanderwent went among his rich relations and saved the house. If he hadn't come home just when he did, the house would have failed at least. I heard somebody say it would—I don't remember who it was, for this was fifteen years ago, and my memory isn't as good as it was," and the old man looked at the beer-drawers again.

"Never mind who it was. Go on, Seth."

"My throat is all dried up, Mr. Twitterton."

"We will have some beer in a few minutes; they are opening a fresh keg," added the host.

"Why didn't Mrs. Vanderwent come home with her husband?"

"Her mother was sick, and she did not like to leave her. She was likely to die, and I don't know but she did die. If she did, I have forgotten. I'm afraid my memory is failing. Isn't the beer ready yet?"

"Bring that beer for two," shouted Mr. Twitterton; and it came very promptly.

Seth drank half of the glass.

"Now I feel better, and my memory comes back to me. Mr. Vanderwent got a letter from his wife two months after his return, saying she had taken passage for herself and son in the 'Gladwing,' which would sail in about a week; but she was never heard of after she went out of Liverpool."

"Was it certain that Mrs. Vanderwent sailed in the 'Gladwing'?" asked Mr. Twitterton.

"Of course, she did. She had engaged passage in her, and the ship was never heard of. Her folks in England wrote to Mr. Vanderwent that she left her home there, and went to Liverpool. There was a great storm about three weeks after she sailed, and everybody believed the 'Gladwing' went down in the tempest. Many other ships were wrecked at the same time. That is all I know about it, and that's all anybody knows about it."

"Mr. Vanderwent gave up all hope of ever seeing his son and wife again, I suppose."

"Of course, he did, and in a year he married again. His second wife isn't like the first one. She lends him a hard life, and in your play, Mr. Twitterton, I think you had better bring back the first Mrs. Vanderwent, for I know it would be a great comfort to her husband," chuckled Seth, as he drained off the rest of his beer.

"What was the name of the little boy that was lost, Seth?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ing instantly at the possibility implied, Lillian exclaimed:

"Do you, as true as you live, love somebody?"

"Yes, a great many somebodies," was the answer, while Lillian persisted:

"Yes, yes; but I mean some—somebody like Lawrence Thornton. Tell me!" and the little beauty began to pout quite becomingly at Milly's want of confidence in her.

"Yes, Lily," said Milly at last, "I do love somebody quite as well as you love Lawrence Thornton, but it is useless to ask his name, as I shall not tell."

Lillian saw she was in earnest, and she forebore to question her, though she did so wish she knew; and she stood puzzling her weak brain to think who it was Milly Howell loved.

The beautiful hair was finished at last, and then Milly declared herself ready to attend to Lillian, who rattled on about Lawrence, saying, "she did not ask Milly to go to the station with her because she always liked to be alone with him. 'That will do!' she cried, as Milly finished and, leaving Milly to pick up the numerous articles of feminine wear, she tripped gracefully down the walk, and entering the carriage, she was driven to the depot."

"Two lovers, a body'd suppose by their actions," said a plain, outspoken farmer, who chanced to be at the station and witnessed the meeting; while Finn, who had been promoted to the office of coachman rolled his eyes knowingly as he held the door for them to enter.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" said Lillian, "I've been moped almost to death."

"Why, I thought you said in your letter you were having a most delightful time!"

And Lawrence looked smilingly down upon the little lady, who replied:

"Did she—did I? Well, then, I guess I am; but it's a heap nicer now you've come. Milly seems to me a little bit sober, Lawrence," and Lillian spoke in a whisper, for they were now ascending a hill, and she did not care to have Finn hear. "Lawrence, I know something about Milly, but you mustn't never tell—will you? She's in love! She told me so confidentially this morning, but wouldn't tell me his name."

"Why, how your face flushes up? It is awful hot—ain't it?" and Lillian began to fan herself with her leghorn hat, while Lawrence, from the window, and watching the wheels grinding into the gravelly sand, indulged himself in thoughts not wholly complimentary either to Lillian or the man whom Milly Howell loved.

"What business had Lillian to betray Milly's confidence even to him? Had she no delicate sense of honor? Or what business had Milly to be in love?" and, by the time the carriage turned into the avenue, Lawrence was about as uncomfortable in his mind as he well could be.

"There's Milly! Isn't she beautiful?" cried Lillian; and looking up, Lawrence saw Milly standing near a maple a little way in advance.

With that restlessness natural to people waiting the arrival of guests, she had left the Judge and Oliver, who were sitting in the parlor, and walked slowly down the avenue until she saw the carriage coming, when she stepped beneath the tree.

"Get in here, Milly—get in," said Lillian; and, hastily alighting, Lawrence offered her his hand, feeling strongly tempted to press the warm fingers, which he fancied trembled slightly in his own.

"She has been walking fast," he thought, and he was about to say so, when Lillian startled him with the exclamation:

"Why don't you kiss her, Lawrence, just as you do me?"

Lawrence thought of the man, and rather coolly replied:

"I never kissed Miss Howell in my life, neither would she care to have me."

"Perhaps not," returned Lillian, while Milly's cheeks flushed crimson,—"perhaps not, for she is a bit of a prude, I think; and then, too, I heard her say she didn't like you as well as she did Clubs."

"Oh, Lillian, when did I say so?" and Milly's eyes for an instant flashed with anger.

"You needn't be so mad," laughed Lillian. "You said so, that first night I came here. Don't you remember I surprised you telling Oliver how Uncle Thornton kept you looking over his old stones for fear you'd talk with Lawrence, and how you hated them all?"

"Lillian," said Lawrence, sternly, "no true woman would ever wantonly divulge the secrets of another, particularly, if that other be her chosen friend."

"Spied they'd end in a row when I seen 'em so lovin'!" muttered Finn; and, hurrying up his horses, he drew up at the gate just as Lillian began to pout, Milly to cry, and Lawrence to wish he had staid at home.

"Tears, Gipsy? Yes, tears as true as I live," said the Judge, who had come down to meet them and with his broad hand he wiped away the drops resting on Milly's long eyelashes.

"Nothing but perspiration," she answered laughingly, while the Judge rejoined:

"Hanged if I ever saw sweat look like that!"

Telling him "he hadn't seen everything yet," she forced her old sunny smile to her face and ran up the walk, followed by Lawrence and Lillian, who ere they reached the portico were on the best of terms, Lillian having called him a "great hateful," while he in return had played

fully pulled one of her long curls. The cloud, however, did not so soon pass from Milly's heart, for she knew Lawrence Thornton had received a wrong impression, and what was worse than all, there was no means of rectifying it.

"What is it, Gipsy? What ails you?" asked the Judge, noticing her abstraction. "I thought you'd be in the seventh heaven when you got Lawrence Thornton here, and now he's come you are bluer than a whetstone."

Suddenly remembering that she must give some directions for supper, Milly ran off to the kitchen, where she found Finn edifying his sister Lucy with an account of the meeting between Lawrence and Lillian.

"She stood there all ready," said he, "and the minute the cars stopped he made a dive and hugged her—so," and Finn's long arms wound themselves around the shoulders of his portly mother, who repaid him with a cuff such as she had been wont to give him in his babyhood.

"Miss Lily didn't do that way, I tell you," said Finn, rubbing his ear; "she liked it and stood as still. But who do you expect Miss Milly's in love with? Miss Lily told Mr. Thornton how she 'fessed to her this morning that she loved a man."

"In course she'd love a man," put in Rachel. "She'd look well lovin' a gal, wouldn't she?"

"There ain't no bad taste about that nuther, let me tell you, old woman," and Finn's brawny feet began to cut his favorite pigeon wing as he thought of a certain yellow gal in the village.

"I axes your pardon, Miss Milly!" he exclaimed, suddenly bringing his pigeon wing to a close as he caught sight of Milly, who had overheard every word he had said.

With a heart full almost to bursting she hastily issued her orders, and then ran up to her room,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HOW do you do, my dears, and have you had any Spring fever yet? But I am sure you have not, because nobody ever has until there have been April showers. And they are due this month. How the months fly by, don't they? April showers bring May flowers, and then comes June and summer and—but why am I talking weather to you all when there is work to do? The showers and the flowers and the weather do their work, and so must we, so here's to it.

The first on the letter pile is from Black Eyes of Anoka, Minn., and she is quite heart-broken because her young man tells her he loves her alone, and yet is attentive to other girls, and what must she do? It is so easy for the heart-broken ones to cure it if they will only smile on other young men and let these flirty fellows see that they are not the only pebble on the beach. But girls seem to be so afraid, that they let the men impose on them awfully. Now, Black Eyes, you flirt with somebody and let this chap see that you don't have to depend on him, and he'll be very different.

Goldenrod, Hobart, Ohio.—You are too young, fourteen, to "keep company," with or without your parents' consent, and I hope that the other girl will get that "sweetheart" of yours away from you and give you a chance to learn a whole lot at school that you don't know now.

Doubtful, Leipsic, Ohio.—Of course if your "gentleman friend" lives so far away he can't go with you to a party, he should let you go with someone else. And I wouldn't think at all of the one who only wanted to go with the girls in the summer time. If you are not good enough for all the seasons, you shouldn't be any good to him at all. Still, if he wants to use the winter for study, maybe you might be a little nicer to him than to shut him out altogether.

R. F. D., Elizabeth, Ill.—I think if I were you, I would go home and let his folks look out for themselves. Then he will learn that you are of more value to him than he thinks, and will change and ask you to come and stay all the time. Both of you are too careless of each other and need to be shaken up a bit in your feelings.

D. R., Warsaw, Ind.—If the young man intends to marry you he will not let you remain in ignorance of his intentions. But never ask a man what his intentions are. If he doesn't tell you, it is for you to conclude that he does not want to marry you, and you are free to do as you please.

Troubling Heart, Dyersburg, Ky.—If he tells you he loves you, there is nothing for you to do but believe him. If he does not make good, then you can tell him so and tell him that you don't want to have anything more to do with him.

Heart-broken, Freedom, Ky.—He doesn't care for you any more than just to fool you with postal cards when he should write you a letter. Tell him good by and find a substitute who knows how to treat a girl if he is in love with her.

Peggy, Thornton, Ind.—I like your sensible views, Peggy, and hope you will not be afraid to refuse to let the boys kiss you just because it might hurt their feelings if you didn't. Familiarity breeds contempt, you know, and the man who can be familiar with a girl cannot respect her as he does one who makes him keep his distance. I know boys and girls are thoughtless and don't consider kissing as anything more than fun, but it makes a girl common, and goodness knows, no girl wants to be like that. Save your kisses for the man you expect to marry.

Theater Kid, Peoria, Ill.—Why not tell your best young man when you go to the theater with other girls? I should think you would like to talk to him about where you go. I don't see how he could object. But whether he does or not, you are hiding something from him, and that is not to your credit.

Brown Eyes, Marine, Ill.—Let the other girls have this jealous beau of yours. He is mean and suspicious and if you married him you would be unhappy with him always. Jealousy is too ugly for anybody to try to live with.

L. K., Faribo, Minn.—Don't give up your school teaching to go out to a Dakota farm to live with a man in a sod shanty because you love him. Love is all right, but there is such a thing as asking too much of it. Wait till the man is able to provide properly for a wife.

Golden Locks, Frankfort, Ky.—Simply ask him to call. You don't have to put any frills on an invitation of that kind. (2) If he drinks and when drunk fights with people, are you sure he won't treat you that way when he is your husband? You may be willing to take that risk, but I wouldn't. (3) No kissing or caressing until you are engaged, and not too much of it then.

L. B. 23, Cadwallader, Pa.—The young man cares for the other girl, not you, and if you are wise, you will simply ignore him and let him go his way.

Blue Eyes, Pekin, Ill.—The man would be quite justified in breaking a promise made to his sweetheart on her death-bed. She had no right to ask him never to marry. She took an unfair advantage of him to exact the promise and he should not feel obligated to keep it. That is not sentiment, but it is sense, and just what I think.

Troubled Maidens, Seydon, N. Dak.—Write to him and have him address your letter to your chum, so you will know that it will not be stopped on the way. (2) If the young man is so bashful that he can't talk plainly to you in five years, I think, if I were you, I'd look around for one who had a little more courage.

Sweet Sixteen, Aurora, Mo.—Sixteen and eighteen are five years too young to marry, but since your parents consent, and he is making a support and you have always known each other you might try it. But five years from now you would both be so much better fitted to assume the responsibilities.

B. G., Rhinelander, Wis.—You wear your wedding ring on the same finger you wore your engagement ring. It is merely a continuation and conclusion of the engagement.

Dumpy, Ulysses, Pa.—Thirty-eight and twenty are not too wide apart to marry if there is plenty of love. Indeed, it is better so than if they were twenty-two and twenty.

M. S. K., La Mollie, Ill.—Don't be so particular if you wish to have a good time with the boys and girls. It is well to be careful of your actions and your associates, but you should not hold yourself aloof as if you were better than they. That's what you are doing, though you may not realize it. Hereafter when a young man asks you to go anywhere with him, or you are asked to go to help with the fun, go ahead and do the best you can, and make it pleasant for yourself and everybody else. What you have lost you cannot probably regain, but young men are plenty and willing, nearly always.

Anxious Susie, Tallahassee, Fla.—The girl who likes one man because he is handsome, and dislikes another because he is homely, is an awfully poor judge of men, and if she marries happily it will be mere luck. You deserve to marry a handsome man and pay for it.

Puss and May, Leeland, Mich.—Don't visit the mistakes of the young man's ancestors upon him. As the young man is all right, he is worthy of all credit and should not be held responsible for the past. A great many of us have not much to be proud of in our ancestry. (2) Obey your parents until you are of age, then if you want to marry, you may do so and assume the risk yourself. And don't have clandestine meetings. They may be nice, but they don't look it.

Ethel, Mansfield, Mo.—As long as you don't know which to marry, don't marry either. If you do, you'll wish it had been the other one.

Violet-Honey, Sagerton, Texas.—If all the other girls of your set sit in the boys' laps at the dance, then you may, but not otherwise. It is not nice, but if it is the custom in Sagerton, then you may do it. And so about going to the dance. If it is the custom then you may go with the young man and have no chaperon. I guess boys and girls always go to dances together in country towns, and it is quite proper. (2) You will have to decide for yourself where he should kiss you the first time, but don't let him until you are engaged to him.

Rose, C. Jefferson, S. Dak.—You are one of my cousins now, and may ask me questions just as the others do.

Brown Eyes, Newell's N. C.—As he is your guest at the commencement it will be quite proper for you to go to him and welcome him. After that he may be left to take care of himself until you are ready to see him again. If he is a stranger introduce him to some of your friends in the audience. (2) If he is so bashful, don't waste a post card on him. Still if you want to you may.

C. M., Point Bluff, Wis.—We believe, as you do, that she is a diamond, but not in the rough. She (CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Part of that wild resolve she kept only too well, and my lord's mother, drawing his attention to "Miss Carlyle's shameless flirting," shrugged her shoulders, and asked him "if that was his ideal of a Beresford's bride."

"It is nothing, nothing," my lord asserted boldly. "You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill and you shall see how different is the grace accorded to me."

And his mother did see. Isabel, set on driving him from her heart (and as miserable all the time as she could possibly be) received him with a cool little smile and a cool little word that planted the first seed of distrust in his heart, and then, to keep herself from breaking down, plunged into the maddest of mad gaiety and laughed and sang and flirted until, sick at heart she drove back to the Towers and spent the rest of the night in tears.

It was no use—she could not struggle against it. "Love took up the glass of time and turned it in his glowing hands," and she knew it then, as surely as she ever did in the days to come; life was nothing where Lord Lionel Beresford was not.

She must succumb to the inevitable—she could battle with love no longer; and my lord, alone basking in the sunshine of her smiles, forgot his jealousy, forgot his mother's hints, and drifted calmly down the golden tide, too happy to stay his fate.

The fortnight glided away and the time for the trip to London came around at last.

"I will speak to her there; I will tell her my heart-story in London, my beautiful darling," his lordship told himself. "I will tell her that life is empty without her, and lay my heart and title at her feet. Isabel, Countess of Beresford. How sweet it sounds, and how regally she will wear it, my beautiful dark-eyed bride. I shall ask nothing of the future, save that Isabel shall be my wife—my beautiful proud-hearted countess."

Oh! these lovers! What he really would ask of the future, Lord Lionel Beresford never dreamed just then. The time was coming when he should know only too well, and in the knowing, and life a broken reed.

So the London journey was taken and Isabel Carlyle's beauty dawned on the metropolis like a dazzling star. Titles were laid at her feet and very quietly rejected, sonnets were written to her beauty and flung into the fire before half-read; and so, fighting the one great love of her life, and battling against Lord Lionel Beresford's love, with all the strength of her proud, willful, tropical nature, she went on rejecting one eligible parti after another with the coolness of a human icicle.

She would never give in—never! His mother had scorned her, taunted her, stung her, and she would neither forgive nor forget.

My Lady Rosamond watched this little farce with deeply growing interest. She loved Lord Lionel Beresford as she never would love any other in this lower world, but she would sacrifice love, she would immolate him on the altar of revenge, so that she might see Isabel Carlyle and brought shame and suffering to the woman she hated.

"If Pierre would only write," she thought, "if he would only tell me that he has found her, I could feel that the game was safe. She was so weak, and vain, and ambitious, we could easily win her to our side if we only knew where she is hidden. But we do not. Pierre's last letter tells me he can find no trace of her, but she must be found—ah, Heaven, she must, for she is the only one who would serve us as we wish. Surely Pierre would know her if he saw her. The picture was cut from an illustrated paper, but my mother says it was a good one, and we could recognize her by that. Oh, will Pierre never find her? I would give half my fortune to behold her at this moment!"

But this mysterious "she" that my lady was bent on finding quite failed to appear in spite of the tempting offer, for the very good reason that she was entirely in ignorance of it, and Pierre, with all his shrewdness, was hunting in the wrong quarter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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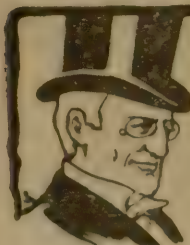
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Fla-boy, Lloyd, Fla.—Massaging the end of your nose will not reduce its size. The chances are that it will increase it. Nor can you reduce the size of your lips. Don't try to improve on nature unless you are certain you can.

Reader, Sharpsburg, Pa.—Yours is a case for personal examination by a physician and no satisfactory advice can be given by any other.

Mrs. B., Centerpoint, Ark.—It is not possible for us to prescribe for you, but your symptoms are not uncommon, and we think that if you place yourself in the care of a good physician he could make a well woman of you before a great while. Do you live in a malarial part of the country? Climatic conditions sometimes produce the results you are experiencing.

Z. Q. T., Connellsville, Pa.—Better let well enough alone. The discoloration gives you no trouble and perhaps if you began tampering with it you would bring back the original trouble. We think it will disappear as the flesh assumes its former condition. Why did you suffer for ten years when you might have been cured speedily if you had consulted a physician? Did you consider that a wise economy?

If M. E. B., Talent, Ore., will write to B. Fowler, Box 72, Camp Douglas, Wis., he will receive a cure for ingrowing nails without any cutting or pain. If Mr. F. will send his information to COMFORT we shall be glad to print it in this column.

T. F. G., David City, Neb.—Possibly the prescription is not especially harmful, but to reduce flesh by taking medicine of any sort is not to be commended, unless it is done by a physician who may examine causes. It is always weakening and not always effective. Better read up a little on physical culture and reduce your flesh by the means recommended by physical culturists.

G. E. N., East Barre, Vt.—Massage the scalp thoroughly for five minutes night and morning, and use a tonic made of one ounce black tea scalded in half gallon of water; strain and add ounce and a half of glycerine, one quarter ounce tincture cantharides and a pint of bay rum. Mix and add any perfume you like or none. Apply twice a day before massaging. If you do not care to use the tonic, you might rub vaseline into the roots about once or twice a week, as you are massaging.

W. M., Fisher's Switch, Ind.—Better than Texas for catarrh is the cold, dry air of Colorado, or the hot, dry air of Arizona and New Mexico. As to your indigestion, that will go when the catarrh does, if you will use a little care in your diet, and don't eat what does not agree with you, and don't drink coffee. Better get out in the open on a farm. Take a farm of your own and become an independent citizen. We know a railroad telegrapher in Utah who has homesteaded a farm near his office and runs the wire and the farm, too. You could do the same.

J. A., Freeborn, Minn.—Get married and settle down to the plain, everyday facts of existence as husband and father. That's the best treatment for most of the mental and physical ailments young people think they have.

J. G. P., Newton, Ia.—You are quite right—nothing but a change of climate will cure such a case of catarrh as you have, and possibly climate may only relieve it. Try the dry, hot air of Arizona. There are good towns there where you could find work in machine shops, as good mechanics are always in demand. Shop work will be all right, if you get into the open as often as you can and sleep in the open air every night. The sooner you get to the proper climate the better will your chances be to pull through in good shape. If you could get a place on a farm as a mechanic it would be better than a shop in town. But go there and see for yourself.

Patience, Coatesville, Pa.—The transplanting of teeth is dangerous because the transplanted tooth may come from a person who has some disease, or blood poisoning may ensue. It is a most painful operation, and very seldom resorted to, as you will find when you begin to consult dentists.

R. C. L., Niles, Cal.—By constant practice, at your age, you may cure, or greatly relieve your stammering. There are many schools for stammering advertised and we advise you to write to several of them and get opinions concerning your case. Stammering may be cured in many cases and as you are in fine physical condition and young you should be able to overcome it without very great difficulty, unless it is a most aggravated case.

Irish M., Elmira, N. Y.—We should say at a venture that you are troubled with indigestion and nervousness. Change your diet, stop the coffee and take a dose of Epsom or other salts, in hot water, two or three times a week, before breakfast.

W. E. R., Greenwood, Ark.—Teeth are not to be cured by prescription, but by surgical operations and you will have to go to a dentist. There is no reason that we know of why you should have scurvy.

W. A. A., Tacoma, Wash.—If the remedy has proved to be so efficacious and for two years has only done you good, why do you doubt its effect upon your general health? Keep on taking it, only don't let it become a habit. Take it only when you are suffering. It is not a "dope" and ordinarily is harmless.

A. A., Macon, Ga.—You won't live long if you don't brace up and get out of Georgia. Go out to Colorado and get work on a fruit farm where you will be in the open all the time. A year's work in that air will put you in good shape. Then marry the farmer's daughter, or his widow, and run the whole institution.

H. J. R., Paulding, Ohio.—These are advertised remedies and you will get all the particulars from the druggists who sell them. How many druggists have you in Paulding? Ask them all if one can't tell you what you want to know.

M. M. W., La Junta, Col.—Don't try to bleach your hair. You will be sure to make it worse. Give it time and it will become a silver white which will be beautiful and becoming. (2) Glad you do not drink coffee. Now be as careful in other matters of diet. Eat only what you know digests properly. You know that better than you can be told. The red face and the blood-rush are due to bad digestion. Eat rice and eggs and toast, and drink milk with crackers broken into bits. Raw cabbage and stewed tomatoes and parsnips or carrots may be eaten, if they agree with you. Potatoes are not good, nor should you eat much meat, and that quite rare beef, or roast mutton. No pork. Fowl and a little fish, if you like it. Graham bread is good, or gluten bread. If you have an acid stomach, try a pinch of cooking soda in a half glass of hot water, before or after meals. Dose of salts occasionally when necessary.

P. Q. H., Marlboro, N. Y.—Go to the oculist from whom you got the glasses and get his advice. He should be able to tell you what is the matter, or at least refer you to a physician who could relieve the trouble. Don't try to cure yourself. The eyes are too delicate and valuable not to give them the best treatment possible.

M. T., Tarter, Ky.—We have known persons who have used baking soda for from twenty to thirty years for acidity and have felt no bad effects. As long as you find only relief in its use, continue it, but do not increase the doses, and don't take it when you don't feel the need of it. (2) You had better let the doctors who have examined that pain of yours prescribe for it. And don't put it off, either, or prescriptions will be of no avail.

A. W., Fitzwilliam, N. H., sends word to Mrs. J. S. Mountain Park, Okla., that cases of neuralgia have been cured by drinking lemonade. This is the first time we have heard of lemonade as a remedy, but in any event it is not a bad medicine to take.

E. T. B., Ute, Iowa.—Blackheads may be removed by washing the face thoroughly in hot water with castile soap, and pressing them out with a watchkey, or a small instrument made for the purpose to be had at drug stores. Then apply a lotion made as follows: Boracic acid, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; rose water, two ounces. Keep the face clean, and massage it night and morning, by rubbing well with the hands.

Orphan, Pinkston, Okla.—You are bound to lose your mind if you keep on thinking you will. Stop it, and be sensible. An eighteen-year-old girl in good health ought to be ashamed of herself to even think that she had a mind to lose. Stop it, we tell you and go to thinking about some nice young fellow who will make love to you if you will let him. Get married and you'll forget all about losing your mind.

If B. P., Cocheton, N. Y., will write to Chas. Needham, Box 92, Imperial, Neb., he may hear of the remedy he is looking for.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

and, throwing herself upon the bed, did what any girl would have done, cried with all her might.

"To think Lily should have told him that!" she exclaimed passionately. "I wish he had not come here."

"You don't wish so any more than I," chimed in a voice, which sounded much like that of Lillian Velle.

She knew that Milly was offended, and, seeing her go up the stairs, she had followed to make peace, if possible, for Lillian, while occasionally transgressing, was constantly asking forgiveness. "I'm always doing something silly," she said; "and then you did tell Clubs you didn't like Lawrence."

"It is not that," sobbed Milly, "Finn says you told him I loved somebody."

"The hateful nigger!" exclaimed Lillian. "What business had he to listen and then to blab? If there's anything I hate it's a tattler!"

"Then why don't you quit it yourself?" asked Milly, jerking away from Lillian.

"What an awful temper you have got, Milly," said Lillian, seating herself composedly by the window, and looking out upon the lawn. "I should suppose you'd try to control it this hot day. I'm almost mad now."

And thus showing how little she really cared for her foolish thoughtlessness, Lillian fanned herself complacently, wondering why Milly should feel so badly if Lawrence did know.

"Gipsy," called the Judge from the lower hall, "supper is on the table. Come down."

In the present condition of her face Milly would not for the world show herself to Lawrence Thornton, and she said to Lillian:

"You make some excuse for me, won't you?" "I'll tell them you're mad," returned Lillian, and she did, adding by way of explanation:

"Milly told me this morning she was in love, I told Lawrence, Finn overheard me, and like a meddlesome fellow as he is, repeated it to Milly, who is as sulky about it as you please."

"Milly in love!" repeated the Judge. "Who in thunder is she in love with?"

In a different form Lawrence had asked himself that same question many a time within the last hour; but not caring to hear the subject discussed, he adroitly turned the conversation to other topics and Milly soon heard them talking pleasantly together, while Lillian's merry laughter told that her mind at least was quite at ease. Lillian could not be unhappy long, and now was quite delighted to find herself the sole object of attraction to three of the male species.

Supper being over she led the way to the back piazza, where, sitting close to Lawrence, she rattled on in her simple, childish way, never dreaming how, while seeming to listen, each of her auditors was thinking of Milly and wishing she was there.

For a time Oliver lingered, hoping Milly would join them again, but as she did not, he at last took his leave. From her window Milly saw him going down the Cold Spring path, and with a restless desire to know if he thought she had acted very foolishly, she stole out of the back way, and, taking a circuitous route to avoid observation, reached the gable roof and knocked at the door of Oliver's room just after he had entered it.

"May I come in?" she said.

"Certainly," he answered. "You are always welcome."

And he pushed toward her the stool on which she sat, but pushed it too far from himself to suit Milly's ideas.

She could not remember that she was no longer the little girl who used to lavish so many sisterly caresses upon the boy Oliver; neither did she reflect that she was now a young lady of seventeen, and he a man of twenty-one, possessing a man's heart, even though the casket which enshrined that heart was blighted and deformed.

"I want you to put my head in your lap as you used to do," she said; and, drawing the stool closer to him, she rested her burning cheek

upon his knee, and then waited for him to speak.

"You have been crying, Milly," he said, at last, and she replied:

"Yes, I've had an awful day. Lillian led me into confessing that I loved somebody, never dreaming she would tell it to Lawrence; but she did, and she told him, too, that I said I hated all the Thorntons. Oh, Oliver, what must he think of me?"

"For loving somebody, or hating the Thorntons, which?" Oliver asked, and Milly replied: "Both are bad enough, but I can't bear to have him think I hate him, for I don't. I—oh, Oliver, can't you guess? Don't you know?—though why should you when you have loved only me?"

"Only you, Milly—only you," said Oliver, while there came a mist before his eyes as he thought of the hopeless anguish the loving her had brought him.

But not for the world would he suffer her to know of the love which had become a part of his very weary life, and he was glad it was growing dark, so she could not see the whiteness of his face, nor the effort that it cost him to say in his quiet tone:

"Milly, do you love Lawrence Thornton?"

He knew she did, but he would rather she should tell him so, for he fancied that might help kill the pain which was gnawing at his heart.

"I have never kept anything from you, Oliver," she said; "and if you are willing to be troubled, I want to tell you all about it. Shall I?"

"Yes, tell me," he replied, and nestling so close to him, that she must have heard the beating of his heart, Milly told him of her love, which was so hopeless because of Lillian Velle.

"I shall never be married," she said; "and when we are old we will live together, you and I, and I shall forget that I ever loved anybody better than you; for I do—forgive me, Oliver," and her little soft, warm hand crept after the cold, clammy one, which moved farther away as hers approached, and at last hid itself behind the chair, while Milly continued, "I do love him the best, though he has never been to me what you have. But I can't help it. You are my brother, you know, and it's all so different. I don't suppose you can understand it, but try to imagine that you are not lame, nor small, but tall, and straight, and manly as Lawrence Thornton, and you loved somebody—me perhaps."

"Yes, you—say you Milly," and the poor deformed Oliver felt a thrill of joy as he thought of himself, "tall, and straight, and handsome, and loving Milly Howell."

"An, suppose I did not love you in return," said Milly, "would your heart ache as it has never ached before?"

Oliver could have told her of a heartache such as she had never known, but he dared not, and he was framing some word of comfort, when Judge Howell's voice was heard below, asking if his runaway were there.

"Oh, it's too bad!" said Milly. "I wanted to have such a nice long talk, and I haven't said half I came to say; but it can't be helped."

And kissing the lips which inwardly kissed her back a thousand times, though outwardly they did not move, she hurried down the stairs, where the Judge was waiting for her.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, adding that it was not polite in her to flare up at nothing and run off from her guests.

Milly made no reply, and knowing from past experience that it was not always safe to reproach her, the Judge walked on in silence, until they reached the house, where Lillian greeted Milly as if nothing had occurred, while Lawrence made himself so agreeable, that when at last they separated for the night the shadow was entirely gone from Milly's face, and nearly so from her heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent consulting veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large western university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

POLYPSUS WEAK PASTER.—I write you in regard to an ailment of my mule. She has a rattling sound in her head when she breathes as if her head was filled up with matter but there is never any discharge seen and sometimes she will be free from the sound for a day or two. Can it be cured, what is it or what will it terminate in? (2) I have a young mare, excellent traveler, that seems to get sore about the points of the scapular bones. She stands a little low on back on her pasterns. Can I do anything that will strengthen her at that point?

REPLY.—We suspect that examination will disclose the presence of a tumor (polypus) in one of the nostrils, and its removal by operation should do away with the difficulty in breathing. (2) Keep the toe short and have heels put on toe calkins on shoes.

STOCKED LEGS.—I have a horse whose hind legs are swollen every morning above the hock. She got it from kicking on the side of the stable. When she walks around for a while it goes away and the next morning it's swollen again. What should I do?

REPLY.—This mare should be allowed roomy box stall when in the stable. Work or exercise her every day and when she comes in from work rub her legs dry, then bandage with flannel from foot to hock joints. In feed, as a tonic, give twice daily for ten days a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts dried sulphate of iron, powdered gentian and ginger roots and saltpeter. Omit the sulphate of iron if she is in foal.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that bruised her front feet coming out of the stable on a big stone and afterward strained her pastern joints; her feet and one pastern is all right. The right foot was bruised the worst, but the left pastern is very lame. I doctored with a veterinarian all summer and she is still lame in one foot. A. M.

REPLY.—While we are, of course, unable to tell just what is the matter, seeing that a personal examination cannot be made it seems probable that a ringbone may be forming upon the pastern as a result of the injury. Such a condition would be indicated by a hard long enlargement upon the pastern and if that is present we would advise clipping off the hair and blistering, repeating with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides.

EYE TROUBLE.—I have a high-class driving horse that has a growth on his left eye, in the lower corner, about the size of a large bean. It doesn't seem to hurt him, but there is a white matter, I notice, discharging from the eye that looks like what I have noticed coming out of horses' eyes, when having a cold. I never notice it in the left eye. Will you tell me what the growth is and if there is any cure. C. L. W.

REPLY.—It is not made clear whether the growth is upon the eyeball or the haw of the eye (membrana nictitans) but as matter discharges it seems to obstruct the lachrymal duct which conducts the tears to the nostril. On general principles we would advise sponging the eye twice daily with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid and each other day paint the growth with a little of a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water to be kept silver in a blue colored bottle to prevent chemical change. It would be better, however, to employ a qualified veterinarian as an operation may be necessary.

UNBOUND HOCK JOINTS.—I have a three-year-old filly that has what the neighbors call "wind puffs," bog and blood spavins and thoroughpins on her left hind leg. Her dam has the same condition on the right hind leg. The filly is not lame but I wish you could tell me how to remove the puffs; also will she do for breeding purposes if unfit for work?

REPLY.—She should on no account be used for breeding purposes as the unsoundness of the hock joint is inherited in that there is a conformation present that induces such unsound conditions. The dam evidently has the same faulty conformation and has passed it down to the filly and she would do the same thing as to name the puffs; also will she do for breeding purposes if unfit for work? There is practically no cure for such a condition. Better let the entire should she become lame than have the entire joint line-fred and blistered by a veterinarian and then allow six weeks' rest in stall. If this cannot be done tie her up in stall, clip off the hair and blister hock joint with cerate of cantharides at intervals of three or four weeks until two

or more applications have been made. Then try her and if lameness still is present tie her up again and repeat the blisters.

WOLF TEETH.—Do "wolf teeth" cause blindness? My mare has such teeth and one of her eyes is affected now and then with inflammation and I believe she is fast becoming blind. Can anything be done for this?

REPLY.—Wolf teeth are relics of prehistoric seventh molars and do not harm. They have nothing whatever to do with the eye diseases of horses. They are absent in thousands of horses affected with eye disease and when present are short, small teeth and usually are shed by the time the horse is eight years old. Let them alone unless they happen to interfere with the bit, which rarely happens. The mare has "periodic ophthalmia" and it is incurable and hereditary. She should not be used for breeding purposes.

OSTEO-SARCOMA.—My horse had a sore eye last fall and during winter it has become worse until now there is a scum over the lower part of the eyeball, a constant discharge which has an awful bad odor and the bones of the face, just under and at the inner corner of the eye, are bulging. The tears seem to flow over the face. What can be done in such a case and can you give the disease a name?

REPLY.—Your horse is afflicted with osteo-sarcoma, a cancerous disease affecting the eye and the bones of the orbit and surrounding parts. It is akin to fungous matroids of the eyes of cattle, referred to in a recent issue, and that too is incurable. In a very few cases, taking them soon after the first symptoms of the disease appear it may be possible to remedy the trouble by free use of the knife. In operative cases the entire eye has to be removed and then the affected bones have to be scraped and treated with dilute hydrochloric acid; after this the wound is treated with antiseptics until healed. In most instances, however, treatment is of no avail and the animal has to be destroyed. Sometimes the lachrymal duct for the removal of tears, becomes stopped up and the tears then flow over the cheek. This condition can be cured by operation requiring an expert veterinary surgeon.

SORES UNDER THE COLLAR.—When the skin under the collar at the top of a horse's neck becomes sore it is best to remove the hair when giving treatment.

REPLY.—The hair should not be clipped away in such cases. By clipping a lot of little short, stiff bristles are left on the irritated skin and the collar presses these down into the skin and they aggravate the condition previously present. Leave the hair long. Remove the cause of the irritation, usually a dirty, ill-fitting collar, and apply a little benzoated oxide of zinc ointment to the parts, as found necessary.

DO CHICKENS HAVE TUBERCULOSIS?—Please answer this question as some people who keep poultry in my district have complained of losses and find yellow spots upon the livers as well as on other internal organs of the dead birds. M. F.

REPLY.—This may be answered in the affirmative but tuberculosis of fowls "avian tuberculosis" is comparatively rare and in many instances where it has been diagnosed as present the observer has been wrong in his diagnosis, having mistaken some other disease for tuberculosis. Still the disease may be much more common than is supposed and the writer has seen it in one place affecting pure-bred poultry, ducks and turkeys at the same time. The disease spreads rapidly among poultry and leads to pining and death, but it is not known to be communicable to man or animals. Affected birds should be destroyed by burning. Yards should be worked and seeded or it would be best to cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the houses and move them onto clean ground.

SORES ON EARS OF DOG.—Every summer sores come on the outside of my collie dog's ears and bother him greatly as they attract flies. Please give me a remedy.

REPLY.—Cleanse the part thoroughly and when dry rub in a little of a mixture of equal parts of iodine, calomel and subnitrate of bismuth. If the dog lives in the house substitute for the iodine one part of boric acid. Iodoform, however, usually is necessary to keep the flies away.

SHEEP TICKS.—Is there anything that can be used to destroy ticks on ewes in winter time when the sheep cannot be dipped?

REPLY.—Pyrethrum insect powder may be worked freely into the fleece at most affected parts and will tend to drive the ticks off the sheep but does not seem to destroy them. For the latter reason the sheep should be treated in a room and the ticks destroyed after the sheep has been removed.

TORN EYELID.—What is the best way to treat a torn eyelid? I had such a case last summer and the horse tore out the stitches by rubbing and the wound healed badly and left an unsightly scar.

REPLY.—It is necessary to so tie the horse that he cannot rub the eye against the manger, partition or other object before the wound has healed. To accomplish this the horse may be backed into the stall and tied from side to side of the heel posts and there be hand fed at mealtimes; or he may be placed in a box stall and tied so that he cannot reach a partition to rub upon. Treatment of the wound consists in cleansing it thoroughly with a 1-1000 solution of bichloride of mercury; then clip away ragged edges, and hair and after sponging clean again, bring the edges of the wound together and insert new pins from side to side through lips of wound and when sufficient are inserted to keep the lips together closely wind a clean suture thread of silk around the pins, close to skin, in figure of eight fashion so as to keep them in place and to prevent the wound from opening. Then clip off the points of the pins and dust the part freely with a mixture of one part iodoform and six parts boric acid and repeat this application twice a day. Some surgeons simply suture the wound nicely with silk and paint with iodoform-collodion. Absolute cleanliness must be observed in the work and the pins and suture thread must be sterilized if success is to follow the operation. In a week or so

the pins may be removed and the wound should be found healed by "first intention" which means adhesion without formation of pus.

SPLIT EAR.—I bought a western horse a while ago and as he has a split ear I would like to know how to make the edges heal together so as to remove the blemish.

REPLY.—Better leave it alone. Such cases are very difficult to handle and often fail to respond to the best of surgical treatment. The way to perform the operation is to clip away the hair, cleanse the parts, cut the edges on each side of the ear, bring them together and suture securely and apply antiseptic powder. Horse must be tied so he cannot rub part.

PREGNANT EWES DYING.—Some of my ewes are dying and some of them are having lambs which live but a day or come dead. I am feeding the ewes all the timothy hay and corn fodder they want and they have a barn to run to at night. They just seem to droop and die and have little blood in them when opened. Their livers are pale and rotten. What is the matter?

REPLY.—Pregnant ewes are about sure to die or have weak or dead lambs if they are simply fed all the timothy hay and corn fodder they want. That feeding is quite insufficient and being coarse, bulky and dry the food tends to cause impaction after the liver, much overworked, has failed to supply sufficient bile to keep the bowels freely open. Pregnant ewes should have an abundance of clover hay or mixed clover and timothy hay and plenty of fresh water and if possible a succulent food should be supplied to help prevent constipation and liver disorder. It also is a good plan to feed the ewes a mixture of two parts whole oats; one part wheat bran and one quarter part flaxseed meal. Of this feed half a pound per ewe daily at first and increase gradually to three quarters of a pound per ewe daily. Medicinal treatment is useless in such cases. Prevention is all important.

CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS.—Will castor oil remove warts?

REPLY.—The best cold pressed castor oil rubbed in very thoroughly will remove warts from the under or from the lips if persistently used and is also good for flat masses of warts of comparatively small size. Poor quality oil seems to have little effect; nor is the best oil suitable for removal of warts in extra bad cases. In such cases stronger treatment is necessary and the knife often is the best means of eradication. Castor oil of the best quality well rubbed in daily will also cure ringworm of the face and neck of calves.

SORES ON SIDES OF HOCKS.—I have been puzzling to find the cause of the little bare or abraded sores on the outside of the hock joints of stable horses. They seem to be present in a majority of such horses and no one seems to know what causes them. Can you throw light upon the subject?

REPLY.—Go into the stable at night and note how the horse is lying in stall. In all probability it will be found that he has managed to scrape back the bedding or get it to one side so that his hock, on recumbent side, is in contact with the bare floor of the stall. The sore or hairless spot is simply due to lying upon a hard, unbedded stall floor. It may be prevented by allowing more bedding and making the sides of the bed the deepest. With fine horses the coachman will find it a good plan to put a straw or trunk mat under the bedding at back of stall when the bed is made ready for the horse to use at night. The horse may press the bedding out of place but the mat will still prevent his hocks from injury.

URTICARIA.—Some of our hogs are covered with sores or cracking, inflamed, feverish, red, hairless spots. The sores inside of thighs and forelegs and along belly are most affected. What is the cause and what should be applied as a cure?

REPLY.—The trouble is known as "urticaria" or nettle rash or surfelt and usually is brought on by dirty sleeping places, wet or damp beds and other unsanitary conditions. It is not infectious or contagious and not due to germs. In most cases there is derangement of the digestive organs in connection or causing the disease and the first step should be to cut down the rations, leave corn out of the bill of fare and substitute light slop of middlings, bran, ground oats and flaxseed meal in which mix linseed oil freely two or three times a week. Provide clean, dry, sunny, ventilated, whitewashed house for hogs and allow plenty of outdoor exercise every day. Treat the irritated parts by applying, as required, a lotion composed of two drams of ichthyol, half an ounce of flowers of sulphur and lard oil, eight ounces. Shake well before application to the skin. Often a few applications of coal tar dip solution will cure the skin irritation but this should not be used if the trouble is due to sun scald.

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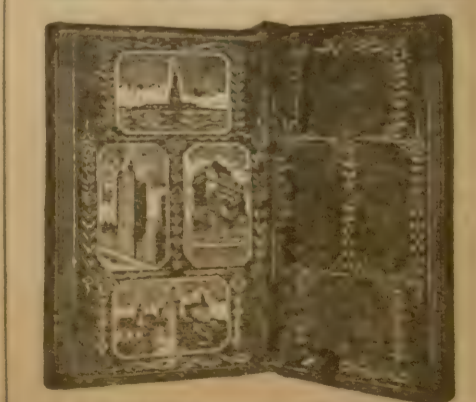
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. Peter Thiel, Box 27, Kanawha, R. D. 3, Iowa, wants information concerning her brother Nicholas, last heard of in Oklahoma some years ago. Does any COMFORT reader know Nicholas Gantrel? If so write to Mrs. Thiel.

F. Z. M., Upson, Wis.—Consult the advertising columns of COMFORT and you will find several firms who will supply you with what you want. Don't you read advertisements? If you don't, now is the time to begin.

H. B., Buford, Col.—Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.; John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Oliver Ditson Co., New York City.

A. R., Plain View, Ill.—As a rule lithograph companies order their work from known designers. If you have anything that is especially original and well done, it would pay you to take it to Chicago and see the firms in person.

Subscriber, Tuscaloosa, Ala.—The pronunciation of proper names is not governed by the usual rules, but as nearly as possible we give you the pronunciation of those you ask about: Carnegie, Car-nay-gie; Cortelyou, Cort-el-you, accent on first syllable; Goethals, Ger-tels, nearly; Gatun, Gab-ton; Culebra, Cu-le-bra; Gannett, Gan-nett, accent on first syllable. In view of the fact that such pronunciation is so variable, mispronunciation is not a sign of ignorance. It merely indicates a lack of personal acquaintance with the owner of the name.

If S. H., La Plata, Mo., asking in this column for old almanacs will write to Lester W. Loomis, Honey Creek, R. D. 1, Wis., he may secure dates from 1836 up to the present.

S. K., Reidsville, N. C.—Write to Secretary Board of Trade, Norfolk, Va., inclosing postage for reply. We think you will find there are only tramp steamers, and no regular line.

J. M. J., Newark, Ark.—Write to Charles M. Childs, No. 225 Pearl St., New York City, inclosing postage for reply. If he cannot supply you, ask him to tell you who can. Tell him exactly what you want. You are not very clear in your letter to us.

Reader, St. Jude, N. C.—The very first requirement a publisher asks of an author is that his English be correct. Until you can write fairly correct English you have absolutely no chance to have a novel published, or even looked at by a publisher. Uneducated people can't write books, and they should not try.

L. H., Cold Spring, N. Y.—We don't know anything about the party, but you will have more money in your pocket, we think, if you don't invest it the way he wants you to. You don't buy a horse or a cow till you know something about them and why should you buy other things, that call for much more money unless you are sure you will get value received?

Mrs. J. J., Alexander, N. C.—Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

M. E. H., Terre Haute, Ind.—It is impossible for us, or anyone, to know the local school laws of various states. As a teacher you should know those of your own and neighboring states. If you don't like the prospect in Indiana why don't you go to the Philippines where we believe teachers are in demand at good salaries. Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

C. T., Goldfield, Ia.—We are sorry, but we hardly think you will find the brother who has been missing for over forty years. However, if you will permit us to give your name and address we will give you all the chances that COMFORT can command.

C. M. S., Alexis, N. C.—Good telegraphers, like any other good men, don't usually have much trouble in having steady work. The salary runs from about forty dollars a month up to say, one hundred dollars. You can do better as an up-to-date telegrapher if you will learn that way. And your own state presents as good opportunities in that line as any other. Learn how to farm, and farm, if you want to be the independent man.

S. M., Glens Falls, N. Y.—Write to Secretary of State, Richmond, Va. That is headquarters for information about Confederate soldiers, as we suppose all the archives are there.

S. H., La Plata, Mo.—Write to Hickling, Swan & Brewer, Boston, Mass. for the almanac of 1860 that you are looking for.

George Withers, Knightsville, Ind., would like to hear from his missing boy, George W. Withers, aged sixteen, or from any COMFORT reader who can give any information concerning him. All will be forgiven if the boy will return.

P. L. E., Springfield, Pa.—You can only sell designs for magazine covers, posters, calendars, etc., by taking them in person to possible purchasers. Go to Philadelphia and see the publishers there. When your work is known you can do business by mail, or express.

J. W., Athens, W. Va.—Don't know Whitworth. You can get Burke's Peerage from any leading bookseller, but we think you don't want to pay \$10 or more for it. If you do, let us know.

Purple Pansy, Yoakum, Texas.—You will have to take your chances in song-writing and we cannot advise you. Maybe you will make a hit and a success and maybe you won't. We can say though, that the only way to place a song is on royalty, or to sell the words outright for the best offer you can get.

I. McC., South Haven, Kans.—We give it up. Ask us an easy one.

Mrs. M. D., Greenwood, S. C.—The "fabulous prices" you hear of being paid for antiques is not the kind of price you will get from the dealer. But if you have something very good, you can sell it at a fair price. Get the addresses of some wealthy people in Charleston and write to them direct. There should be a pretty good chance to sell at good prices to the rich notherners who are at the winter hotels in your state. (2) Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., about the coins.

W. A. O., Dyer, Ind.—Address your letter simply to Superintendent of any railroad you want to communicate with. Philadelphia is headquarters for the Pennsylvania, and Louisville, Ky., of the L. & N. Some of the roads you mention are parts of larger systems.

M. E. W., Carroll, N. Y.—Write to D. Kaplan, No. 41 Bond Street; Chas. Cohen, No. 137 Bleecker Street; S. Kates, No. 43 East 9th Street, New York City.

A. A. O., Hawes, Ark.—Write to Secretary Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.

Subscriber, Bristow, Okla.—Ask your druggist for musk, that's all. We don't know the price, but it is not cheap. Preparations of it, perfume and others, are usually sufficient, and the price is reasonable.

A. F. Graf, Shawnee, Okla., would like to hear from COMFORT readers who have French poodles for sale. He wants to buy a bow-wow.

N. McC., Norwich, O.—"The Arabian Nights" has no individual authorship as far as known. The stories are a collection gathered from various sources and of great antiquity. Haven't you a library in Norwich where you can read up a bit on the subject?

Mrs. C. G., Readsboro, Vt.—It isn't the kind of paper you write your story on that counts, but what the story is. Ordinary typewriter paper, letter size, is the usual form and size. If you can't get that in your town, the ordinary letter sheet will do, though its weight will make the postage higher.

Mrs. M. W., Corry, Pa.—Coins of those dates are worth only a few cents more than their face value and not enough to justify your dicker with them unless you have several hundred.

S. A. A., London, Texas.—Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich. In writing state what your confederate money is, the amount, date, etc. As it is genuine it may be worth something. Inclose postage for reply.

Mexico, Cable, Wis.—A man that is bound to be in the right and insists that his wife is always wrong has no right to have a wife and he should be set out in the woods in some place to live by himself. As that cannot be done legally, you'll either have to stand it, or go and live by yourself.

L. O. B., Harshman, Ohio.—Pictures, drawings or photographs, suitable for book and magazine illustrations are usually bought only by the publishers who are to use them. You can find out what they want by writing to them, or seeing them in person. You know the magazines, write to such of them as might want to buy what you have. You will never know what you can do till you try.

Inquisitive, Liberty, Ind.—"Graustark" has no existence except in the mind of the author. (2) See answer above to "Mrs. C. G." (3) Yes, if the mails don't bungle it. The firm is sufficiently well known not to need street number.

H. A. S., Westphalia, Ind.—The clipping bureaus in the various cities cover that ground.

E. W. R., Woodlawn, Md.—We believe that colored children may go to the white schools of Harrisburg, Pa. Write to Sup't Public Schools there, and find out definitely. (2) Have you tried the Baltimore booksellers? Write to Brentano's, New York City. (3) The coin is of no extra value.

Miss Lou A. Bernhardt, Box 13, Concord, R. D. 3, N. C., would like to hear from somebody who will buy cancelled postage stamps, and somebody else who is interested in raising canaries.

Art Student, Imlay, Mich.—We believe Detroit has a Museum of Art, though it may have a different name. Write to Art Editor, Free Press, Detroit, inclosing postage for reply.

F. E. A., Mohawk, N. Y.—You will have to be fitted to do the work of a train man before you can get such a position. We suppose the course in a correspondence school would be of value but actual experience is better. Ask some of the railroad men in your town. They should be able to tell you a lot more than you seem to know now.

J. S. I., Hardings, Va.—Write to the Mayor of Punta Gorda for the information you desire about lands in that vicinity, and all the particulars. Inclose postage. But don't buy anything till you know what you are getting.

J. D. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—There are agencies for the sale of plays of all kinds, but they are not always satisfactory. You will do better by dealing direct with the people you think your burlesque would suit. Any of the dramatic editors in Buffalo should be able to post you on agencies.

A. F. S., Nelson, Ga.—All of them are published in New York City, and that address will reach them. Couldn't you find the addresses in the magazines?

F. H. T., Sattes, W. Va.—The Seven Wonders of the World, so-called, are, or were, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyramids, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Pharos of Alexandria, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of the Olympian Jove, and the Mausoleum by Artimisia at Halicarnassus. We have greater wonders nowadays. (2) The Dead Sea is navigable, but there's not much business doing in that line. (3) The name of the writer is unknown to us.

W. G. S., Rochelle, Ill.—King Alphonso XIII, of Spain was married in 1906 to Princess Victoria Ena of England. His son, Alphonso, Prince of the Asturias, was born May 10th, 1907.

Mrs. E. J. D., Oakland, Cal.—You must submit a manuscript to publishers, that is the principal thing. Get the addresses of several from current books and write to them telling what you have and ask them if they want to see it. That will save time and money, and possibly some disappointment. You might begin by seeing some of the San Francisco publishers. Don't be too particular at first—let any publisher have it who will take it on royalty. Prepare yourself for disappointment, not once but many times. Most authors get their start that way.

Talks with Girls

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

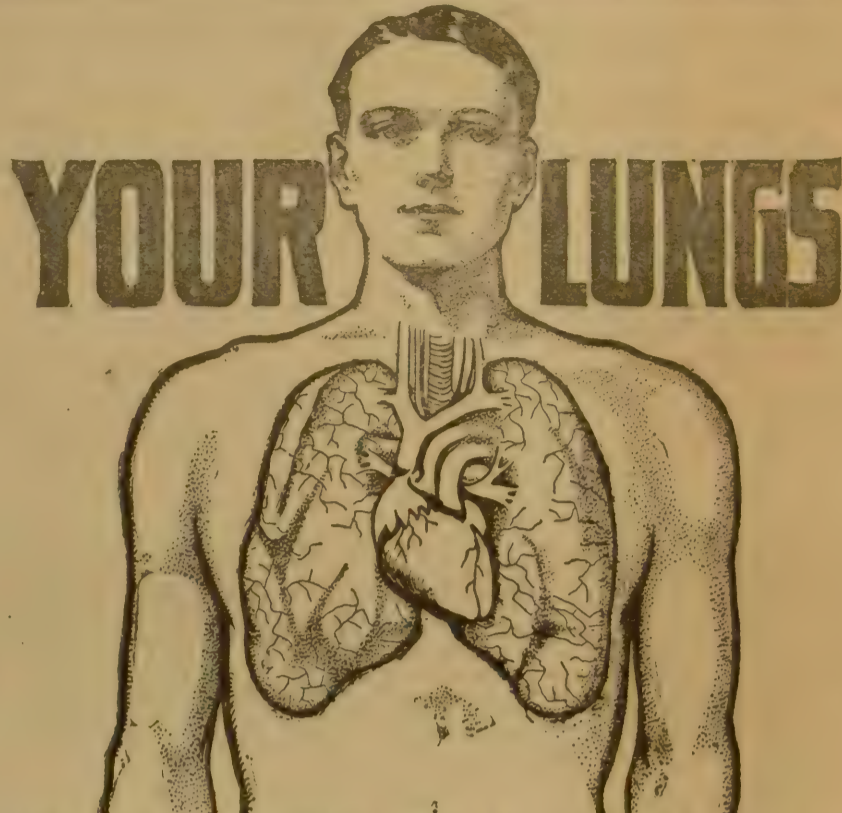
is too nice and gentle for that. Find out from her if she ever received your letter. That will start you in the right direction and then you can keep going. You know a trail when you see it, don't you? Follow it, but not too rapidly. You seem to have the proper views of things and we believe you will get her, though it may take some extra time and effort to do it. Don't be too backward and don't be too forward. Coax her into the corral gently, and don't throw your rope till you know where it will light. Let us know what success you have. We are interested.

Mabel, Canton, Ohio.—Of course there is no such word in the dictionary as "bashful". It should have been "bashful". You know what bashful means, don't you? It seems to us that he is less bashful than you think, and does not go with you because he doesn't want to. Ask him directly about it. That will make him wake up and take notice. Bashful men have to be jarred, and jarred hard. (2) Usually when a man is in love he tells the girl so without thinking of the future. Then if she loves him and they become lovers, they begin to talk over what it means to them. Sometimes a man in love says nothing because he cannot make good, but it is hardly fair to the girl, unless he gives her some hint of his feelings. That is, if she cares for him.

Sally Jones, Huntington, Ind.—We don't know what the initials mean and are glad of it. We don't believe in "love signals." "The best love mark" we can suggest for steady use is this: \$. You know what that means, don't you?

Pansy, Hope, Va.—Forget him, as he is trying to forget you. Why should you keep on thinking about the fellow who keeps on thinking about another girl? Stop it, and get to thinking about a fellow who thinks about you.

There, dears, I have answered all your questions here, or sent them to other departments, where you will find them, because you know I answer only one kind of questions. And I hope I have answered all this month in a way to be of benefit. I haven't scolded very much, have I? But it is all for the best, and now by, little ones, till we meet again in the merry May time. COUSIN MARION.



ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over five years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof--Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a **FREE TRIAL** of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 117 Rae Block, JACKSON, MICH.

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YOU ARE ENTITLED TO a full set of our samples of roofing free, by mail, postpaid. If you have already received the samples you know with our offer, our proposition, the kind of roofing we furnish, the inducements we give, you cannot afford to use any other kind of roofing at any price. If you have any use for roofing and you haven't received these samples, then turn to Department of Roofing in one of our late Big Catalogues. If you haven't one borrow your neighbor's; otherwise this moment on a postal card addressed to us say, "Mail me your free Roofing Samples and your latest Roofing Offers." Address:

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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BEAUTY MONOGRAM SIGNET

Ring. Gold filled, warranted three years; hand engraving FREE. Actual value of this ring is \$2.00. Sent postpaid for 50c to introduce our jewelry. Send size and monogram. Illustration is exact reproduction. Money refunded if not satisfactory. SHELL NOVELTY CO., Manufacturers, Dept. T C 93 Chambers St., New York City.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment

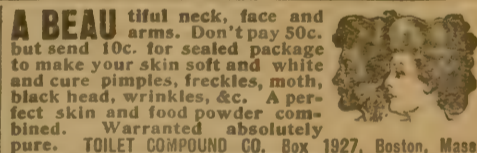
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Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Lesions, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurotic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fester Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

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PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE REVEALED All Matters of Life, Friends, Business, Travel, Change, Love, Marriage, Health, PLAINLY TOLD. Sent sealed for 2-cent stamp and Birth date. Address: PROF. LILLY, 43 J. Lewis Block, BUFFALO, N. Y.



A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c.

but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

Full Handy Outfit FREE.
All subscribers and readers of this magazine who would like to get some fine premiums, should send at once to the Woman's Home Journal for their Full Handy Outfit which is sent Free on request. It will help you immensely to have it to work with and it costs you nothing. We have prepared these Full Handy Outfits in order to help in every way possible those of our friends who want to raise clubs of subscribers and earn some of the handsome premiums that we offer for clubs of subscribers. We make some very inviting offers so if you want to raise a few clubs and thus earn some spoons, a tea set, a camera, a lamp, musical instruments or any other premium offered (always remember we guarantee them all to be exactly as represented and to give entire satisfaction), send to us at once for our Full Handy Outfit. It will be sent to you at once absolutely Free, including instructions to friends, how to go to work to raise clubs easily, letters from other friends who have secured premiums from us and been delighted with them, letters from subscribers who enjoy their magazine and a duly signed Card Certificate authorizing you to act for us and collect subscriptions, etc. Send us your full name and address at once. The Full Handy Outfit will help you immensely. Send for an outfit today. Address Woman's Home Journal, Dept. 23, 291-293 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Ladies' Hat Pin Long, Strong and Handsome

The three important points of a successful hat pin are embodied in this special value we now present you.

As best we could, the illustration represents the mounting and stone. The prongs made in form of Eagle's claws, clasp the stone firmly and there are eight, so that it is next to impossible for the stone to get out.

The Pin is nine inches long and very strong, and will positively not break, nor prove too short for any hat. In a variety of stones we can supply these Pins and you may have your choice of Emerald, Opal, Ruby, Turquoise.

The gold filled mounting will wear for five years without change and the steel stem is so very rigid and strong. We are pleased to guarantee this Hat Pin as just what you want and to be durable and satisfactory.

Club Offer. Send us a club of subscriptions to Comfort, or three 2-year 25c. subscriptions and receive a Hat Pin free as a premium. Mention stone preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

\$2.00 A Day earned at home writing; send stamp. Address **ART COLLEGE, Laporte, Ind.**

149 SONGS words and music complete, 10 cents. **C. LOVELL CO., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.**

Electric Goods. Big Cat. 3 cts. Fortune for agents. **Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.**

VISITING CARDS Good quality, latest styles, with name neatly printed. **W. P. HOWE, PRINTING, 300 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, WITH HEAD GUARANTEED. **STONER FIELD & CO., 125 STATE ST., CHICAGO.**

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. **T. AEROL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.**

Lady Sewers Make Sanitary Belts. Materials furnished. \$15 pr 100. Dept. 91. **DEARBORN SPECIALTY CO., Chicago.**

\$90 A MONTH for men to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail Order House. **Blew Bros. Chicago.**

G. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free. **P. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.**

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED CHECKS. **A. SCOTT, CHICAGO, N. Y.**

\$21 A Week to put out Merchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Home territory. **American Home Supply Co., Dept. A. M., Chicago.**

25 FINE POST CARDS 10c Beautiful Photo-Views of Famous Places. **SOUVENIR CARD CO., 1224 Lake St., CHICAGO.**

Agent's Outfit Free.—Delight, Biscuits, Cake and Doughnut Cutter, Apple Corer, and Strainer. 5 articles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. **RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, BATE, N. Y.**

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS catches 2 fish to common hooks one. Holds fish tighter the more it pulls. Write for our One Hook Free offer. Agents wanted. **Hawk Spec. Co., Dept. 94, Des Moines, Ia.**

PICTURE AGENTS Large 24x36 Framed Wall Pictures cost 43c, sell 98c easy. 100 subjects. Crayon Portraits 45c. **FACTORY Y, Wayne, Ill.**

WE PAY \$80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address **SEIGLER COMPANY, X 513, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.**

LADIES' SUITS \$7.50 up \$13.75 up Man-tailored to your measure at wholesale prices. Newest styles. Guaranteed to fit. Write for catalogue and free samples. **Chicago Suit Co., Dept. 34, 125 Haddon Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

TEN FINEST POST CARDS 10 CENTS Ten high-grade imported artistic cards, all different, in beautiful colors, our big post card catalogue and 3 months subscription to popular magazine, all for 10c. 3 sets 25 cts. **Post Card Co., 409 U. S. Express Bldg., Dept. 49, Chicago.**

\$1 SOLID GOLD 12c. Pattern SIGNET RING. 12c. Warranted three years. Initial engraved FREE. Sent with Premium List for 12c. **SHELL JEWELRY CO., Dept. C, 45 Chambers Street, New York.**

Gold Watch and Ring FREE We give a Stem-Wind, Solid-Gold Watch, guaranteed watch, engraved on both sides; proper size; 12 jewels; 14 K. gold; also a GOLD Laid Ring set with a sparkling gem, brilliant as a GENUINE \$50 DIAMOND, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold send \$2 and we will send watch and ring also. Gold held alone, LADIES' OR GENTS' SIZE AND STYLE. **MONROE JEWEL CO., DEPT. 307, CHICAGO, ILL.**

Do You Need Fencing? SAVE ONE HALF OR MORE IN COST and get the best steel woven wire fencing made, strongest and most lasting. Manufactured; buy it at about the cost of a few strands of common dangerous barbed wire. We make it in our own factory. Look for it in one of our Big Catalogues. If you haven't the Big Book, get your neighbor's or write to us. "Mail me your wonderful WOVEN WIRE FENCE OFFER." Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Great Dinner Set Offer

I have just heard of such a remarkable offer that I know every woman will be intensely interested, and I want to tell all COMFORT readers about it. It is an offer of a 176 piece dinner set of Gold Medal China.

You probably know that the Gold Medal China took the highest award at the St. Louis Exposition—you may have seen the beautiful display of this Exquisite China there—if you didn't you missed a very beautiful sight, for this China is so handsomely decorated and the designs are so artistic and pleasing that most experts declare it to be the most beautiful and superb China ever made.

Now about the great offer. Every reader of this paper can get this 176 piece dinner set in the Gold Medal China without costing you one cent. Just think of it, a magnificent 176 piece set absolutely free. You do not even have to pay the express.

Of course, we have all heard of the Ralston Health Crisp, the delicious breakfast food, and the other Ralston Health Products in the original Checkerboard packages. Now all you have to do to get this 176 piece dinner set is to distribute a few samples of the delicious Ralston Health Crisp among your friends, and also the other Health Products offered at the grocer's price, and in addition, on this grand introductory plan they are conducting, each customer can get a set of six gorgeous monogram tumblers with their own monogram engraved in an artistic manner on each tumbler, free with the famous Ralston Health Products. This free monogram tumbler offer is one that will appeal to every woman, especially when you tell her that it is absolutely free, she getting the Ralston Products from you at the same price the grocer asks.

They are determined to have this delicious breakfast food and other Ralston Foods introduced into every home, regardless of the cost, and if you will aid them you will be liberally rewarded. You know that you could afford to give away a good many sample packages for such a handsome and valuable dinner set as the 176 piece Gold Medal China Set. There are no charges for the samples—just give them away.

This famous Ralston Health Product has been sold from coast to coast for years, but a thorough campaign is being made now in order to stimulate trade, for they know that once a customer always a customer. That is why they are willing to give away such a grand prize as the 176 piece Gold Medal China Dinner Set—the china that took the World's Fair Prize in competition with hundreds of other kinds.

If you will write at once to the Merrill Co., 1044 Merrill Bldg., Chicago, Ill., they will send you a picture of this famous china and explain in full just why they can afford to give away absolutely free, and pay all express charges, such a handsome and expensive dinner set. The Merrill Co. will also send you a catalog of other valuable premiums and a complete list of Ralston Health Products, and great bargain combinations.

This is a straightforward, boni-fide offer and all readers of this paper are urged to write at once and get this magnificent 176 piece Gold Medal China Dinner Set.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. R. D.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitation would run against the debt you mention, if the contract was an oral one, within five years from last payment, and, if on a written contract, within ten years from the last payment. We think A's remedy would be to sue B. from the land in his branch of the contract but that he should not cut the trees or do anything to them until he obtains possession of the land.

O. J. S.—We think you should address the Receiver of Taxes for King's county, New York, inclosing addressed and stamped envelope, giving him the section, block and lot number of the property, and ask him to send you tax bills on the property, including all averages and penalties to some extent when you will be able to make the payment of same.

Mrs. F. C. B.—You and your husband should bring action against the person who owes you the money. (2) We do not think you can do anything to the man who you think is going to attempt to drive yourself and husband away, until he does something for which he can be punished.

D. K.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that, if the husband of the woman you mention survives her, upon her death he will be entitled to a one third interest in her farm. We think it necessary for the husband to join in the deed to the property in the event of her selling same. She should do nothing in regard to the change of her name since acquiring title to the property.

M. L.—Under the laws of the state where you say this property is situated, we are of the opinion that actions brought to recover the title or possession of real property are limited to twenty-one years after the cause of action occurs. Upon your statement of facts, we think that the transfer of this property could have been set aside, provided the proper action had been brought at the time.

T. W. K.—Upon your statements to us our opinion is as follows: (1) That it would be necessary for you to furnish us with a full history and copies complete in the action in which the assignee were appointed in order for us to render an intelligent opinion as to the right of the purchaser at the assignee's sale to pay up the principal of the mortgage, the contract of which you submit to us. You have given us no information upon which to base an opinion, as to whether the action was brought to enforce the payment of the principal sum, the interest or some other indebtedness not relating to the mortgage at all; (2) that, judging from the extracts of the mortgage which you submit, the mortgage is clumsily worded so that it is difficult to understand whether the principal sum is payable only at the death of the beneficiary or whether the mortgagee has the privilege of paying the whole principal sum on any interest day, and it may be necessary for your wife to bring an equity action in order to get a judicial construction of the instrument, provided she is anxious to pay the principal sum before the death of the beneficiary, which time, the first clause of the instrument would indicate to be the due date; (3) that a court of equity would have power to enforce the acceptance by the person or persons entitled to the principal sum of this mortgage, provided they found by their decision that the payment was due or past due; (4) that such a provision as you mention could be made by will, provided the will was properly drawn; (5) that some proper person should be appointed by the court to act in the place of the executors who are dead; and it would seem to us to be an unsatisfactory way to make the payment as you note, not being made. There is always a risk in making payments to persons who have no legal authority to collect or receipt for them.

Mrs. J. M. H.—To obtain accurate information, such as you desire, it will be necessary for you to have an examination made of the title records of the city you mention.

W. H.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that your father should have had the title to the property searched at the time he took title; at the present time we think the statute of limitations has run against any claim he may have against others for the payment of this amount unless, in some way, the indebtedness has been kept from outlawing.

E. C.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think the home you mention can hold the children you mention for the cause you mention. In case the parents had renounced all claim to the children, or were not fit persons to have custody of them, it might be possible for them to keep the custody of them, but they cannot be held simply as a security for any indebtedness.

M. E. G.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the validity of the marriage you mention is not effected in any way by the circumstance you mention, nor are the wife's rights of inheritance from her husband's estate invalidated.

A. L. W.—We are of the opinion that a physician may report the non-payment of his bill to either the association you mention or such other association as he may desire, what effect that may have in procuring other physicians will depend upon the physician you apply to and the rules of the association, if he be also a member of it.

L. T. C.—We are of the opinion that one way to do what you wish would be for you to retain title to both properties in your name and then to provide by your will that in case your husband survived you that the house and lot shall go to him absolutely upon his paying the mortgage on the farm and then to make such provisions as to the farm as you see fit. You should also provide in your will for the event of your surviving your husband as it frequently happens that the one who is expected to die first survives the one who is expected to live the longer.

H. A. S.—We are of the opinion that a national bank differs from a state bank or a private banking institution in the respect that it is under federal control and supervision. National banks sometimes issue circulation or bank notes and these are secured by the government by the deposit on the part of the bank with the treasurer of the United States of government bonds, and the government guarantees the payment of such notes, but does not guarantee the payment of deposits to depositors. The safety of a bank depends upon the honesty and financial ability of its officers and employees and the class of investments in which its assets are invested. The supervision and requirements of the government of national banks are sometimes more strict than that of other banks or trust companies.

Mrs. P. D. H.—If the transfer of the property was properly made, and the action you mention is properly defended, we are of the opinion that the woman you mention has nothing to fear from the litigation you mention.

Neil.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the man you mention leaving no will, his widow is entitled to dower in the real estate of a one third interest for life and that the real estate will be divided among the sons and daughters equally, subject to this right of dower; that to such of the children as have had advancements during the father's lifetime such advancements shall be charged

against their interest in the estate, so that absolute equality shall be observed in the division of the estate. We think the money loaned by the daughter to the mother should be collected from the mother or her interest in the estate. Care should be taken to not allow that note to out law, as the statute of limitation will run against it in six years. This is not a claim against the father's estate but one against the mother personally.

E. C. N.—We are of the opinion that it is not illegal to carry on the business you mention in the manner you mention.

Mrs. J. W. R.—Under the law of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that, if the parent through whom you claim an interest in this decedent's estate predeceased this decedent, in that event it would not be necessary to have an administrator appointed for your parent's estate, but, if your parent died after the death of the person from whose estate you are entitled to receive a portion, then and in that event an administrator should be appointed and in default of your moving in the matter the court will probably appoint some proper person on the application of someone showing the proper reasons for such appointment.

Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

She grew a trifle pale as he mentioned the fact, and longed to ask him if he knew the baronet; but she checked herself, and they separated without a suspicion on her part of his being in any way connected with the man whom she had come to England to seek.

Mr. Knight had given her letters of introduction to some friends of his residing in Grosvenor square, and, upon seeking them, she found them to be most delightful people.

Sir Humphrey Huntington and his family occupied a high social position in London, and thus had it in their power to make it very pleasant for anyone in whom they were interested.

They tried to persuade Mrs. Alexander to come to them as their guest, instead of remaining in lodgings; but she preferred, for various reasons, to be independent, although she compromised the matter somewhat by frequently allowing Virgie to visit Sir Humphrey's two daughters, who were about her own age.

And now there began a charmed life for Virgie Alexander, as, for the present, we must continue to call her, since her mother did not wish her to be introduced by the name of Heath until she could be assured that she would succeed in having her acknowledged as the heiress of Heathdale.

As soon as she was sufficiently rested, Mrs. Alexander intended to consult with some good lawyer and give her interests into his care; but, meanwhile, she was willing that her darling should enjoy to the utmost the pleasures at hand.

The Huntingtons were in the habit of giving fortnightly receptions to one of the *bon ton* of London, and it was at one of these gatherings that Virgie made her debut in society.

She was very lovely on the evening of her first appearance at a reception at Lady Huntington's.

Her nut-brown hair as loosely coiled and fastened with a small silver comb, while a few light rings lay in careless array upon her pure forehead. Her dark eyes were gleaming with excitement and anticipation; her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her red lips wreathed with happy smiles.

"Who is that beautiful girl in white, with scarlet verbenas?" asked a distinguished looking woman who was conversing with Lady Huntington, as Virgie entered the room.

"She is a young American for whom a friend of my husband bespoke our hospitality and attention."

"Ah!" replied the other, looking interested, and raising her glass for a better view of the stranger. "I might have known. We have few beauties of that delicate type in this country. What is her name?"

But the woman started even as she asked the question, while her glance searched Virgie's face with an eager, wondering look. Something in its delicate outlines and striking beauty seemed to arouse long dormant memories.

"Miss Alexander," said Lady Huntington; "she and her mother arrived from New York only ten days ago. Would you like an introduction?" She is very charming, and wonderfully well informed for a girl of her age.

"Um!—yes, presently; but—Sadie, do tell me who she looks like!" and Mrs. Farnum, for it was she, turned to a queenly woman near by, to draw her attention to the fair stranger.

Sadie Farnum, or Lady Royalston, as she was now known, had long since resigned all hope of becoming the mistress of Heathdale, at 4, having married a wealthy lord twice her age, had given herself up to fashion and society.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Secure a useful present without cost. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 19.

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One Whole Year Free If you will send us the names and addresses of ten friends and a 2 cent stamp, we will send you The Badger, a large, beautiful monthly magazine free one whole year. If you wish, send us 2 cents more (4 cents in all and 10 names, we will also send you 10 nice post cards. **THE BADGER, 497 O, Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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Good for a \$1 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free on Approval, as explained below.
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Magic Foot Draft Co., Jackson, Mich. 56

This free offer is open to every man, woman or child who has

RHEUMATISM

Let Magic Foot Drafts cure your Rheumatism, no matter where or how you suffer. They are curing cases of every kind. Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, chronic or acute—curing after doctors and baths and all else had failed, curing even after 30 and 40 years suffering.

Magic Foot Drafts are powerful yet harmless antiseptic plasters worn on the sensitive foot soles, their soothing and healing effects reaching the entire body through the circulatory and the nervous systems.

Don't Doubt. Take our word and that of the thousands upon thousands who have tried the Drafts without cost and afterwards gladly paid for value received. You can see that we couldn't afford to send them on approval if they didn't cure.



Magic Foot Drafts permanently cured Mrs. C. Tena Segoin, Auburn, N. Y., after ten years of suffering and using crutches.

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Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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Send your address and we will send you 12 hand set gold wire initial bangle rings to collect 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.20 and we will send you ALL FOUR of these Solid Gold Laid Rings and our plan to get a fine Solid Gold Plated Lady's Watch Free. **SEND JEWELRY, 1000 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.**

\$5.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters. Keep all money coined before 1875 and send 10 cents at once for a set of 2 illustrated Coin and Stamp Value Books, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. **C. F. CLARK & CO., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.**

LADIES wanted to work for 8 or 10 hours each day. Pleasant and enjoyable work. Address for particulars **THE CUSHMAN CO., Dept. 38, Springfield, Mass.**

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100 POST CARD OFFER

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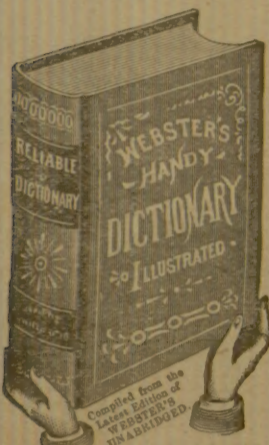


The Publishers of COMFORT have just received a very large assortment of beautiful colored Post Cards which they are going to give away for a very slight service. Many of these cards are lithographed in six or eight different colors and they comprise the finest lot of interesting subjects obtainable. We have Views of all the principal Cities in America and Europe, many historic spots, Views from all over the world. Then there are Motto Cards, Birthday Cards, Cats, Kittens, Dog and Animal Cards of all kinds; Battleships, Comic Cards, Sentimental and Love Cards, Religious and Verse Cards, and beautiful Holiday Cards; in fact every sort of card you can imagine, all printed in fine quality. Many of our subscribers get up small clubs of subscriptions and secure these Cards Free. They then sell some of the cards to friends as they don't cost you anything but a few moments' time talking about this fine monthly.



If you get a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you 12 Assorted Post Cards Free, and 25 for a club of 4; or for a Club of 7 Subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send One Hundred Post Cards Free. Address, giving name of this paper, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

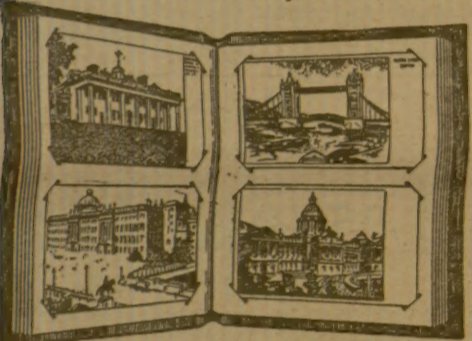
CLUB OFFER. Club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you 12 Assorted Post Cards Free, and 25 for a club of 4; or for a Club of 7 Subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send One Hundred Post Cards Free. Address, giving name of this paper, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Club Offer. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, you get this great value free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Post Card Album

That Will Hold Fifty Cards.

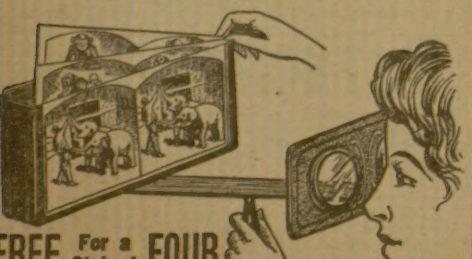


Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Post Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PETITE STEREOSCOPE

And Fifty Views



As good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice compact metal Stereoscope, 50 fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals, and a general Natural History Exhibition.

We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as here illustrated. This strongly metal-made adjustable Stereoscope with its good, powerful double lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The Pictures stand out real and life-like and give a pleasing and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving pleasure to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farm work Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Horses, Camels, Bear and Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, postpaid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 4 subscribers to this paper at 15c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TIME EXTENDED

One More Chance, Just This Month to Subscribe for COMFORT

At 15 Cents a Year, or Two Years for 25 Cents. Our Club-Raisers Ask It

We gave notice in February and again in March, that the subscription price of COMFORT would go up to twenty cents a year on the first day of this present April. We are not alone in this. Other papers and magazines have been compelled by the increased cost of production to do likewise.

We explained all this, and thought we had given ample notice; but our club-raisers and subscription agents think not. They complain that our premium catalogues came out about two months late this year. So in accordance with their urgent requests for more time in which to solicit subscriptions at the old bargain rates of 15 cents a year, or two years for 25 cents, we have extended the time to the first day of May, when the subscription price will advance to 20 cents a year.

This gives all one more chance, another full month, the month of April, in which to renew or subscribe or solicit subscriptions to COMFORT at 15 cents a year or two years for 25 cents.

This gives our subscription club-raisers until the first day of May to finish their subscription canvass and fill their clubs under the most favorable conditions.

24 Months for 25 Cents

Are you reading the Sequel to "East Lynne" that great serial story now running in COMFORT? You must be if you are a subscriber to COMFORT. And you must be interested in it. In the March and April numbers it just gets to where the plot thickens, as they say, and you think you can guess or suspect how the plot will turn out. Perhaps you guess right and perhaps not. But right or wrong, you will never know it unless you read the rest of the story in the coming numbers of COMFORT. You can't get it anywhere else, because COMFORT paid a big price to own the exclusive serial right of this story. This story grows more and more interesting to the very end. Do you want to lose the rest of this and the other interesting serial stories now running in COMFORT?

You will surely lose it all, and that in short order too, if you are one of those who receive a buff Envelope Folder Subscription Blank wrapped in your March number of COMFORT, unless you have already renewed, or at once renew your subscription.

As we told you last March, that envelope folder subscription blank meant that your subscription either expired with the March number or was soon to expire.

A large part of the March expirations were renewed, but the few who let their subscriptions run out will miss their paper this month and forevermore; or at least until they miss it so much that they subscribe again.

If you received that envelope folder subscription blank wrapped in your March COMFORT, and you have not renewed your subscription, and still you receive this paper this month, you will know positively that your subscription is about to expire, and that if you don't renew at once your paper will be cut off.

Why didn't you renew your subscription in March?
Didn't you get 15 cents worth out of COMFORT the past year?
Can't you spare 15 cents for another 12 months, or better still, 25 cents for the next 24 months?

Probably you meant to renew, but put it off and then forgot it. This is another reminder and gives you another chance to renew at the old rate before the price goes up.

Of course you want to take and read some good paper regularly. Everybody in this country who can read and write takes one or more good papers. If they don't, they are soon way behind the times in this rapidly moving world of today.

COMFORT is a good paper, in fact it is the cleanest and best paper published anywhere, and you therefore cannot get along without it.

If COMFORT did not have an enormous circulation we could not afford to give you so much as we do for your money, and, as we have told you, we must raise our subscription price.

COMFORT has no dead-head subscribers, no credit subscribers, no free circulation. COMFORT gives no Rebates, no premiums to subscribers to induce them to subscribe. Every subscriber pays cash in advance at the regular published subscription price. This is business; this is fair to all.

COMFORT does give pretty, useful and valuable premiums as a fair and proper compensation for services in canvassing for subscribers and raising subscription clubs. You will see a few of these premium offers on this page, but these and very many more are fully described and pictured in our large, new premium catalogue, the latest edition of which is just off the press.

Although our this year's premium catalogue came out late, the demand for them was so great that our entire stock was soon exhausted, and so we have just printed a second edition of it.

Our club-raisers have had remarkably good success in getting subscriptions under the exceptionally favorable conditions which have obtained the past winter and present spring and which still continue through the month of April.

They have earned many and valuable premiums with which they are well pleased.

There is still ample time and opportunity for active men, women and children to make a good thing this month by getting subscriptions to COMFORT before the price goes up.

Send for our Premium Catalogue, free, and at the same time, if your subscription is nearly out, send in a silver quarter for a two years' renewal.

Do it now, before you forget it.

Bear in mind that your own subscription or renewal will not count in making up a club of two. In a club of three or more you may count in your subscription or renewal.

Two 2-year subscriptions in all club offers count as three 1-year subscriptions.

CAUTION. In raising your club don't take any subscriptions for more than two years.

Special Notice.

It is of utmost importance that we know whether you are a new or old subscriber to COMFORT.

So in sending in your subscription, whether you use this coupon or not, you must be sure and give us this information.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 15 cents to pay for one year's subscription to COMFORT. (Check amount sent and term subscribed for.)

Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

Apr. '08.

New and Beautiful Highly Colored Birthday Post Cards Free.



Someone's Birthday comes every day in the year, and Birthday Post Cards are very nice to send to an absent friend, either on their Birthday or during the month of their Birthday. We have a series of twelve new Birthday Cards from original designs of our own, as shown in this illustration, and which we own and control by copyright, so you are at once assured exclusive cards that have not been seen elsewhere, and which cannot be equalled or excelled. They are beautifully printed in many bright lithographic colors. Our subjects cover the twelve months of the year, each card treating a different month in the following complete manner: January is represented by the snowdrop as the flower of the month, Garnet the Birthstone and Aquarius, the sign of the Zodiac, a verse and "Birthday Greetings." April is represented by the Violet as the flower of the month, Diamond the Birthstone and Taurus, the Sign of the Zodiac, and a suitable four-line verse. The June card is very attractive. A bunch of beautiful Roses represent the flower of the month, Agate the Birthstone, Cancer the Sign of the Zodiac, and this pretty verse: "Who comes with Summer to this earth, and one to June their hour of birth, with wine of Agate on the hand, can health, wealth and long life command." And so on through the different months, and each Card has "Birthday Greetings," or "Many Happy Returns of the Day" printed with appropriate decorations. Souvenir collectors are getting these cards in sets to keep, they are so very pretty, and all should have at least one set to show to friends and get others free to send to absent ones. We will send a set of Twelve Birthday Post Cards free for a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, and we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A club of TWO subscribers must not include sender's name as a remittance with subscriptions must be bona-fide new subscribers at 15 cents each.

FOUR GREAT BOOKS

All By Augusta Evans Wilson

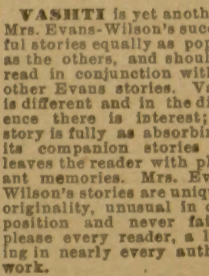
We have succeeded in arranging for the first time a special edition of four popular books, all from the pen of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, always heretofore unobtainable except at \$1.50 or \$2.00 a copy. Each is a splendid bound book of over 400 or 500 pages, printed in clear type on first quality book paper, bound in buckram with stamped title and half-tone covers. Complete in every way and an especially desirable set of books. You will want one, two or more surely after consulting the entire advertisement, reading the description of each story, and you may be familiar with *St. Elmo*, which has been published in COMFORT, or *A Speckled Bird*, which is now appearing.

Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of having written the most fascinating American fiction in her several stories some of which are now forty years famous, and has not been approached by any Modern Story for continued success, and today her works command the highest prices and have the largest sales.

ST. ELMO her most famous work, would alone have won for her fame and fortune unending, had she composed no others. As an instance of its lasting popularity there were many thousand copies of this book here advertised, distributed after the story appeared in COMFORT, and the story was written many years ago. If you have not read it you have wanted to; if you have read it, it reads well a second time, and it is a book you should own. Your grand-children probably read *St. Elmo* and your grand-children will read it.



INFELICE. A companion story to *St. Elmo*, very similar yet different. The same sweet charm of the author is clearly apparent, the story is told as only Mrs. Wilson can arrange words, and the charm of interest constantly increases from chapter to chapter. To read one of her stories is to desire another and in *Infelice* you will find splendid characters making a story you are sure to become fascinated with.



VASHTI is yet another of Mrs. Evans-Wilson's successful stories equally as popular as the others, and should be read in conjunction with the other Evans stories. *Vashti* is different and in the difference there is interest; the story is fully as absorbing as its companion stories and leaves the reader with pleasant memories. Mrs. Evans-Wilson's stories are unique in originality, unusual in composition and never fail to please every reader, a lacking in nearly every author's work.



A SPECKLED BIRD needs no introduction at this time as the story is appearing serially in COMFORT to the entire satisfaction of our readers. If we may judge from the volume of testimony coming to us with expressions of thanks for furnishing such a splendid treat, it is difficult to pronounce a preference in Mrs. Evans-Wilson's works; each story she has produced has won many thousands of readers. One book may be the most admired by one person and another by another, although no one will acknowledge any dislike for any. **A SPECKLED BIRD** will speak for itself. If you will follow a few chapters in COMFORT. If you possess or have read any of the other Evans stories you will want this.

Club Offer. We offer the above books on the following liberal terms: Any one book of your selection for a club of ONLY 7 SUBSCRIBERS to COMFORT at 15 cents each to date until Jan. 1909, or four 2-year 25c. subscriptions (\$1.00); any two books for a club of only 12 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, to date until Jan. 1909, or eight 2-year 25c. subscriptions (\$2.00). A special Offer: If for any reason you cannot get up a club of COMFORT subscribers, we will send any book and a subscription to COMFORT to date until Jan. 1909, (or EXTEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION for a year if already paid up.) for only 60 cents. Please do not send less than 60 cents or ask us to change this offer. We send all books postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PILES CURED

Let us send you TO TRY FREE our Dollar Treatment which is Curing Thousands.

SEND NO MONEY—ONLY THE COUPON.

Every person who answers this advertisement will get by return mail, TO TRY FREE, our complete new 3 fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Pro-lapse, Tumors, Con-stipation and all rectal troubles (in plain wrapper).

Then if satisfied with the relief it brings, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing, we take your word.



Dr. Van Vleck's Treatment is curing some of the stubborn cases on record, curing old chronic of 30 or 40 years suffering, as well as all milder stages. Why not let it cure you?

Nearly half a century of study and practice by Dr. Van Vleck is embodied in this great cure now perfected and given to the public so freely that no one pays a cent until satisfied.

Don't wait for the knife. Don't wait for malignant complications. Don't wait until this opportunity has passed, but send your name and address on this coupon to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 456 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich., and get the full treatment to try with-out cost. Write today.

FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for a \$1. package of Dr. Van Vleck's complete treatment, to be sent free on approval.

To _____
Address _____
as explained in above offer.

TOBACCO KILLS



"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy and any lady can give it secretly in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

Send this coupon, with your name and address, to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 2339 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers' "Easy-to-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

FREE GOLD WATCH AND
Our GUARANTEED watches run in all sizes; EN- GRAVED FRONT AND BACK. Order 54 jewelry articles to suit all 100 cts. when sent to us \$2.50. We will send you FREE A REAL GOLD- LAID, STEN-WIND, STEN-SET, GUAR- ANTEED WATCH, perpetual, and gold laid guard chain and chainlet plus to- gies, to boys vest chain and f- feb. We also give free gold-laid tri-jewel ring, sparkling as a queen's \$50.00 diamond. Address: TROY WATCH CO., Dept. 517 Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA
CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOP THE ITCH- ING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

A DOLLAR RING FOR 15¢
Send 15c for this solid plated ring made in the shape of a skull and encrusted with flaming red ruby eyes. It tells the story in large clear letters. It is worn by both ladies and gentlemen, many of them consider it good luck to wear a ring of this design. DRAKE RING CO., Dept. 37, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE ONLY PIPE MADE THAT CANNOT BE TOLD FROM A CIGAR. IT
holds a large pipeful of tobacco and lasts. **THIS IS A PIPE**
fancy. Agents Out- fit and a 2c Sample by Mail for 10 Cents. Big Money for Agents, as every smoker buys. NEW ENGLAND PIPE CO., Dept. P4, So. Norwalk, Conn.

PILES
Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E.M. Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

BLOOD POISON
FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free. **COOK REMEDY CO.,** 1731-55 State St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

"Of whom are you speaking, mamma?" "Of that girl who is standing beside Helen Huntington. Of whom does she remind you?" "I am sure I cannot tell," Lady Royalston answered, searching the bright face to which her attention had been called. "It certainly has a familiar look, and yet one that I cannot place. She is very pretty."

Mrs. Farnum did not reply, but continued to follow every movement of that graceful woman, every expression of the sweet countenance, while she searched the chambers of her memory for its counterpart and the circumstances under which she had seen it.

Presently the two girls approached Lady Huntington, when she passed her arm around Virgie's slight waist, saying:

"My dear, I wish to introduce you to an old friend who has been inquiring about you. Mrs. Farnum, allow me to present our young guest, Miss Virgie Alexander."

TO BE CONTINUED.



If you would at once read the full and complete story, "VIRGIE'S INHERITANCE," we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding.

This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table. Send only 2 year- ly subscribers to COM- FORT at 15 cents a year and receive "Virgie's In- heritance," post-paid. Both must be new sub- scriptions; renewals not received in clubs of two. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department with our April number. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy results in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 15-cent subscriptions, or two 2-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a subscriber, send only two yearly 15-cent subscriptions, or a club of two 2-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 15-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Williams, James Albert, age 58, son of Balas Earl and Virginia Williams, wife to Mrs. Alice Williams, Gilbert, Tenn.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many ex- changes in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of setting up these small clubs.

We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just as- sorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Guy F. Safford, Box 74, Spofford, N. H. Mattie Lou Simpson, Stanton, Tenn. Elizabeth B. Irons, 215 South Park, Rochester, Pa. Miss J. Deem, 602 Camden St., Parkersburg, W. Va. Miss Susie Walter, Somerset, R. D. 1, Pa. S. J. Cooper, Jordan, N. Y. Miss Theresa Belle Robinson, Summer Lake, Ore. Miss Jessie Rogers, Calumet, Houghton Co., Mich. Harry Huttel, 150 5th St., Eliza- beth, N. J. Nellie Banta, Franklin Furnace, N. J. Mr. F. J. Wedinback, Glenrock, Wis. L. G. Linton, Logan, R. D. 4, Ohio. George E. Cos- tello, 6601 Carpenter St., Chicago, Ill. Miss Ida

BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS ONE CENT
Ten loveliest artistic Post Cards, no two alike, finest ever offered, and 3 mos. trial subscription to our magazine only 10 cts. 3 sets 25 cts. POST CARD CLUB, 614 Jackson St., Tampa, Fla.

\$8 Paid For 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. SCOTT, CHICAGO, ILL.

PAPER FREE, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

25 Post Cards 10c Beautiful Photo-Views of Chicago, Niagara Falls, Capital, Park, etc. Home-land. Send 10c stamp. LUCAS CARD CO., 1229 Lake St., CHICAGO.

Dollar Bottle on TRIAL
MAKES STRONG MEN AND WOMEN
Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you; you pay nothing, not a cent accepted until you are satisfied, until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine, then send us a dollar, but remember, you alone are to be the judge and decide about this.

Vitaline Tablets
Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you; you pay nothing, not a cent accepted until you are satisfied, until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine, then send us a dollar, but remember, you alone are to be the judge and decide about this.

Vitaline Tablets
Debility, any Weakness or Nervousness, all Stomach Troubles, Heart Weakness, Catarrh, Pale- ness, Thin Run-Down Health.

Dr. Rainey's formula of Vitaline Tablets act on the vital centers, the organs of life that create health and strength, by which means they cure and over- come all symptoms of disease and weakness. They are the fuel that puri- fies the system, that generates the vi- tality, the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy.

Vitaline Tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drug Law. You have never had anything like Vital- ine Tablets, combining their wonder- ful healing and strengthening powers.

We mail you our beautifully illus- trated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you—you can write them yourself. Please write name and address below.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake St. Chicago, I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves sat- isfactory I will send you \$1.00.

Name _____
Address _____

Kokomo Woman Gives A Fortune

Receives Hundreds of Requests Daily.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent \$125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

Sometime ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for awhile longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless prepara- tion that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other reme- dies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and per-

manent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ova- rian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervous- ness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 4262 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

FREE Talking and Sleeping DOLL

ANY LADY OR GIRL CAN HAVE ONE IF SHE WRITES AT ONCE

This is the prettiest doll offered by any premium house. Nearly a foot and a half tall, a perfect little queen; eyes open and close; stylishly dressed; has complete wardrobe; will say "papa" and "mamma." All I ask of you is to send your name and address at once. I then send you all charges paid eight beautiful multi-colored art pictures, to distribute by our special plan at 25c each. All different, printed in 10 colors.

Send No Money in Advance I trust you with pictures and take them back if not sat- isfactory. I also give an elegant gold-finish locket and long chain. You receive both premiums without one cent of cost to you. Only one doll and locket to a family—no more. Don't delay. Address DOLL HEADQUARTERS, 409 T. S. EX- PRESS BLDG., DEPT. 22, CHICAGO.

MARRY

Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 15 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY

Photos, descriptions & P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies & Gents, want to marry free. H. JAHN, St. Paul, Minn.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?

Matrimonial paper with advertise- ments marriageable people, many rich, from all sections mailed sealed free. R. L. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY

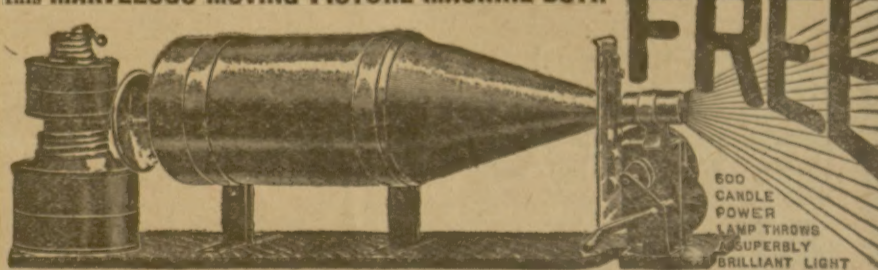
The best Plan on Earth. Every lady that registers with us must furnish a photo of herself. Pilot with particulars FREE. Address THE PILOT, Dept. 1, MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

BED WETTING

Completely cured, all ages. Best Penicillin, full directions FREE. Missouri Remedy Co., Box 745 E. St. Louis, Mo.

A NEW EASY PLAN FOR BOYS TO GET 320 MOVING PICTURES

AND THIS MARVELOUS MOVING PICTURE MACHINE BOTH FREE



Here is a Photograph of the Marvelous Moving Picture Machine, which I want to send you FREE. It flashes moving pictures in which men, women, steam engines, boats, animals and automobiles move before you just as if you were looking at the real objects. And the machine and the pictures are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an outfit—free to girls and free to older people. Read how to get this marvelous machine and these 320 moving pictures.

My Offer: HERE is what you are to do in order to get this amazing moving picture machine and the 320 moving pictures: Send me your name and address on the free coupon—that is all. Write your name and address very plainly. Mail this to me to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 28 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. There are fourteen different colors in the pictures, all wrought together in the most splendid manner. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 28 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$7.00. Send the seven dollars to me and I will immediately send you FREE the moving picture machine outfit and the 10 feet of film, containing 320 moving pictures, all complete, FREE.

I have the sole right to give away the moving picture machine and the moving pictures, and the first one who answers will be the first one to receive the great gifts.

\$11.00 Made by Two Boys in One Night

READ THIS INTERESTING LETTER

MR. CHARLES E. ELLIS. Dear Sir:—My chum, Ben Perry, and myself worked together and got a wonderful moving picture machine from you. We gave a show together and made \$11.00 in one night.

EUGENE TORBETT, Gatesville, Tex.

BOYS you can make lots of money when you get this great outfit of 320 moving pictures and the marvelous moving picture machine free. And you can entertain your friends as they were never entertained before. Bring the great interesting events from every part of the globe right into your own home. See the great football games, the thrilling automobile races, the hurrying throngs on Broadway, the great steamships coming in smoke, the foam and puffing out of the funnels. Hundreds of people will be glad to pay money to see these things.

Send No Money

SIGN This Coupon
Or Send Letter or Postal Quick

Don't wait. Be the very first to get this great and glorious moving picture machine. Have fun; entertain your friends; MAKE MONEY.

Sign the Coupon Right Now

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President

112 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE—Send 50c postage, M. Dear Mr. Ellis: Please send me the twenty-eight prem- ium pictures and outfit so that I may earn the great money. Sign your name and address.

Name _____ Address _____

Are You Sick? I WILL HELP YOU

Treatment
and letter
of advice is
FREE

Send no money
Write today

Dr. Kidd

A Free Treatment To All Who Ask

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and “go” that make life worth living; whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, *read* what I have to say, *hear* what I have to offer you.

Positive Proof Without Price

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I *do* ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at **my own expense**—to pay the cost, **every penny of it myself**. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

May I Send The Proof?

This is all I ask. No money—no promises to buy—no papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not “some better,” but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

All Diseases

All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. **Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, All Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, All Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anaemia, General Debility.** All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

The Proof Is Free

—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped to make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 1618 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE: We have known Dr. Kidd for years—we know that he will do what he promises. If in need of treatment you should accept his generous offer.

